BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
1940

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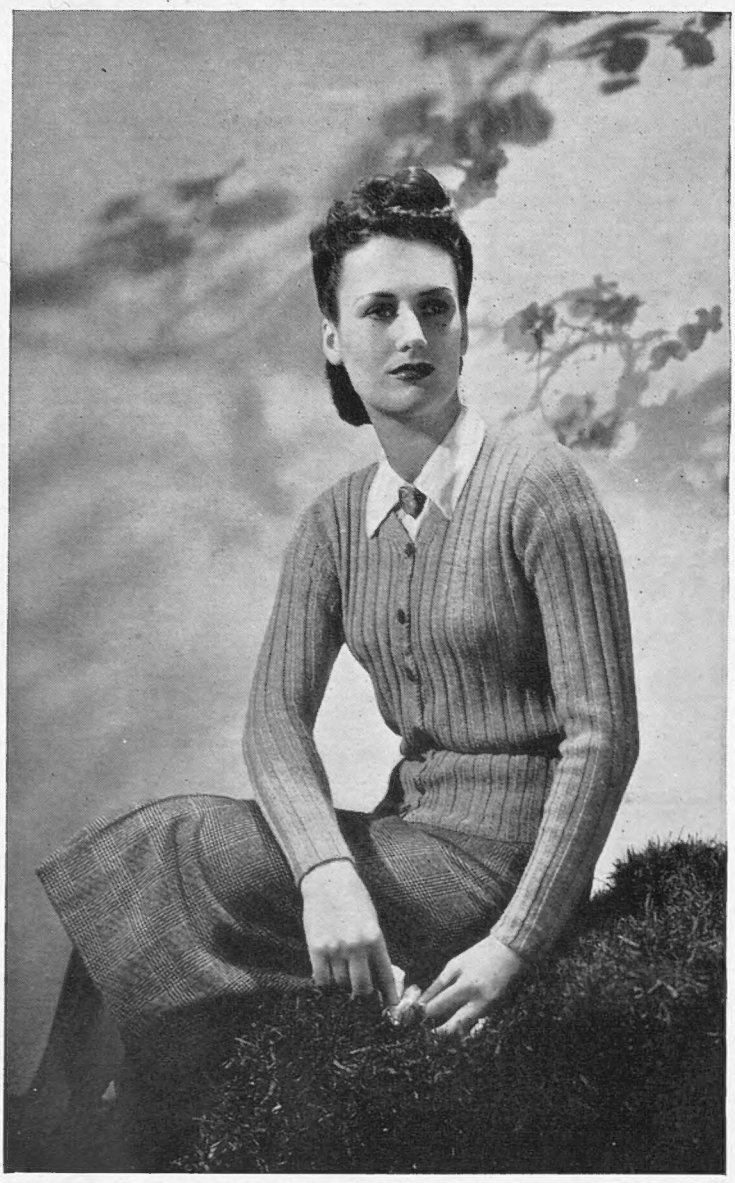

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AEC 116-796-100

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BRITANNIA and EVE

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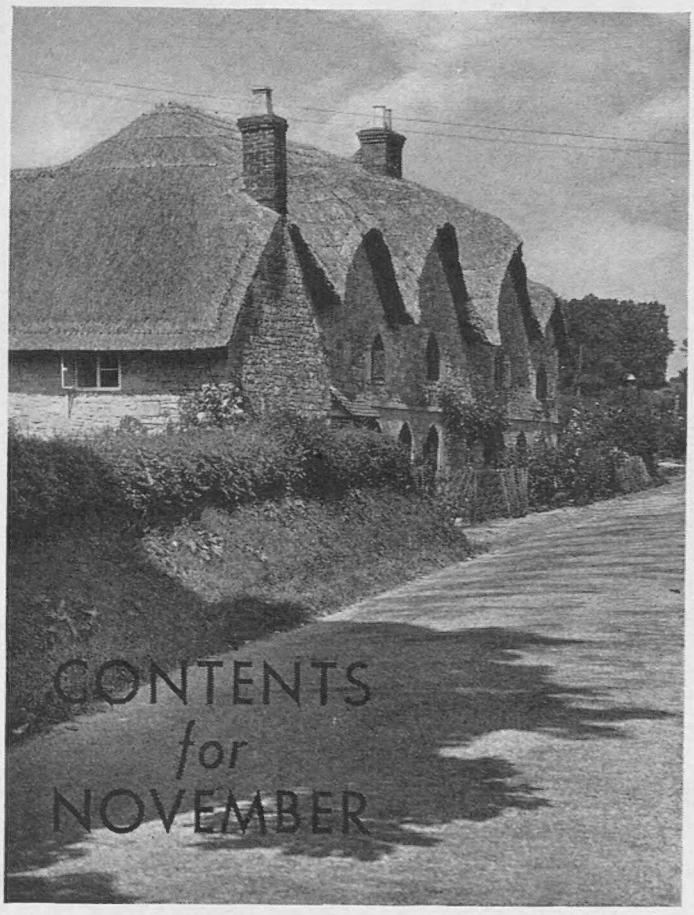

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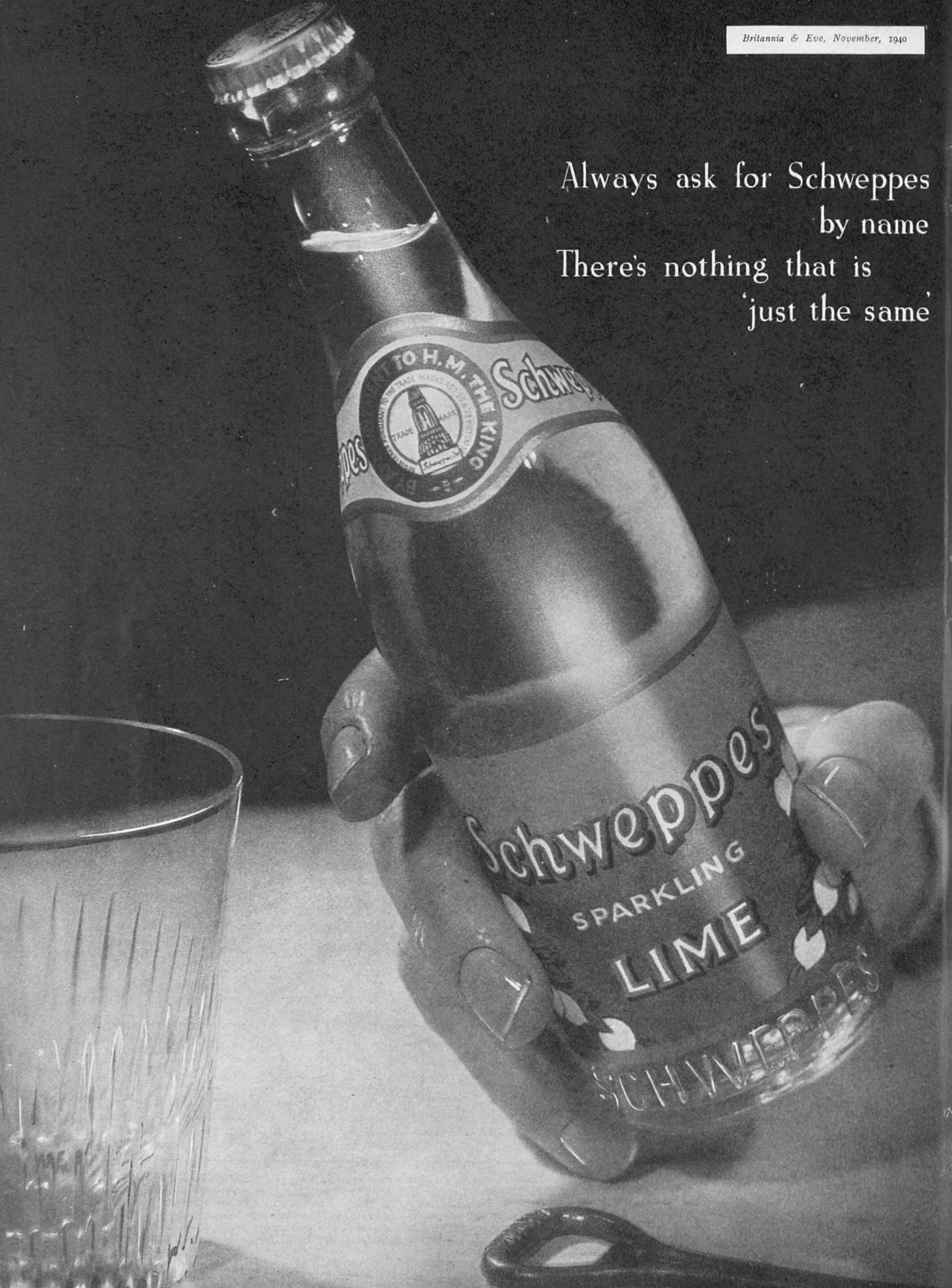

Always ask for Schweppes
by name
There's nothing that is
'just the same'
Schweppes
SPARKLING
LIME

Decisive Battles of the World

The British fleet smashes Napoleon's sea power, and confines him to Europe

Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805

IN the five-hour sea battle off Trafalgar Cape, Britain ended Napoleon's bid for world mastery through destruction of British sea power and invasion and conquest of England.

In his two previous encounters with the Corsican conquistador, Nelson had lost an arm and an eye: Napoleon's wounds went deeper.

In their first clash, seven years earlier, Nelson had hunted General Bonaparte's fleet from Toulon to the Nile mouth, and destroyed it there, in Aboukir Bay—and, with it, Napoleon's eastern plan, and his dream of an Alexandrian conquering march by way of Constantinople to India.

Now Napoleon, self-made Emperor of the French —whom he fascinated as the Austrian folk-monarch, Hitler, fascinates the Germans—was pursuing a western plan and that called for the destruction of Britain. While Britain resisted, the master of Europe could not consolidate his empire, or extend it beyond the continental land limits.

Napoleon planned invasion. He gathered an army on the Channel coast, assembled a fleet at Brest and another at Toulon. Nelson came out to bring the Napoleonic fleet—a combined force of French and Spanish vessels—to battle. He arrived at Toulon, to find the enemy gone. Where? Nelson guessed the West Indies, and sailed thither, hunted from Martinique to Trinidad and Tobago, and back, drew blank, returned, and, lying off Tangier, got news that the enemy had been sighted in mid-Atlantic. After all, he had accurately divined its movements.

Napoleon's plan had failed. He had intended that his fleet should slip the English fleet, and return in time to hold the English Channel while his army of invasion ferried over. This was the summer of 1805. After a brief rest at Merton in company of his beloved Emma, Lady Hamilton, Nelson rejoined his fleet off Cadiz. The enemy fleet, under Admiral Villeneuve, had gone to ground there, coming down from Ferrol. Napoleon had ordered it to make for Cartagena, and land soldiers to reinforce his army for the Italian campaign. Villeneuve, a cautious man, looking over his ships and men, did not fancy his chances against the numerically inferior but expert, disciplined, and battle-eager British. However, he obeyed orders; and on the afternoon of October 20, the watching British frigates reported the enemy sailing out, and Nelson kept his ships under sail that night.

The fleets sighted one another at daybreak next day. At 6.40 a.m. Nelson made the "prepare for battle" signal from the *Victory*. The sea was smooth, the wind light. The British captains knew Nelson's battle plan. Villeneuve grasped it as he saw them coming in two divisions, one aimed at his van, one at his rear. He turned away towards Cadiz, but it was too late to avoid the battle Nelson wanted.

Collingwood, with fifteen ships, closed in on the twelve rear enemy ships, while Nelson, with twelve ships, sailed against the enemy van and main body, preventing that part of the combined fleet from aiding the rear ships which were being destroyed by Collingwood's superior force. At 11.35 a.m. Nelson made his famous "England expects" signal, and at mid-day the action opened with rolling broadsides.

ONE of the first British broadsides killed or disabled half the crew of the enemy *Santa Anna*. A lieutenant and twenty-eight men boarded and took the enemy *Fougueux*, a seventy-four-gun ship with a crew of 700, after the British *Temeraire* had raked her with a starboard broadside; and another young officer with a handful of men boarded and took the enemy *Redoutable*, the latter having only 100 left of a crew of 633 after the *Temeraire* had given her the larboard broadside at point-blank range. All three ships were locked, the *Redoutable* having closed with the hundred-gun *Victory*. The ships were on fire.

This was afternoon. A pall of smoke hung over the fighting ships. The Spanish admiral was dead, the French admiral wounded and a prisoner, eighteen of the enemy ships had struck their flags, seven had fled (but were taken later off Rochefort). Only one of the enemy fleet escaped. Nelson, his backbone broken by a musket bullet, had been dying in the cockpit of the *Victory* since 1.30. He lived long enough to order his fleet to anchor after he learned of the complete victory.

The war dragged on another ten years. The Napoleonic career closed finally on June 18, 1815, on the field of Waterloo. But in the military sense Napoleon died with Nelson. The wound dealt to Napoleon's power in the sea battle off Trafalgar Cape was a slow one, but mortal.

How

THE Four Horsemen are riding again across the world. But two have not yet reached this embattled island, and even their shadow seems remote. They are Famine and Pestilence.

In fact, one of the most remarkable things about this strangest of all wars is that in spite of persistent air raids, nights spent in surface and subterranean shelters, sleep blasted away by bombardments, and all the stress, strain, disruption, toil and fatigue of total war in all its aspects, the island people remain so far well nourished and exceptionally healthy. Charts and statistics up to September already indicate that 1940 will go into the records as a good-health year.

How long this will last is anybody's guess. Nerves and bodies are being hard tried, and the maximum has not yet been reached. Last winter was not spent in air raid shelters: this one may be. But if Government does what the Horder Committee—appointed to investigate the problem a bit late; but better late than never—advises, the assault on health from that direction may be blocked.

Last winter was also very cold, and bacilli could not thrive; hence we had no flu epidemic. This condition may be reversed in the December-March period. However, Government medical experts have developed a new preventative vaccine. The health service has shown foresight in planning widespread use of anti-flu masks, and installation of sterilisation lamps in public buildings, trains and buses, factories and shelters.

A flu epidemic, catching an unprepared population, could be an excellent substitute for that mythical dream gas, which Hitler's chemists are supposed to have invented—a whiff of it puts you to sleep, and consequently out of action, for forty-eight hours. It actually can be more lethal than the most devastating bomb or gas attack. Scientists estimate that the great flu epidemics of the winters of '18 and '21, killed more people than all the bullets and shells and bombs of the great four years' war. In Asia, the mortality is put at twenty-five per cent. In Europe, the death-rate was much higher than in Britain: a matter, probably, of weaker resistance due to less efficient health services, and a lower standard of nourishment.

We are apt to forget, amid the awful racket and fiery drama of the air war over the Thames Valley and its eight million people, that, from the military and production viewpoint, the germ of the common cold can put a war worker, soldier, or key man *hors de combat* just as effectively as a bomb splinter. I was reminded of this with some vividness at the start of the blitzkrieg in May. A friend of mine celebrated the event by going down with mumps. He caught it from his wife, who appears to have contracted it during a visit to her mother in town. Mumps is a mild ailment in a child, but can be dangerous in an adult. Discomfort and temperature last a week or less; but there is danger of complications around the eighth day, so one has to nurse the malady. The victim is infectious for three weeks.

IMAGINE something like that happening to Hitler at just that time, or to Mussolini at the decisive moment when he threw Italy into the war, or to Churchill at the critical hour when Chamberlain had to be replaced as Prime Minister in order to unite the political factions, restore confidence, rally the fighting spirit of the people, and inject new robust energy into the conduct of the war. The course of world history might have been changed. One can range farther in surmise, and see Hitler at a conference passing the germs on to fat Goering and the military chiefs, and Ribbentrop carrying it to Moscow and infecting Stalin and Molotov. A pity it didn't happen!

But health in this war is not only a matter of organising defences against the bacilli battalions. Its keynote is individual health. Keeping fit, as fit as possible relative to one's own unique organism (no two human organisms are alike), and the conditions of one's life, has become one of the patriotic duties. Of course, in a scientifically ordered state, it might be a civic duty. It might be a minor crime—on a par with a traffic offence—to fall below work-efficiency level owing to preventable causes, such as lack of care or thought in clothing or feeding oneself, unwillingness to take regular exercise, failure to organise and educate oneself so as to secure adequate rest. But that's another story.

Physical vitality is one of the most precious of human gifts. But physical good spirits, the nerve toughness which overcomes the weapons of the "nerve war," the body set-up which combats

Decoration by

are you?

Health in this war is not only a matter of organising defences against the bacilli battalions. Its keynote is individual health —keeping fit, as fit as possible

By C. Patrick Thompson

fatigue—these can be acquired, and often are quite consciously acquired.

Despondency may be traceable to a defective organ, but it is more often caused by inadequate self-discipline. Experts who have studied the phenomenon say that lack of self-knowledge, ignorance, carelessness, passivity, inactivity, and doping with stimulants and palliatives, are the main causes of under-par health. They add that a large proportion of the sickness which annually, in peace time, lays insured workers off for 29,000,000 weeks (or nearly two weeks per head), is avoidable.

This doesn't look so good. But it is a glowing picture compared with certain aspects of public health in Germany, France, and even in high-living-standard, and still neutral America. Certain diseases due to under-nourishment have reappeared in Germany, but in particular the suicide rate is worrying the authorities. It was always high in Germany—15,000 a year among the 60,000,000 people of pre-war Germany, against 5,000 a year among the 45,000,000 Britons. But it has jumped, and it is a marked phenomenon among the young men in the armed forces. Many cases are reported of German soldiers committing suicide when they get news that relatives have been killed in air raids. There was one case of a young Nazi airman throwing himself overboard in a fit of temper while being shipped across the Atlantic for internment in Canada. The suicide of the captain of the *Graf Spee* was characteristic. Biologists, pathologists, neurologists and psychologists, recognise the symptoms. Brittle nerves. The central nervous system won't stand up to punishment: it collapses, and the Teuton organism, losing its will to live, assassinates itself.

IN France, the anxiety neurosis from which Frenchmen have been suffering for years has found a different weak spot. Frenchmen don't kill themselves easily: they degenerate.

In the last week in August the Vichy Government reported four main causes for the national collapse, and listed them as the four great problems which France must tackle and solve before she can rebuild her lost health. They are tuberculosis, cancer, syphilis and alcoholism. The two latter can be translated into sins of self-indulgence and indiscipline. But a psychologist would give a root cause: a nervous system inadequate to the strain imposed on it.

The moral cave-in of the French Army was chiefly due to alcoholism, say the men of Vichy. Frenchmen have been taking in dutch courage at the rate of five pints of alcoholic beverages a week. This compares with the Germans pint and a quarter, and the Briton's three-fourths of a pint.

The French taste in alcohol has been peculiarly vicious. It has favoured pernod and similar absinthe-type aperitifs.

The Vichy Government accordingly has decreed a modified prohibition of alcohol. A ban on drinks containing more than sixteen per cent alcohol, with brandies and liqueurs excepted, but public consumption of the latter limited to a small glass after lunch four times a week. On three days a week, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, only beer and wine may be drunk publicly.

Life in America—a young country, of course, which has not yet digested the enormous intake of migrants from south-east Europe, Italy and Russia, during the twenty years from 1890 to 1910—seems to have weakened the human organism there, so that people die in much larger numbers from the degenerative diseases, cancer, diabetes, heart disease, and other chronic affections, while their mental and nervous systems break down more easily. The insane institutions have been taking in 68,000 a year. Public institutions hold over 400,000 insane and mental deficients. And it is reckoned that there are additionally 500,000 feeble-minded persons outside institutions. Seven hundred thousand hospital beds are occupied all the time, and every year there are around 100,000,000 illnesses of all kinds among the population of 120,000,000. The American medical bill is estimated at £700,000,000 a year.

But the scientists who are investigating the problem of American health say that an immense amount of all this illness is preventable.

The Swedish woman known to the world as Greta Garbo retains her virility and work powers, although she is a transplant from a northland of snow and ice and keen, bitter winds. But when her real story is told, it will be found that specialists advised her, and she exercised, and exercises, great self-discipline.

When she is working she submits to a regime compared to which the life of a champion pugilist in training camp is a fairly easy jaunt. She is a sturdy female, who makes flesh easily; and she likes her food. But her earning capacity as a creature of myth and legend, generator of very special emotions among audiences in chains of darkened, electrified, mechanised theatres in the outer world, demands that she refrain from developing the generous curves of a Mary Boland, the piquant plumpness of a Myrna Loy, or even the alluring facial and (*Continued on page* 80)

J. Nicolson

Find the Lady

She could Change her Disguise, but could she Change her Fingerprints?

By Arthur Mills

THE chief picked up three oblong pieces of cardboard that lay on his desk, held the cards by their edges between the tips of his fingers, two in one hand and one in the other, passed them deftly to and fro, and dropped them on his blotter. He thought: Problem at the moment is the transmission of information from their agents in England to their head office in Berlin. They no longer have the passenger and postal services to Scandinavian, French and Dutch ports open. Aeroplane reconnaissance cannot provide information about the morale of the British public, or details of the damage done by their bombers; plenty of other things they would like to know.

He leaned forward, picked up the pieces of cardboard, turned them over and studied the markings on the back. He thought about Anna Marie Lesser, "Fräulein Doktor," as they called her. Anna Marie Lesser had been a beautiful girl, a Jewess, and a morphia addict. Morphia had killed her; she had never been caught. This was due to her ability to disguise herself and to talk half a dozen dialects. Now that she was dead most of the rôles she used were known; an elderly Alsatian peasant woman; a Swiss girl hiker; a schoolgirl with pig-tails; a dishevelled woman newspaper seller; a nun; also of course, as herself—glamour, sex and all that.

She was incredibly versatile.

The chief sat back and spoke to his assistant for the first time. "Percy, we can take it that at this juncture of the war the Germans have found a successor to Fräulein Doktor."

"Maybe," said Captain Percy Shore.

"There is no 'maybe,'" said the chief; "it is what they've done; the girl is in England."

Shore sat forward. "You've proof, sir?"

The chief picked up the police record cards with which he had been practising the three-card trick. He placed the cards on the table. "Here are three sets of fingerprints belonging to the same person. Number one was taken from the wheel of the car of an officer who had his dispatch case stolen while in St. James's Square."

"The wheel, sir?" queried Captain Shore in amazement.

"Yes, Percy; the staff officer was being driven by a young lady wearing the uniform of the A.T.S.; she disappeared with the dispatch case. The other two specimens," the chief pulled forward two more fingerprint records, "come from the door handle of a cubicle in a military hospital. The cubicle was occupied by an attractive young V.A.D. who was sent to give extra help after the evacuation of Dunkirk; she also disappeared very quickly. Apparently the papers she produced were forged beautifully, and she timed her departure with equal skill, for, of course, she could not have lasted more than a day or two. Well, there we have the circumstances that provide the analogy to Anna Marie Lesser—the same girl working in two different disguises. There is only one weak point in the rôles she chose. As a V.A.D. she

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

THE Special Branch officer had followed her when she left the club, as far as Piccadilly Tube Station

could not wear any gloves."

"Be a bit of a business to get fingerprints of every girl in uniform in the British Isles," Percy Shore said. "And quite useless. The girl we want only wears uniform when she is working, say for a few hours, or when she was at the hospital for two or three days; the rest of the time she is a private individual."

"The police have a description of her, I suppose, sir?"

"Oh, yes, the staff officer whose car she was driving when he lost his dispatch case had a good look at her; so did the nurses at the military hospital; she disguised herself for the first job, padded out a few places, wore a blonde wig. Going among women she did not try anything like that; she has got brown hair with bits of red in it; brown eyes that in some lights look black; she is a *faux maigre*—know what that means?"

Captain Shore nodded.

"Good legs and an abandoned mouth," the chief concluded. "By the way, do you know what made Anna Marie Lesser take to morphia?"

"Love affair?"

"The stories about her put it down to that. My own view is that it was the strain of the job. Every spy has to have some form of relaxation; remember that, Percy."

The chief collected the three specimens of fingerprints and passed them to his assistant. "Righto; that's about all we've got; go ahead."

A VISIT to the military hospital where the girl calling herself Elsa Hazlit had posed as a V.A.D. left Percy Shore in doubt whether she was German at all. The nurses, who remembered her said there had been nothing about her to indicate that she was not British. They told him the name of the school in the south of England where she said she had been for three years. He paid a visit to this school. The headmistress remembered Elsa Hazlit well; she had been sent to the school five years previously when she was fifteen; her parents were in New Zealand and all arrangements for the girl were made by a woman who stated she was the girl's aunt, and to whom she went for the holidays. This woman had lived at an address at Eastbourne.

Shore put through a call to the Eastbourne police and received a report an hour later that Elsa Hazlit's "aunt" had left and could not be traced. While waiting for this report he obtained a full description of Elsa Hazlit from the headmistress. This tallied with the one given him by Miss Hazlit's fellow nurses, and was supplemented by a piece of good information. During her third year at school Elsa Hazlit had visited a forbidden dance hall in the town and had been threatened with expulsion. The warning had no effect; she had broken bounds again.

"Were there other places she could have gone to dance?" Percy Shore asked.

"Not with men," said the headmistress.

"She was fond of dancing?" Shore asked.

The headmistress nodded. "Elsa Hazlit was more than fond of dancing; she was crazy about it; that was why I expelled her!"

"You expelled her!"

"I had to; nothing I could say was any good; she persisted in going to this dance hall and finally she had to go."

"Was it a man?"

"No; simply dancing; she used to go in for competitions. I made inquiries and am satisfied on that point."

"Thanks," Shore said.

ON the way back to London Shore checked over the data he had collected. He was in possession of a description of the girl as she was undisguised, and he had learnt that she was fond of dancing to a degree that had got her expelled from school. He decided to ask the police for help at this point.

A week passed before he received a report about a club called the "Moon and Sixpence." The report said that a girl, whose description answered that given of Elsa Hazlit, had been seen by a Special Branch officer at the Moon and Sixpence Club. The officer had followed the girl when she left as far as Piccadilly Tube Station, but there lost the trail; he had returned to the club and removed the crockery from

SHE made her way out into the street, changing again at another Underground station

the table she had used, which by his orders had been left untouched. A test had established that the girl's fingerprints were the same as those found on the wheel of the staff car and the door handle of the V.A.D.'s cubicle. In the meantime she had got away; the police were looking for her.

Shore's first reaction to this information was that, as the girl had eluded the Special Branch man at the Tube station she must have known she was being followed; further, if she had any one working for her in the club, she would have learnt that the crockery she had been using had been taken away for fingerprint tests.

If these surmises were correct—and it was reasonable to assume that the girl discovered she had been followed when she left the club—then, in spy parlance, Elsa Hazlit knew she was "sick." Now a "sick" agent, that is an agent who realises he or she is being watched, either leaves the country or lies low. Unless she could get to Eire, or be picked up by a German plane or E-boat, Miss Hazlit would not be able to leave England; whereas her talent for disguise would make it easy for her to hide.

Shore decided that Miss Hazlit would remain in England. He talked over the matter with his chief. The chief said, "We'll have to wait."

THE Special Branch officer who lost Elsa Hazlit's trail in Piccadilly Tube Station did not overlook anything. While he dashed from barrier to barrier asking ticket collectors if a girl answering to her description had passed, a uniformed policeman on station duty kept watch outside the ladies' toilet.

Within the sanctuary of the toilet Miss Hazlit worked fast, releasing a spring under her cloak and giving herself a humped back, adjusting a rusty black hat and wig, which she kept folded in a compartment of her handbag, pulling over her slim legs a pair of wrinkled stockings. It took her two minutes to make the change, or about twice as long as a trained professional artiste giving quick change impersonations on the stage, would have taken. Then she made her way out into the street, changing again at another Underground station before going home to get some sleep before going to work next day.

Miss Hazlit worked under the name of Gertrude Brown, at a café, one of a chain owned by a famous firm. She had been at the café six months; on one occasion she was away ill for three days—this was when she was posing as a V.A.D.—otherwise she carried out her special work during her time off. Her disguise at the shop consisted of a waitress's uniform and a fringe; this altered her general appearance. The superintendent of her floor knew her as a cheerful, hard-working girl, who got on well with customers, and was sometimes teased on account of her north country accent. One of her regular clients was a commercial traveller, whose home was in Sheffield, and who came in two or three times a week.

The commercial man always sat at one of the tables Miss Brown was serving, generally choosing one against a wall. He came in for his egg on toast and tea about six on the day following the episode of the detective and the "Moon and Sixpence." Standing by his side, with her pencil poised over her order pad, Miss Brown gave an account of the evening. "They've got my fingerprints," she finished.

The commercial scratched the sandy hair on the back of his head; then he picked up the menu as if he was going to choose something different from his usual egg, and said: "Did you think it safe to go to a dance club?"

Miss Brown placed her hand against her hip; "I like dancing," she said.

The commercial did not answer this; small-time agents, who argued with heads of organisations, met trouble; sometimes they died. He said, "Can I help?"

"Yes," said Miss Brown, writing in her order pad. "That's what I want," she dropped a slip of paper on the table as she cleared away a plate; "the address where you'll get it is written down."

When Miss Brown returned with the poached egg the sandy-haired commercial was sitting back staring across the room. The floor superintendent noticed he was looking at nothing; she also saw he ate his egg slowly and without enjoyment.

An alien, released from internment for the sake of science, supplied the commercial traveller with the goods required.

On his next visit to the tea shop the traveller left his gas mask behind; the mask was in a cylindrical tin holder, of the type issued in France and occasionally carried by civilians in England. Miss Brown told the floor superintendent that she knew the commercial traveller's address and would see he got his gas mask back.

The next case that reached the chief did not concern Elsa Hazlit, though certain details were reminiscent of her technique. This information was to the effect that a girl carrying a portable typewriter had succeeded by means of a forged pass in gaining admission to a Government office. She had chosen a day when the confidential secretary of a minister was off duty, and the minister himself at a conference, and for a short period succeeded in taking the girl's place. During this period she had been alone in a room to which no one, who was not absolutely trusted, would have been admitted. The coup had been carried out by a superb piece of bluff, and had been made possible by selecting a time when the minister was out.

When the minister returned, he had at once questioned the new stenographer's *bona fides*; his suspicions were aroused by her account of how she had got into the room. He had left her for a few moments to telephone. The girl had instantly escaped, getting out of the building by a side entrance. A finger-print expert was rushed to the room, and obtained four clear specimens from the rim of a mahogany desk at which the girl had been sitting. A written description of the girl's appearance supplied by the minister, and cards bearing the specimens of her finger-prints, lay on the chief's desk.

"So there are two of them!" said the chief, flipping the specimens of finger-prints about the desk, and talking more to himself than to his assistant.

"Two of what, sir?" asked Percy Shore.

"Two Fraulein Doktors," said the chief; "these aren't the finger-prints that were found on the wheel of the car."

Percy Shore suggested that the finger-prints might be those of the minister's own stenographer.

The chief shook his head. "That has been checked; they are not hers; also the real stenographer rubbed the desk over with a duster before she left for her half-day off; she never allowed anybody else to touch her desk. The girl who impersonated her was the only other person who got into the room."

"How did she get in?"

"She must have used a skeleton key; that was what made the minister suspicious; he had the only key; his confidential secretary used to come in after he had opened up."

"The bogus one was there when he returned?"

"Yes; of course he should have held her, but she got away; the girl is like an eel."

"Elsa Hazlit, you mean?"

The chief lost his temper; he banged the finger-print cards on the desk. "I don't mean Elsa Hazlit; I mean the girl who left these finger-prints. There are two of them, I tell you. Clever idea to have two working when we think there is only one."

"What does the second look like?"

The chief studied the minister's written description of the girl who had tried to impersonate his secretary. "She has the same coloured eyes as Elsa Hazlit; that is the only resemblance."

Shore said thoughtfully: "It is curious that three people, two of them men, have remembered the exact colour of Elsa Hazlit's eyes. Men don't always remember the colour of a girl's eyes, especially if they only see them for a minute or so."

The chief straightened up: "That ought to give you something to work on, Percy—a girl with remarkable eyes."

"Two girls with remarkable eyes, sir," Shore said.

"All right; two girls with remarkable eyes," the chief agreed; "but this is the one we want." He tapped the new set of finger-prints. "She got something yesterday."

"What?"

"Plans, and that's not all; if she gets those plans where she wants to send them, you and I can pack up. We have got one factor in our favour: she has got to act within the next

(Continued on page 52)

"Did you think it safe to go to a dance club?"

The Coming

A Retired Big-game Hunter's

The men managed to make their horses lie down, and themselves got under the waggon, peering at the 'planes skimming low over their heads

MY life has been precarious. A hunter and trader in East Africa learns to accept risk as part of the normal round and is never quite sure of his safety. But I never thought to see that condition of life reproduced in England.

We exist now in constant danger, our daily tasks are carried out under the threat of sudden violence—overwhelming disaster. Our ears are attuned to warnings and our nerves are braced to resist the shock of fear and the long strain of anxiety. Some few are distracted by the ordeal and would fly anywhere for safety, but most, like those pioneers I lived among, find danger a stimulus: they enjoy the excitement; the prospect of death reminds them they are alive and enhances the joy of it. We have reverted to the state of primitive man, beset by enemies, knowing each day safely passed a respite, and the next a challenge.

My tale begins in slow, pedestrian fashion—like the war. My wife, my eight-year-old son and myself inhabit an old coastguard cottage at the tip of a promontory in the English Channel. A few miles away is a naval harbour; beyond it the town. The Point is now deserted by all except soldiers and sailors. Outside the garden wall is a searchlight detachment; somewhere over the hill a battery of guns. Machine-gun posts are plentiful. We are the only civilians in this remote place, and our friends are few.

The enemy began to visit our district about the middle of June. At night one heard the drone of 'planes above, saw the sky criss-crossed with searchlight beams, and knew that death was up there behind the clouds ready to pounce. But it did not pounce. Apparently all fears and speculations were needless; the Germans were reconnoitring and laying magnetic mines off the coast.

The untimely rising from bed, the waiting at open windows, straining one's eyes into the gloom, gave place to a comfortable indifference. One listened to the fluctuating buzz overhead, remarked "There 's Jerry again," and went to sleep.

One night there was a terrific explosion. It cracked a window, the blast of it rushed into rooms and set the beds shaking. Awakened from a sound sleep, I was conscious again of the strange sensation common in the last war; the feeling that my heart, hitherto reposing comfortably in the pit of my stomach, had been dragged into my gullet. I expected more. However, it was only a bomb dropped beyond the cliffs, exploding in the air by some mischance. The drone of the receding 'plane was audible, and I think it escaped unharmed.

In a few days the incident was almost forgotten, but it left its effects. My young son, who had roamed the shore and played in the caves, now hung about the kitchen door. He grew large-eyed and silent, and was always watching the skies in fear of the British 'planes that occasionally roared out to patrol the Channel.

The war had come home to us with a detonation that shook the house and ourselves to the foundations.

A few nights later there were shells exploding over the town, bright red balls in the sky; the searchlights wavered and swung across the canopy of clouds in a beautiful fantastic display. My wife stood shivering with cold by the window, murmuring "Beasts!" under her breath. The noise of engines was loud overhead; there was the dull concussion of bombs. It lasted perhaps ten minutes. Next day we heard no damage had been done.

Illustrated by

of the Bombers

reactions to the Dangers now Faced in England

By C. T. Stoneham

It was necessary to make some contribution to the national effort; I got work as a clerk in an Admiralty department. A score of us were housed in a wood and iron hut on the hill overlooking the harbour. Girls of sixteen and middle-aged Civil Servants laboured together in crowded quarters for eleven hours a day, and at week-ends the work continued uninterrupted. Across a lane was an old house with a deep cellar, and this would be our shelter in time of need.

I rode to work on a bicycle through quiet country roads and open heaths. The work was hard and monotonous, but I enjoyed the cheery company of my fellows. They were not afraid of the war; though critical of recent events, they had no doubt that Britain could weather every storm.

THE British attitude to hostile foreigners is one of annoyance tinged with pity. They know their enemies are going to have such a shaking before long, and they cannot help wondering how any people could be such fools as to court it. They are quite sure that, though they may be killed, defeat is impossible. In their ears the suggestion that this country might be beaten seems the raving of a lunatic. "When we stop mucking about and begin to fight——", say they.

On a Sunday afternoon, while entertaining guests, explosions shook the house. On the grassy ridge opposite a bomb burst in a cloud of black smoke. Some people walking along the road ran into the garden to shelter behind a wall. I went out to them to offer the protection of the house.

A small boy was crying and repeating, "I don't like it!" Here was an annoyance beyond the capability of his parents to remove.

High overhead three silver 'planes flew towards the sea; white balls puffed into shape behind them with a loud popping. They went steadily on out of sight, while we stood about discussing our first daylight raid. Holiday-makers on that fine afternoon streamed back along the road to the town; the war had come, and each man sought his own home.

Later I examined the bomb-crater in the hard clay. You could have concealed a good-sized garage in it. It made me thoughtful.

S. Tresilian

Another 'plane received a shell full on the nose, and crumpled up like a shot bird

One morning I woke with a headache and sickness. The long hours sitting at a desk had upset my inferior liver; I returned to bed feeling very sorry for myself. A big freighter had been burning all night at sea. I could see her from my bed, and wondered that I had not heard the bombing of her.

At the time when I should have been approaching my office, I heard the noise of 'planes and my son shouting, "Look! There they are!" At the same moment a whistle shrilled from the searchlight crew next door. I looked from my window and saw four bombers coming in line across the sea. They turned with the sun behind them and swooped on the harbour. There followed the crash of bombs and the stutter of machine-guns.

Putting on a dressing-gown I ran down to the dining-room. My family were crouching by the windows, my wife holding binoculars which she was too excited to use. Fifteen Messerschmitts had accompanied the bombers and they were everywhere, diving, machine-gunning, swooping from point to point with incredible speed. One flashed past the windows, firing at the searchlight detachment, who replied with a Bren gun. No British 'planes were in view, and the Germans were doing as they pleased.

Our reaction to these rapid events was peculiar. We were excited and anxious, supposing this to be the beginning of the much-advertised big attack and dubious whether our isolated cottage would become a centre for the raiders' attentions. To get out to our shelter while bullets were flying about would be dangerous; we stayed where we were, scuttling from one window to another, trying to follow the details of the fight. For now our "Spitfires" had arrived and the Messerschmitts were no longer having it all their own way. At one time I stopped my wife thrusting a bowl of porridge (*Continued on page* 54)

On the calm, sullen sea a long line of ships showed—a convoy going towards London. Several of those ships seemed to be on fire

"I thought you understood, Mummy. This is Small Girl Lo. That's her mother who's being buried over there."

IT was hotter than ever that afternoon, with the fierce dry heat of an oven. No one who could help it was putting as much as a nose out of doors. The fields of peanuts and kaoliang were bare of workers; the tradesmen and the hawkers were lolling about with one eye open and the other shut; the coolies were lying asleep in any shady gutter; and the rickshaw boys snoozed against the sides of their conveyances, waiting for the high sun to sink a little and their patrons to emerge from their siestas with bathing gear and picnic tea and all the rest of the usual seaside clutter to be taken down to the beach.

At present it was so hot that you couldn't tread on the sand with bare feet. Even the coolies had fastened some protection to their soles—cardboard, if they could find nothing better. Now and again the clumsy slip-slopping of such a pair of ill-fitting substitutes disturbed the peace and quiet. For that was the one good thing about the heat—it was too great to feel irritable or fretful in it.

Mrs. Carlyon, like the majority of Europeans at that moment, was lying on her bed, stripped to a brief silk slip. It was important, urgent, that she should look her best that evening, but everything seemed to be conspiring against her taking the rest necessary to revive her flagging vitality. The folds of the heavy mosquito netting round her bed seemed to stifle her, to keep back what little air there was..

Chinese Funeral

Motherhood Sometimes asks too much—Sometimes too Little

by

Marjorie Hessell Tiltman

Such a ludicrous way of keeping at bay a few insects! But even suffocation was preferable to mosquito bites, not to mention the scorpion which amah had found under her bed that morning and brought to her, with much giggling, in a bottle. She turned on her side uneasily, for the umpteenth time. A determination to get to sleep only seemed to keep one awake. Perhaps she should try the other way round, reverse her state of mind and not of body? But just as she was adjusting herself to this, a strange, wailing sound broke into her consciousness. It was so penetrating, so insistent, that she had to listen. No, it was not her imagination. There it came, a thin, wailing note, repeated at short intervals. Chinese music! A Chinese trumpet! Those wretched, undisciplined little creatures at the next bungalow—it must be. With an angry exclamation, she dashed the mosquito netting to one side, threw a kimono round her, and ran out on to the long veranda—hot, but dark, behind the green lienzas.

It was not the boys. She should have guessed, of course. But so far away from a Chinese city of any size, in surroundings almost completely Europeanised, alien rites and customs had temporarily slipped her memory. That they could now intrude, indeed, was due to a geographical accident. Right in front of the bungalow which the Carlyons were occupying for the summer was a piece of rough ground. The grass on it was shaggy and untidy; a tough old donkey browsed on it and a lean goat grazed. The goat had given trouble from the very beginning, following Jane through their gate, and up the path, nibbling every precious young plant as it went, until it got to the veranda, where it began on the tubs of geraniums, while Jane watched it, compassionate for its thinness, and the fat old amah waddled on her lily feet in vain pursuit.

It was the graves to which Mrs. Carlyon really objected. Chinese graves are always an extremely obtrusive part of the landscape, sticking high up out of the earth as they do, but here, in the very middle of a tight, complacent little colony of bungalows with pretty gardens and gay furniture, they looked more than ever out of place. And a little uncanny, too, though this Mrs. Carlyon would not have admitted. Being manifestly unable to do anything about this unfortunate disposition, however, she vented all the surplus of her inhibited determination on the goat—or would have done so but for Jane, who stood her thin, spindly little figure in front of it with a ludicrous appearance of protecting it.

"You'd better let it alone, mummy; really!"

Mrs. Carlyon stared down from her slender, exquisitely poised height at the small plain face of her daughter, bearing the very print of Tom in its anxiety.

"Let it alone? What do you mean, Jane?"

"Well, you see, mummy, that bit of ground is all the Lo family have left, out of almost the whole of Pei Tai Ho. But old Grandfather Lo gambled it away——"

Mrs. Carlyon frowned. "What on earth is that to do with the goat, pray?"

"It's just that people try to be as nice as they can to the family, because old Lo lost so much face. Ah Ming told me that he would sometimes put twenty or thirty square *li* on the table. And he went on and on till there was only this field left for the family graves, and he might even have gambled that away, but he died, and they say his family poisoned him, but nobody did anything about it, because his sons had had to go out as fishermen, and his nephews started that carpenter's shop down in the Chinese village. So that's why people don't say anything about their goat, or their donkey. So you won't either, will you, mummy, because we'd lose an awful lot of face if you did."

"Don't talk like a little heathen, Jane!" Mrs. Carlyon ordered severely, but nevertheless, the goat was henceforward allowed free access to nibble where it liked, and, as Mrs. Carlyon, who was no fool, sensed from the approving attitude of the servants, Jane was once more proved right.

Now, as she stood on the veranda, graves, trumpets, the unfortunate Lo family, Jane's gossip, all coagulated into a background to the scene being enacted just the other side of the gate. The trumpets were playing funeral music. At that very moment, they came into view—long white wooden affairs, like exaggerated painted toys. In odd and disorganised sections, the rest of the funeral procession straggled along behind them. Not the sort of procession any self-respecting Chinese family in Peking would bankrupt

"HELEN, I've got to leave for Tientsin within thirty-six hours. I have arranged the tables so that you fall as my partner at supper"

itself for, with brass bands, decorated carts, sedan chairs and professional mourners, but a clownish, pathetic imitation of it, with an inordinate amount of ghost furniture.

Now she was roused, Mrs. Carlyon stayed for a moment to watch. She could just see the contorted faces of the people garbed in white sackcloth, two or three old women mopping up tears with their rough sleeves. There was no mistaking, even at that distance, their genuine grief. But their faces cleared slightly as the flimsy objects contrived from bamboo and painted tissue paper were brought up to the new grave, and duly set alight. The purple horse, with tail and mane of white frills, was consumed in a trice; some of the paper money another man was strewing around was caught in the whirlwind of flame and sent flying into the sky. What utter nonsense it all was! Mrs. Carlyon shrugged her shapely shoulders. Never would she be able to understand the mentality of such a people, people before whose traditions, art, language, civilisation in fact, Tom worshipped, nay, grovelled, lovingly, ceaselessly. And once more, but this time with a different expression on her face, of pain and bitterness mingled, she shrugged her shoulders. Turning to enter her room, her eye caught the flutter of a pale blue muslin dress behind the clump of bamboos by the gate. Pale blue signified Jane—but Jane, in this heat, in the garden? And who or what was the scarlet beside her?

Thrusting her feet into slip-slops, seizing a Chinese umbrella from a corner, Mrs. Carlyon ran down the steps.

It was Jane. She was sitting on the grass, apparently talking to a small Chinese girl of about her own size, garbed in the usual scarlet cotton jacket and black trousers.

"Jane!" called her mother breathlessly, "Jane, what on earth are you doing? Where's Amah? What's this child doing?"

Jane scrambled slowly to her feet, seeking for a blameless description of Amah's mah-jongg in the courtyard with Cookie, the fowl seller and the travelling barber. "She was going to do some washing for me," she said at last.

"That should be done when you've gone to bed," said her mother angrily, turning her attention to the other figure, still sitting on the ground, and, she now perceived, hugging to its bosom the flaxen-curled, elaborately dressed Paris doll given to Jane last Christmas by the minister, and costing, by Chinese computations, about ten times as much as the child herself was worth. "Where did this child get your doll from?"

The phrasing was not quite what Mrs. Carlyon meant but Jane understood. "I've given it to her!" she muttered defiantly, but hiding her face under her spreading Chinese hat nevertheless.

"Given it to her! Jane, you must be mad! What d'you think the minister would say!"

"He wouldn't mind if I explained. I thought you understood, mummy. This is Small Girl Lo. That's her mother who's being buried over there. She's quite a friend of mine. I often go and talk to her when Amah goes shopping in the Chinese village. And besides, she's given me this in exchange. It's much more fun."

And she produced from behind her back a queer stuffed toy. It was an extremely clever bit of work, but it roused Mrs. Carlyon's anger almost to rage.

"Her mother made it," Jane explained, as if calming an angry child. "It's the Dog of Fo."

"I don't care what dog it is, you can't keep it," snapped her mother. "You know perfectly well, Jane, that it isn't safe to touch anything that's come out of a Chinese house. Why, I should expect us all to catch chickenpox or something."

Jane hesitated. "We can't give it back to her, mummy."

"You can get one of the boys to burn it, then. And Amah must give you a bath with some disinfectant in it, and a good gargle. Now tell this child she must go."

Jane sighed, but she knew the point at which she must not challenge her mother's authority. Delivering a voluble flood of Chinese at the child, she dismissed her with a maternal pat and followed her mother up to the house, wisely realising the unwisdom of the obvious argument that she always played in the carpenter's establishment at the Chinese end of Pei Tai Ho while Amah chewed sunflower seeds and enjoyed a good gossip with the grocer next door.

"And now," said Mrs. Carlyon, "call Amah and

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

tell her what I said. I rely on you, Jane! I'm going out to-night and I've got a lot of things to do."

This perpetual vigilance that China demanded! How tired she was of it; how she disliked the whole country, its vastness, its dirt, its poverty, disease. It frightened her so; she was never able to feel easy or comfortable in it. Her health was excellent, but she had never yet felt at home there. If they could have afforded one of the really spacious and up-to-date houses on the European plan which were available for those who could with money, it might have been different. But they had to content themselves with an old Chinese dwelling at the end of a *hu'tung*, mud in winter, dust in summer, and flanked by high brick walls guarding who knew how many secrets?

IT was a subconscious feeling of fear that was at the root of Mrs. Carlyon's dislike, for the inconvenience of the house was outweighed by its interest and charm, while the garden—Tom's hobby—was a superb example of fourteenth-century planning. But even here—surely the traditional place for an Englishwoman to interest herself—she felt a failure. By instructing a bewildered coolie to pull down an edifice of rough rocks in a corner, she had incurred almost everlasting shame. But for their chance interruption, she was informed in shocked tones by Tom and a Chinese professor friend, she would have destroyed a work of art dating from the Ming period. An inscription at the base was translated for her benefit: "By means of the appreciation of rocks, the enjoyer of them steps part of the way to heaven." Spurred on by their own enthusiasm as not to notice her lack of it, they took her from one courtyard to another, cataloguing the shrubs under Chinese and Latin names respectively, pointing the directions in which the shadows would fall in the various seasons, and working out the geomancy of the arrangement of

MRS. CARLYON followed the doctor's face as he waved Amah out of the room and sat down on her chair beside Jane's bed

the flower tubs. In short, effectively destroying her enjoyment of it all by swamping her in a veritable torrent of learning.

Sometimes, after that, she would sigh wistfully for her rose garden in Surrey and recall the happy casualness with which she used to strew annuals in bare patches. But never again had she attempted to interfere with the formalities of the Ming period. One was either an expert, like Tom, or an ignoramus, like herself. And there seemed to be no obvious road from one to the other.

That particular incident had happened very long ago. John was only two; Jane hadn't even been born. But to-night, weighing up the past against two futures, both problematical, it recurred to her with startling clarity. Even at the time, it had assumed a grotesque importance; now, looking back, it seemed to typify the whole of (*Continued on page* 58)

1. *A section of Hong Kong as seen from the sea*
2. *A street in the Chinese quarter of Hong Kong*
3. *A Chinese woman carrying merchandise from the wharves at Hong Kong. They toil on an equality with men*
4. *Modern Miss China with bobbed hair and slit skirt, snapped in the business district of Hong Kong*
5. *Chinese handicrafts. Beating out copper bowls by hand*
6. *Filling sacks with fish which has been dried in the sun*
7. *Dead beat. A Chinese mother with her child sleep by the roadside*

To-day in HONG

Britain's outpost in called upon to face has therefore been

By Harold

HONG KONG, our naval base and shipping centre in the Far East, is, like the mother isle, in a state of siege. She is blockaded by land. True, the ocean is open to her, just as the seas are to Britain, thanks to the Royal Navy. Strong Japanese forces, however, have cut the colony off from direct communication with the mainland.

Like Britain, Hong Kong had ample warning of what she may expect. Japan's recent movements and activities left no doubt of her intentions to drive us out of these waters. Fortunately for all concerned the Legislative Council of the colony have not been slow in taking the necessary steps to meet any emergency. British women and children have been sent away from the colony and Hong Kong prepared for defence.

On top of this preparation, however, the colony has been called upon to devote attention to other problems. There has been the question of the refugees. Over a million of them, fleeing from the bombs and bayonets of the Japanese, have sought shelter in the colony. Hong Kong to-day is the greatest house of refuge in all the troubled Orient. Special refugee camps have had to be erected to deal with these hosts of homeless people.

In these clean, orderly camps are mess halls, dormitories, hospitals, playgrounds, schools, vast kitchens, and even gardens where the refugees grow their own vegetables. As a noted traveller from the west, after visiting the camps and seeing the work of the English doctors and nurses to succour the sick and prevent the outbreak of cholera and other diseases, remarked, "This is Christianity in motion."

Not only have the homeless in their tens of thousands sought refuge in Hong Kong, but hundreds of rich Chinese merchants from the coast and inland cities. Deposits in the banks have soared to astronomical figures, and one local newspaper recently declared that "Hong Kong now has more than 500 Chinese millionaires," that is, individuals worth a million dollars. On another page of the same paper, however, we learn that 27,000 people still sleep in the city streets.

8. *A Chinese junk with its much-patched sail, off Hong Kong*
9. *The sedan chair still survives in Hong Kong, and is often seen*
10. *Looking down on Statue Square, Hong Kong*
11. *A Chinese coolie loading coal on a vessel in Hong Kong*
12. *Chinese funerals are elaborate affairs, with long processions and much clashing of cymbals*
13. *A grotesque figure in a Chinese funeral being carried through the streets of Hong Kong*
14. *Bearing his burden. A baby brother being carried on his brother's back*

Besieged KONG

the Far East has been special problems and prepared for defence

J. Shepstone

No one claims Hong Kong to be invulnerable. But it is British soil, and for a century has been the seat of British authority in this part of the world. The preparations which have been made are evidence that the colony intends to maintain its independence. To get into the harbour, through the Lyeemoon Strait, ships must wait while British naval boats draw aside a net of cables hung from floating barrels—barrier set to stop any invading submarines. Mines protect some other entrances to colony waters.

From high up on peaks that rise about the harbour, grim guns frown down on you; their bark seems to snarl a warning "Keep Out," although at Happy Valley Race Track, right under the guns, thousands of holidaymakers cheer the running Chinese ponies. Marching, blue-clad schoolboys, regimented by watchful priests, halt to let a line of trucks go by—trucks hauling still more guns up to the peaks, and manned by bearded Indian soldiers in coloured turbans and khaki shorts.

Chinese girls with bobbed hair and split skirts, out for a picnic, pause to smile at British Tommies digging bomb shelters just behind a swanky bathing beach where machine gun pill boxes squat among summer cottages. Enough barbed wire to fence in all the cattle in a Canadian prairie province stretches and tangles about hilltop searchlight posts, powder magazines, gun emplacements, and across valley trails up which enemy landing parties might try to march.

At a Kowloon church fair—and Kowloon is that part of the colony which stands on the mainland peninsula just across the narrow bay from Hong Kong island—you see excited Chinese and Portuguese boys and girls throwing darts, playing catchpenny games, eating, drinking, singing. All are oblivious to a line of forty-four brand new tanks just unloaded from a ship and rumbling past to be added to the colony's ever-growing defensive machinery.

Yet, side by side with this refugee flood and the continuous building of defences, the ordinary normal life of the colony still goes on. (*Continued on page* 64)

She Asked

MRS. PRESCOTT-SMITH'S daughter and secretary watched her climb into the train, and exchanged a look of guilty relief as the door slammed. Their joy, however, was premature, Mrs. Prescott-Smith still had some final instructions to deliver.

She thrust her disagreeable, still handsome face, surmounted by a formidable turban hat, out of the window, and beckoned to them to come closer.

"You'll exercise the dogs before you go to the village, Mary. I don't like them taken on the main road. And don't forget the flowers, Miss Cartwright will not have time as she is taking the car to Camberley this afternoon. You've got the list, Miss Cartwright?"

"Yes, Mrs. Prescott-Smith."

"Well, don't be any longer than you can help, because there is plenty for you to do at home. And drive carefully. You've been so long over those notices for the institute Mary won't be able to take them this afternoon as I had hoped, but she can call at the Rectory instead with the parcel I have left in the hall, and then—what is it, Mary?"

Mrs. Prescott-Smith did not like to be interrupted in full flow of organisation. Mary turned red and looked at her feet. "I thought I might go into Camberley with Miss Cartwright this afternoon."

"What for?"

"Oh, well—it's just that I've a bit of shopping I'd like to do, and I thought I'd like to——"

Her mother looked at her with distaste. She often wondered how it had come about that she should have a daughter like Mary. A great, gawky creature with a red face and so little initiative that if you told her to post a letter it was necessary to ask her to stamp it first. She is not a child either, her mother thought. Thirty years old, and not a man has ever looked at her twice. It was not surprising. Aloud she said sharply, "It's exceedingly inconvenient to suggest that now. Why didn't you say so before? Can't Miss Cartwright do your shopping for you? What is it that you need so urgently? We shall be going in again to-morrow, and you can come with me then. I particularly want that parcel delivered at the Rectory, and Mary——"

The whistle blew. Mrs. Prescott-Smith leaned out farther, and shouted after the receding forms on the platform, "Don't forget to tell your father——" Her last words were lost in the wind. Something about Mr. Bates, Mary thought sadly, and tea. If he was to visit them or her father was to go to him, she had not been able to catch. And there was no chance her father would know. There would be trouble.

MRS. PRESCOTT-SMITH settled herself in the corner and muttered angrily under her breath.

They might have had the gumption to run, she was saying to herself. There they stood like dummy figures, and made not the smallest attempt to hear what she was trying to say. It was not insolence, she knew well enough how to deal with that, it was sheer stupidity. She would have liked to knock their heads together.

That sort of stupidity, she said to an imaginary Mary sitting opposite her, comes from a lack of consideration. But it was not much good saying that sort of thing to Mary in the flesh. She agreed meekly—which left the conversation curiously suspended so that you had to go on and say a great deal more than you had meant to in the first place—and then she wept. Mrs. Prescott-Smith moved impatiently in her corner seat. I'd like to see anybody reduce me to tears, she thought. It was extraordinary how people cried. Her servants were constantly in tears over one thing or another when she ran the house. It was impossible to keep them. In the end she had allowed herself to be persuaded to leave the housekeeping to her secretary. It set her free for more important work, as her husband had pointed out, and there was no doubt that Miss Cartwright managed to staff the house

Illustrated by

for a Doctor

A *Change of* Heart, *not of* Medicines, *was needed*

By Diana Maugham

and run it well after a fashion. It was convenient to have one person responsible, also, when things went wrong. They could not wriggle out and pretend it was somebody else's business.

People were astonishingly incompetent, she reflected. At home, in the village, wherever she went it was the same thing. You would think they would be grateful to find somebody of real organising ability among them, who was willing to devote herself to their interests. But no, they resented it. They preferred to muddle along in their own way rather than be shown how to do things properly. She thought of Mrs. Wickham and the Mothers' Union, and her foot began to tap up and down on the floor. I must keep calm, she said to herself. It is so bad for me to worry. There is nothing worse for the heart than emotional disturbance. A woman of my activity, with so many pressing interests and responsibilities, can only carry on if she refuses to allow herself to be upset. Nobody thinks of that. It was no use to expect attention from Mary, she had too little imagination, but even poor William, though he meant to be a good husband, was strangely inconsiderate at times. She sighed out loud, and turned her mind to her forthcoming visit to Harley Street, and the new man of whom she had heard such glowing reports.

It would have been impossible for anybody to guess, if they had found themselves a fellow-traveller, that the stout middle-aged woman sitting erect in the corner, was on her way to consult a doctor. There was an air of determination about her well-preserved face, and in her whole bearing, that was difficult to associate with bodily weakness. She looked in robust health. They would have been even more surprised to learn that beneath that resolute exterior there lay concealed a nest of small fears, which troubled her day and night. None of her acquaintances guessed her secret. They knew she had seen a number of doctors in her life, and was always ready to inform them who was the greatest expert on the heart, the lungs or the nervous system, but they imagined, if they thought at all about the matter, that whatever troubles she had had were over. It was impossible to imagine that a woman of such overpowering energy could have anything the matter with her. Only her husband knew the extent to which she worried about her health. He paid the bills.

THE man who rose to greet her from behind a large desk was dressed in European clothes and had no trace of the East in his accent or in his bearing

In the taxi on the way to Harley Street her spirits rose. It was always an excitement to see a new doctor. In spite of her many disappointments she still hoped that one day, somewhere, she would find the man who would discover the real cause of her troubles.

Not one of them has understood me yet, she thought. Dr. Solomon came the nearest to it. Those injections made me feel quite a lot better for a while, and he at least realised that there is something peculiar about my heart. But he never discovered what it was. I gave him plenty of time, and in the end all he could suggest was psycho-analysis. Just another way of admitting he was beaten. At least he was sympathetic in his attitude. She felt her temper rising as she remembered the way some doctors had treated her. Because they could not find the reason for her ill-health they pretended (*Continued on page* 74)

M. Mackinlay

Gibraltar, which guards the western entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, is one of the strong keys of the blockade

How the Blockade Works

By Frank H. Shaw

A JAPANESE shipping agent in Kobe presents himself obsequiously at the British consul's office, bringing bills of lading and manifests of a cargo designed to be carried in a Maru ship to—say—Greece. The manifest is a sworn document, listing the cargo designed for Greece; the bills of lading are the vouchers authorising the manifest.

Unless the British consul in Kobe, after close and extremely knowledgeable scrutiny, decides that no twentieth part of one poor scruple of the thousands of tons of freightage is likely to evade the blockade and be transmitted to a belligerent power, that Maru ship is in danger of being held up and—quite politely—escorted into a contraband control somewhere fringing the Seven Seas, for a search and, if necessary, a confiscation of her illicit freightage.

That is how the ever-tightening blockade works. If the British consul is satisfied that, by no stretch of a suspicious imagination, can the Maru's cargo be deemed illicit, he grants a navicert—which is a safe conduct for all the ship contains, to be presented on demand to any inquiring British naval officer who has fired a shot across the Maru's bows in peremptory signal to stop instantly or—take the consequences. If the Japanese shipping agent is open and honest—many of them are—he makes no evasions in presenting his claim for a navicert—he is entitled to it. But if he omits this pleasing formality—and a meeting between an eminent Japanese shipping agent and a British consul can be an exceedingly agreeable function—that Maru ship may — thanks to the command of the seas

(*Continued on page 71*)

Men of the contraband control expertly examining the cargo on a neutral ship. There is now a paucity of neutrals to be chased and searched

Unloading turpentine from a German ship that tried to break through the blockade disguised as a Russian. When challenged by the Navy the captain attempted to scuttle his ship but the German crew mutinied

A proof of the efficiency of Britain's sea power—unloading carcasses of meat from New Zealand at the London Docks

Old Tales Re-told

Cruelty of Self-righteousness

The Tragic Story of Lais, famous Beauty of Corinth

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

THE only time the world was untroubled by the question of status was during its primeval chaos. When man was emerging from the animal kingdom, he followed the laws of God and nature without trying to improve upon them. Directly he started to impose his own ideas on justice and order, there arose the important problem of what to allow, and what not to allow the weaker half of humanity.

Innumerable solutions of this problem have been advanced and tried out. They have invariably had the same result: woman has always got the worst of the bargain. Man tends to regard himself as a master, imposing restrictions on his subordinates; and these restrictions are often inspired by nothing more or less than selfishness.

Man needed a wife in order to be sure of the paternity of his children. But he needed a medium for his pleasure also, to help him forget the ties and rigours of domestic life.

Woman, from her point of view, considered herself capable of fulfilling her duty as wife and mother, as well as taking first place in the heart of her partner. She was not unreasonable, but man was frail. He always managed to find some outside attachment. The attachments were dissatisfied, too. They did not like being mere diversions, and were prepared to fight for their cause.

The immediate result of this was that polygamy was legalised, and became widely practised in many different parts of the world.

WITH the advance of civilisation, this scheme of things underwent many changes and modifications.

In Greece, for example, polygamy was not tolerated. Yet in its place arose a strange phenomenon of social life which became one of the outstanding features of the era. The female population was divided into two distinct categories: the citizen women—or lawful wives, who were well cloistered within the domestic wall—and the courtesans, who were allowed considerable freedom, and given advantages of every sort.

The Greek religion acknowledged a god or goddess in every manifestation of life. In particular, they worshipped the generative force of nature in all its various forms; and their gods were subject, like themselves, to the common human frailties.

Both categories of women were protected by their special goddesses. Aphrodite Urania was regarded as the deity of wedded love and fruitfulness. Her many rituals were performed with the strictest decorum and devotion. But Aphrodite Pandemos was the exact opposite, for she was the goddess of beauty, sensual lust, and unbridled pleasure. So

Apelles appraised her, as an artist, feature by feature

Hippolochus and Lais. It was a case of love at first sight

that, as the former was the patroness of the honest wife and mother, the other was the deity of the courtesan, or of any woman who had broken the bonds of orthodoxy and lived a life of freedom and pleasure.

The two goddesses each had her own temple. Men were strictly excluded, and took no part in anything that happened there. Some of the ceremonies and rites of worship, particularly in the case of Aphrodite Pandemos, would be considered extremely licentious by our standards.

The first appearance of the " glorified courtesan " in history is recorded about 600 B.C. A century later, at the time of Pericles, she had assumed the importance of a national institution.

These women were called *hetairæ*, which means " companions."

These companions, far from being classed among the lowest of their sex, were worshipped universally, especially by men of learning and culture. They themselves had access to every centre of learning and education. They spared nothing in order to improve themselves intellectually, cultivating philosophy, art and politics. It is unnecessary to add that physical beauty was the *sine qua non* ; but at that time it was not enough. It had to be embellished with wit and learning.

THE town of Corinth produced, or attracted, the greatest number of these prodigies of wit and beauty, and thus it became known as the metropolis of the *hetairæ*. Its marvellous temple to Aphrodite Pandemos was a coffer-house of jewels and rich offerings, and for centuries Corinth was the Mecca of an endless pilgrimage of rich men from every corner of Asia.

One and all, they thronged into the city of pleasure, and invariably came away from it penniless. Some of the wealthiest would offer to the temple *hetairæ* of their own ; that is to say, courtesans they had bought or educated themselves at enormous cost. They would subsequently pay them handsomely to fulfil the role of *hierodulæ*, or temple attendants. Pindarus wrote the following immortal ode describing these sacred courtesans—

" Oh, hospitable damsels, fairest train
Of soft persuasion,
Ornament of wealthy Corinth,
Bearing in willing hands the golden drops
That from frankincense distil ; and flying
To the fair mother of the Loves
Who dwelleth in the sky,
The lovely Venus, you do bring to us
Comfort and hope in danger, that we may
Hereafter, in the delicate beds of love,
Reap the long-wished-for fruits of joy,
Lovely and necessary to all mortal men."

At the time of Strabo, the temple of Aphrodite in Corinth had no fewer than a thousand *hierodulæ*. As a consequence, the town became a centre of almost prodigal luxury. The finest artists and artificers found unlimited scope for

Lais was stripped of her clothes and she was dashed down against the base of the statue. Her assailants then stoned her to death

their creations; fresh resorts of pleasure and entertainment were constantly being erected in white marble, harmonising with the brilliant colours of the surrounding buildings. There were exquisite gardens, where pink and white oleanders were mingled and shaped into the form of seductive love-nests.

Despite their apparent austerity, the majority of Greek philosophers, orators, statesmen and warriors, who wearied of the dullness of domestic life, turned to Corinth for mental and bodily refreshment.

Frequently they fell in love with a *hetaira*, whose name they would immortalise in their works.

This practice, though never publicly acknowledged by their wives, was quite usual, and came to be regarded as a part of the normal scheme of life.

The following quotation from the great orator Demosthenes explains the position quite clearly: "We take a *hetaria* for our pleasure, a concubine for daily attention to our physical wants, and a wife to give us a respected house and legitimate children."

To Corinth went the poets for their inspiration, the artists for their models, and the mere worshippers of beauty who, often unable to obtain the favours of these human paragons, after travelling for hundreds of miles, were quite satisfied merely to gaze upon them.

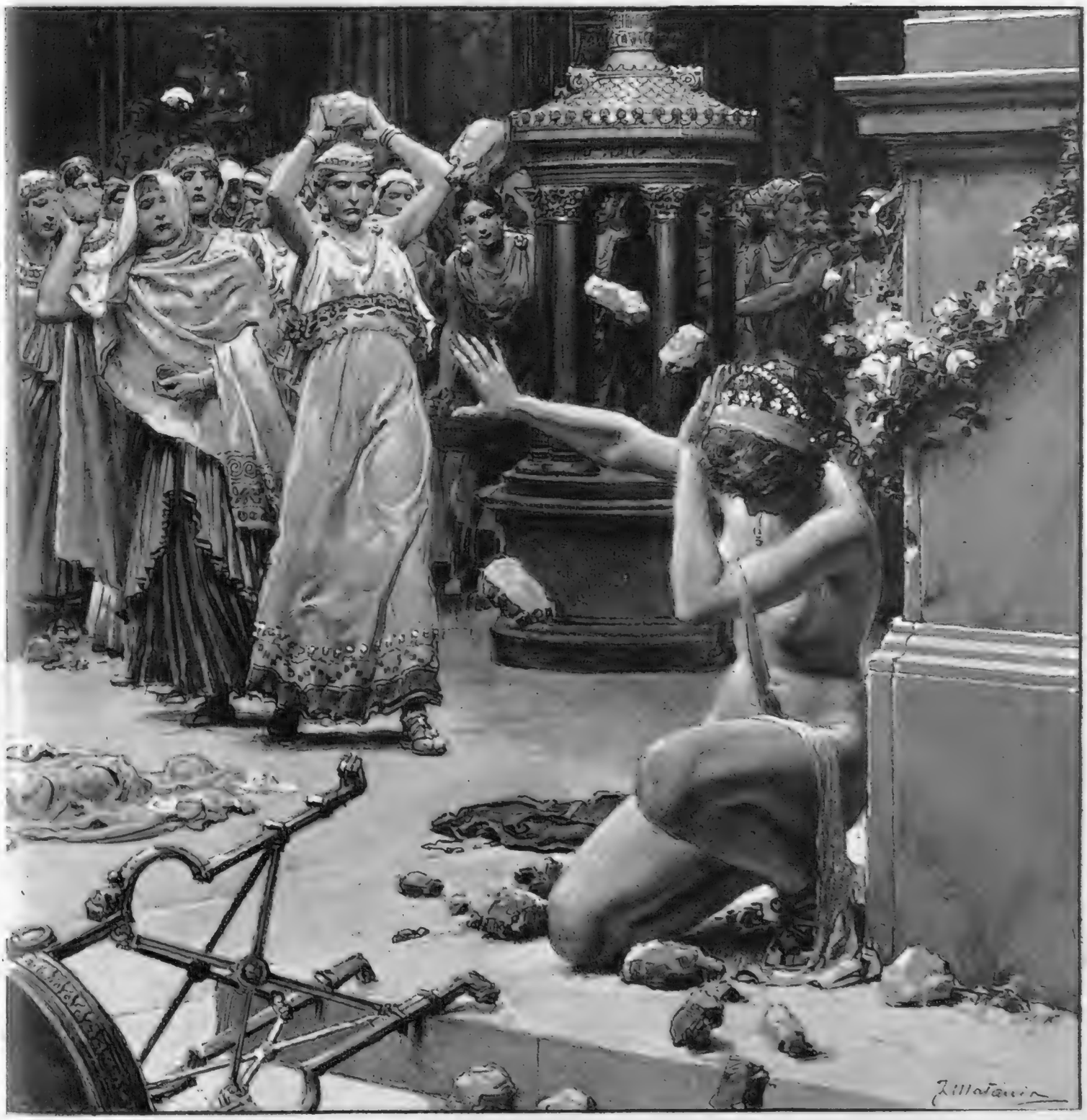
Many were the countries from which these beautiful women were recruited. Some had been slaves, some were war booty, others were free women who wanted independence and coveted the fame and wealth so frequently attained by their kind.

The famous Laena had a monument erected to her at Athens. According to contemporary literature, the most notorious *hetairæ* came from Lesbos and Samos. It seems that these two towns produced the height of refinement in the art of pleasure.

Having briefly outlined our background, we shall now become acquainted with the figures of our story.

ONE day a sumptuous banquet was taking place in a luxurious villa to which many distinguished men had been invited, together with their *hetairæ*.

The scene presented the usual display of opulence, beauty and elegance. Famous painter Apelles, sole portrayer of Alexander the Great, was expected to arrive at any moment, and speculation was rife as to whom he would bring with him. Everything was in full swing — beautiful girl attendants,



chosen for their beauty and exquisitely dressed, were taking round bowls of lemon-scented water for the guests to wash their hands in. Others were tuning their harps and lyres when, slowly ascending the marble stairs, in came Apelles, leading by the hand a young girl—barefooted and clothed in rags. She was not more than thirteen years old. Her age and attire, seen amidst such luxurious surroundings, created quite a commotion.

A hail of remarks and witty jests greeted the odd couple. Spellbound at the scene around her, the poor child was unable to utter a word.

She was made to thrust her hands into the lemon water, which was used so lavishly among the rich for cleansing purposes, and which had been for her only a beverage for special occasions.

Then she was seated near the great painter, who proceeded to entertain his friends with a simple and touching story.

On his way to the banquet he had been walking through one of the streets of Corinth when, passing by the fountain Pirene, he had noticed the girl, and had been much struck by her budding beauty. Approaching more closely he had appraised her, as an artist, feature by feature. His experienced eye was able to judge how her slender figure would develop with added years, and he decided that in this little maiden he had discovered a flower who, in years to come, would overshadow the most famous beauties of Corinth. He inquired her name. All she could tell him was that she was called Lais, and that she had been born of properly married parents.

Mention of this name provoked much comment among the guests assembled. About a century before, a famous beauty of the same name had been the sensation of Greece, and had almost driven to madness the unlucky Aristippus, founder of the Cyrenaic school of philosophy, who had vainly tried to win her affection. Replying to the jokes and comments of his friends, Apelles concluded: "Do not be surprised. I will bring her to you again before three years have passed, and you will see for yourselves what a paragon she will become!"

He decided to take Lais away from the miserable surroundings in which she had been reared, and with his great wealth he lavished upon her every possible care. Tutors in every branch of learning were engaged, and they found in her a most apt and willing pupil. Music, dancing, and poetry she took to like a duck to water.

The care of her body was entrusted to experts, who were charged to make of this bud the loveliest blossom amongst the Corinthian flora.

The fact that the great Apelles took such an interest in her was sufficient to arouse the attention of many important people, who followed her progress step by step, and found it astounding—not only physically, but intellectually.

History has left no record of any painting of her by Apelles, but it is only logical to assume that he must have depicted her very many times in her various moods.

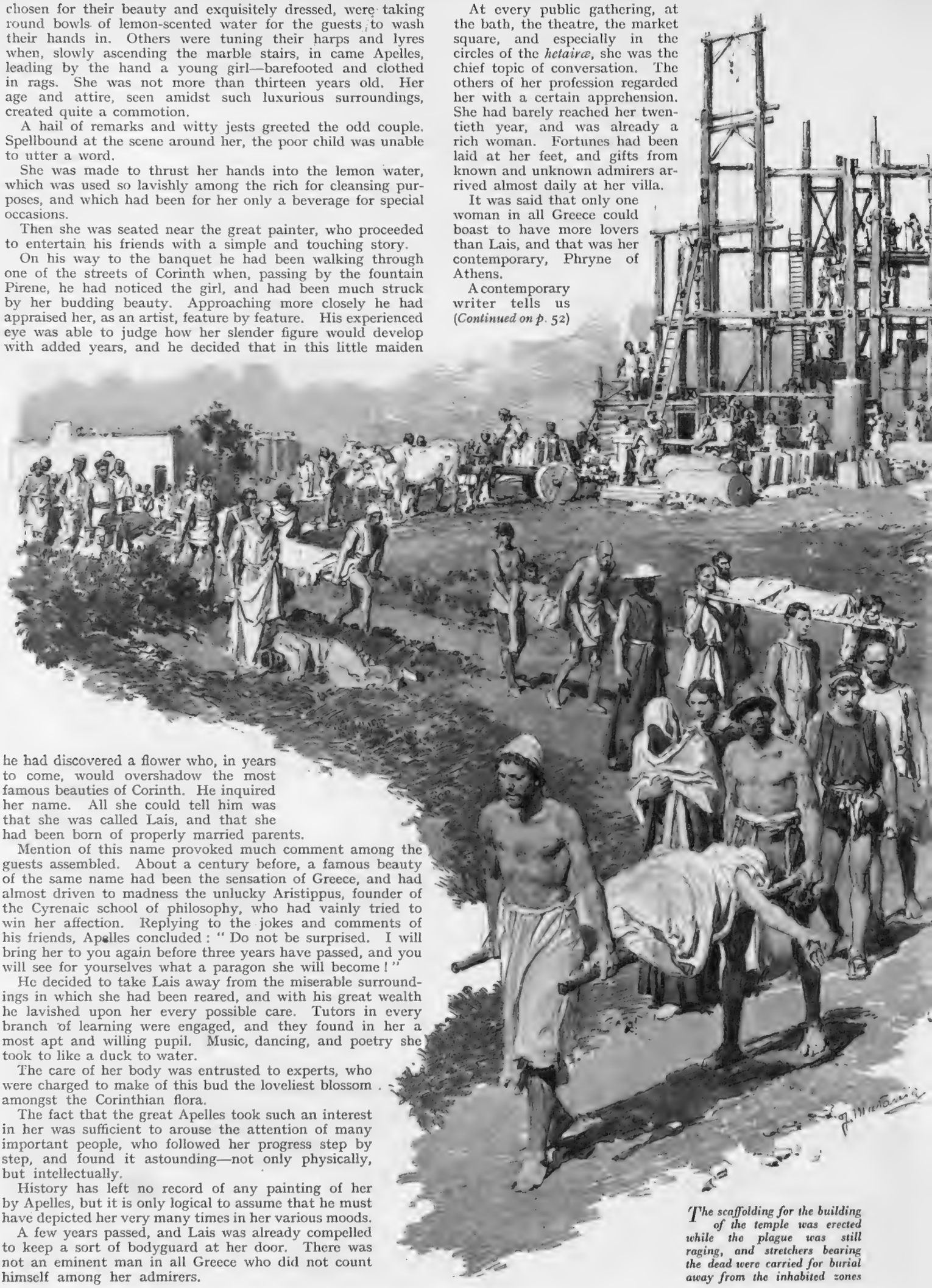
A few years passed, and Lais was already compelled to keep a sort of bodyguard at her door. There was not an eminent man in all Greece who did not count himself among her admirers.

At every public gathering, at the bath, the theatre, the market square, and especially in the circles of the *hetairæ*, she was the chief topic of conversation. The others of her profession regarded her with a certain apprehension. She had barely reached her twentieth year, and was already a rich woman. Fortunes had been laid at her feet, and gifts from known and unknown admirers arrived almost daily at her villa.

It was said that only one woman in all Greece could boast to have more lovers than Lais, and that was her contemporary, Phryne of Athens.

A contemporary writer tells us

(*Continued on p. 52*)



The scaffolding for the building of the temple was erected while the plague was still raging, and stretchers bearing the dead were carried for burial away from the inhabited zones

Books:

Reviewed by

Noel Thompson

TWO novels by women head the list of recently published books, and while they are worlds apart geographically, one being set in England and the other in America, in accuracy of characterisation and biting perception they are akin.

Monica Dickens, a great granddaughter of Charles Dickens, has chosen in her first novel to write about a girl of presumably approximately her own age living in her own day. "Mariana" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) tells of the adventures of Mary Shannon, her half-hearted efforts to earn a living, her near engagements and her marriage. It all reads piercingly natural and neither sex can claim a bias against themselves.

Mary spends gloriously happy holidays at a big country house and unhappy schooldays in London because she cannot fit in, nor pass her Matric., and is too small to be hearty at games. Commem. Week at Oxford ends her first affair and leaves her heartbroken for ever, of course. The School of Dramatic Art provides a grand episode for making fun; and the dressmaking academy in Paris a chance to compare French and Englishmen in the rôle of lovers and possible husbands. But it all runs on too easily and amusingly, with the mother, the "silly-ass" stage uncle, the maid, the best friend, every one doing just what they would do in real life but which we never expect them to. In fact the whole book is full of things which you have subconsciously noticed but never given a thought to before, that is so far as I was concerned, as soon as I had finished it I started reading it over again.

VICKI BAUM has gone back to her "Grand Hotel" style in her latest book "Central Stores" (Geoffrey Bles, 7s. 6d.) and there is no need to say more. This novel of life in a multiple store in New York makes you wonder how long she must have worked in one. Nina, of the glass and chinaware department, is quiet and peaceful by nature, but when her window-dresser husband finds that his artistic temperament is inspired by the prettiest mannequin in the store she starts fighting. What might develop into tragedy never does because all the way through just when you feel that you know what is going to happen, something else does. It is that sort of book, never safe to put down for a minute. The efforts of Nina to sell herself to a (*Continued on page* 62)

Three Books for Blackout Nights

IN these days people are turning to books which will take them out of themselves and away from their surroundings for a few happy hours. Here are three which have a setting far away from the war but which none the less are full of excitement.

"High Sierra" by W. R. Burnett (Heinemann, 8s.) is the story of an American gangster. The author is an obvious expert on his subject, and the tale rattles along as fast as the high-powered car the hero drives throughout. You would not think that a criminal straight from prison and armed with a Tommy gun could be a likeable character, but long before the end Roy Earle has your sympathy. After all, the only plans to remove the jewellery and cash from a lot of wealthy and unpleasant people in California and there seems no risk of violence to any one, the prospect of happiness for a fair number of people, to say nothing of a dog, and the certainty that the insurance companies will pay. But everything goes wrong—is that fascinating dog Pard really a hoodoo? At any rate Roy Earle loves animals and Pard is a mongrel that would capture any one's heart. And Marie is the perfect "moll."

There is a positive education in gangsterdom running through this book, in the planning of the robbery, and the final chase, yet it is far from being blood and thunder, and there is plenty of good philosophy in it. There are vivid touches galore, plenty of humour, excitement, and an easy style with phrases which, even if you do not wish to add them to your everyday vocabulary, make you glad to have you know them.

A world apart is "Framed in Hardwood" by Eric Lowe (Collins, 7/6). Here is a novel about life in Australia, the hard life in the bush, of families intermarrying, of feuds, of brain against brawn. The fact that there is no shooting does not detract from the excitement. How a boy descendant of an early settler, set out with one object, to make money and get power, and how he succeeded at the cost of winning hatred, even that of his wife, without losing respect and admiration, makes dramatic reading. And the setting takes you into its atmosphere without ever intruding too much in the narrative or swamping the cold scheming of red-headed Peter Bennett making his lonely way to his triumph. And it's worth while learning something about our Empire, too, in such a pleasant way.

To most people Columbus is the man who discovered America. C. S. Forester, in "The Earthly Paradise" (Michael Joseph, 8s., a Book Society choice) makes this vague character become alive.

Don Narciso Rich, a middle-aged lawyer, finds himself in 1497 accompanying Columbus on his third great voyage of discovery to the West Indies. As he is plump and used to comfort, and is neither a good seaman nor a soldier, in days when every one wielded a sword with skill and vigour unless he was in a world of insects, shipwrecks, and venturesome discovery can be imagined. He has the boyish knack of stumbling on new things and revels in treating them with a middle-aged philosophy.

His fight with a maddened crocodile, his voyage down swampy rivers, his friendly treating with natives, his attempts at navigation, make light and interesting reading; behind it all is the serious study of colonisation in those days. And through it is the character of Columbus, the vague politician and leader who (is it by luck?) makes his discoveries, but is such a brilliant navigator that with the simplest and most inaccurate instruments, is only fifteen miles from his objective at the end of seven weeks' sailing in little more than a barge. A novel for old and young of both sexes which leaves you entertained and informed.

Fever

Martin knew that Dick was in Love with Someone —so did Virginia

By Beatrice Kane

VIRGINIA MARLEY paused at the foot of the short slope that hid the bungalow from her view. A staccato sound broke the almost tangible silence under the serried gloom of the rubber trees. A car was bumping down the branch track that led to the factory. Martin must be coming back early and would give her a lift. She would be glad of it now, although she had gone on foot to the club simply to make a break in the endless day. But eagerness dies easily in the moist heat before the rains and already the green linen frock touched her back damply and the red earth had stained her white shoes.

A more than physical weariness oppressed her as she stood there like a pale green nymph half merged with the darker green around her. Suddenly she pictured the countless symmetrical trees as a symbol of the life that imprisoned her—endlessly monotonous. From the moment when the boy drew the mosquito curtains in the morning till the moment they fell back again at night the only problem of the day was how to fill it. One dressed; one breakfasted with a Martin growing daily more silent and surly; one ordered meals for the day; scolded a boy for some negligence; did a little sewing or wrote a letter; changed a library book at the small club where the same few people gathered, and always the heavy green silence seemed to be slowly smothering one's spirit.

Her walk to-day had brought only an added aggravation in an encounter with Mrs. Rawton. She was always conscious of the other woman's unreasoning dislike. The brown eyes that looked so soft had regarded her spitefully before she had turned again to young Bob Starling, her constant companion. Women like that varied the monotony by affairs with such young men who were flattered by their attentions or with older men in search of variety, while their husbands closed indifferent eyes or drank themselves quietly to death like Tom Rawton. There was certainly little chance of their remaining in ignorance of any scandal, real or imaginary.

The sight of those two to-day had reminded Virginia painfully of the rift that was growing between Martin and herself. Things had not been so when she first came out to the island. Happy in each other's companionship, the days had not seemed either long or monotonous. A car ricketed round the bend and as it came to a standstill she looked up into a pair of shining brown eyes.

"I thought I might meet you, Mrs. Marley. Can I give you a lift?"

It was Dick Grierson, Martin's young assistant.

"You certainly can. It's a mistake to take any exercise in this heat unless one really enjoys a Turkish bath." She smiled into his open boyish face as they swung up the slope. "But it doesn't seem to have got you down?"

"I've had some great news to-day. I wanted to tell you."

"About Jill?"

"Yes. She's really coming. In fact she'll be here next week. She cabled me from the boat," the words tumbled over each other in his excitement. "I don't know what's happened to make the old boy—her father—give way. She says she'll explain it all when we meet."

"I'm so glad. I suppose you'll get married almost at once?"

"We'll have to settle all that when we meet. I can hardly believe it's true yet."

Virginia smiled. "It will be a surprise for every one. You have kept it very dark."

"No one knows but you. You have been so understanding. Somehow I was always afraid. Though I don't know why I should have been. Jill is the most loyal person. But I hated the idea of having it all talked about beforehand and then having her sort of 'looked over' by every one."

He stopped the car in front of the low, white bungalow, and helped her out.

"I understand. I should have felt rather that way myself," said Virginia.

By the veranda step the waxy scarlet bloom of a giant tulip tree cast mottled shadows on his eager face. Impulsively he took both her hands in his.

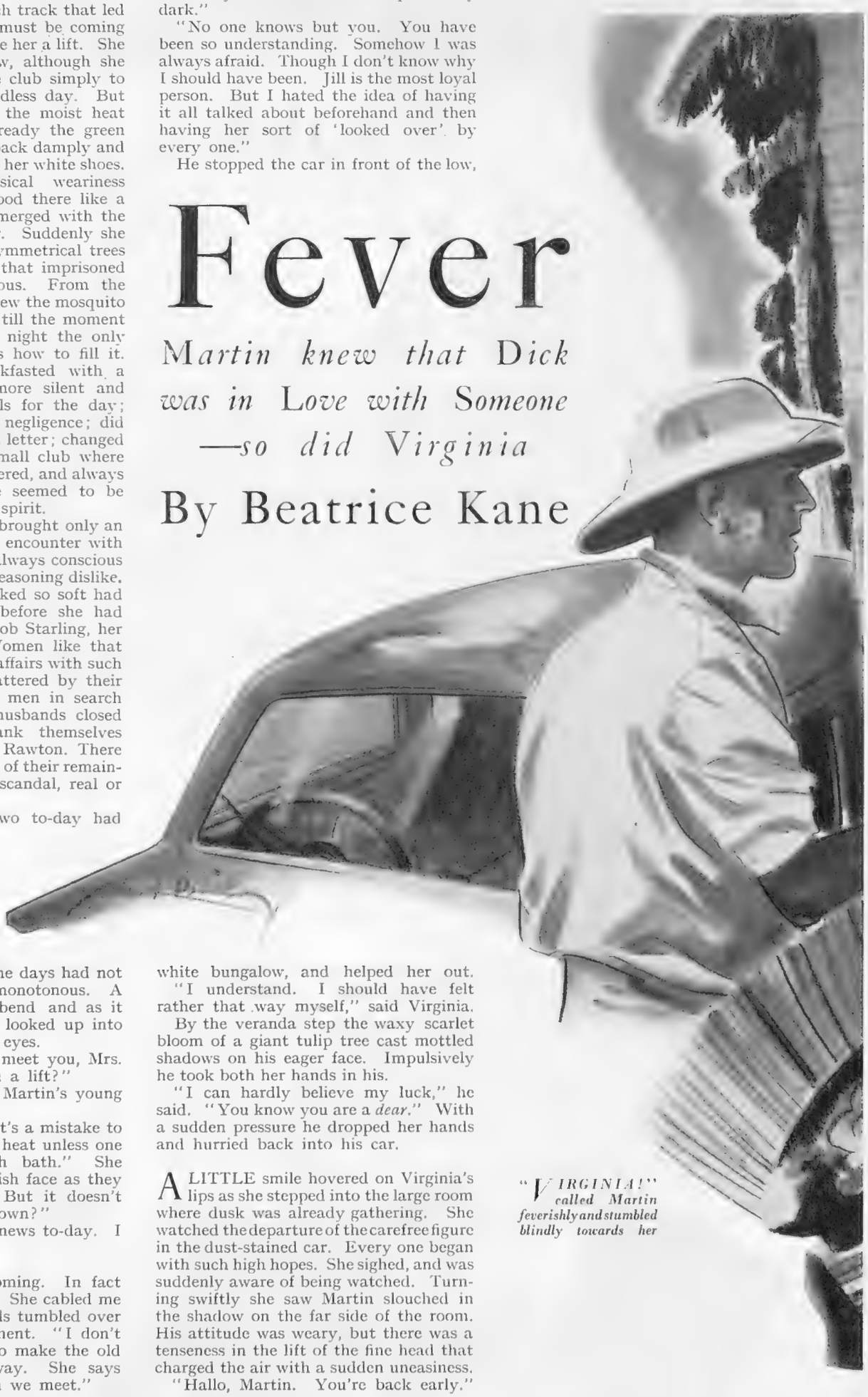
"I can hardly believe my luck," he said. "You know you are a *dear*." With a sudden pressure he dropped her hands and hurried back into his car.

A LITTLE smile hovered on Virginia's lips as she stepped into the large room where dusk was already gathering. She watched the departure of the carefree figure in the dust-stained car. Every one began with such high hopes. She sighed, and was suddenly aware of being watched. Turning swiftly she saw Martin slouched in the shadow on the far side of the room. His attitude was weary, but there was a tenseness in the lift of the fine head that charged the air with a sudden uneasiness.

"Hallo, Martin. You're back early."

"Isn't my day long enough for you?"

He put down his empty glass and she saw that there were marks of blood on his thick stockings where a couple of leeches had clung to him on his way



"VIRGINIA!" called Martin feverishly and stumbled blindly towards her

through the plantation and his shirt was soaked with sweat.

"Sorry, dear. I only meant I didn't expect you back yet."

"No?" His tone implied some question beyond the brief monosyllable, and she looked at him with puzzlement in her clear green eyes.

"Is anything special the matter?"

"Nothing. Nothing more than usual so far as I know." His strong brows drew together.

"The 'usual' hasn't been very good lately, has it?" Suddenly she had decided to have things out.

"It's the same as it's always been."

"The place, I know. But—but, Martin!" She searched for some answering light in his sombre eyes. "*You* have changed lately."

"So it's all my fault?"

"No, only . . ." she turned again towards the window struggling for words to break through the wall between them. "*Je m'ennuie,*" she whispered.

"I know." There was no understanding in his reply; only a profound bitterness.

"Oh, I'm not grumbling. I know if I were intelligent I should manage to occupy myself. But there's no one to do things with and you are away all day."

"I know," he repeated heavily, and again she felt behind his words some meaning that escaped her.

"There's Betty Prentiss, and—and Mrs. Rawton," he burst out almost roughly. "Why don't you make a friend of her?"

"I hate her," declared Virginia.

"She's always ready enough to talk to me." The harshness of his voice frightened her.

"Martin, don't let's go on like this! Like two strangers shouting across a gulf so wide that they can't understand each other."

"Well?"

"Let's go away for a bit. That trip we've always been planning to the Buried Cities. Let's take it now."

She heard his sharp intake of breath.

"So you want to go away? You know *I* can't leave the estate now."

"You used to (*Continued on page* 66)

Illustrated by A. Bailey

The Break Up

AN empire has fallen. An empire greater than Greece or Rome, the centre of a great civilisation, a culture known and admired all over the world, the home of the arts and the philosophies, the land of tolerance and freedom. France has fallen to the barbarian.

Some of us were brought up on Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. But Gibbon had no theme like this. Rome had been in decadence for more than a century when the Goths and Vandals came. The great flowering season of the Augustan Age had passed. The power of Rome in the distant provinces, in Gaul and Spain and Britain, was ebbing. A thrust at Rome itself, the conquest of the capital, was sufficient to bring the empire crumbling down in ruin. For many years it had only held together by the adhesive force of tradition and legend.

But France? A country which had emerged from one world war victorious, more powerful than at any time in its history, the centre of a continental system of alliances, a strong economic unit, with a great army, a formidable fleet, an air force but recently the strongest in Europe. How to explain the downfall of a nation which had produced Napoleon, Clemenceau, Joffre and Foch, not to speak of a legion of peaceful warriors in the battle for the progress and enlightenment of mankind; Pasteur, Berthelot, Renan, Émile Zola, Anatole France, Camille Flammarion? How to explain the defeat and ruin of France?

IT began in the villages. It began in my own village. It began when soon after the outbreak of war a peasant's son returned from the Maginot Line and talked of the defeatist attitude of the troops, of the general boredom, the lack of fighting spirit, the spread of Communism, the indifference whether Hitler won the war, the feeling that if he did Stalin would wrest the profits of victory from him. The nationalist spirit was entirely lacking. The great uprising of national feeling which had been seen in 1914 had not occurred in September, 1939. The memories of the Popular Front, of the Stavisky scandal, the widening gulf between officers and men, the former often Fascist in tendency, the latter resentful and suspicious of Fascism, had killed the will to fight.

The veterans of the last war, the middle-aged peasants whose sons were at the front, knew very well the danger in which France lay. They knew what enemy threatened them. Some of them had heard their fathers speak of the Prussian invasion of 1870. All of them had witnessed the invasion of 1914. They knew that only one enemy menaced the freedom and independence of France—Germany.

But their sons at the front had grown up in the soft years which followed the victory of 1918. They had been born in the jazz age. They were of another calibre from that of their fathers. They were not so thrifty, not so industrious, not so tough in fibre. They had tasted the artificial life of the towns. Cinemas and dancing, chemical apéritifs, imitation absinthe, cheap, ready-made clothes, high wages and short hours in the factories instead of low wages and long hours on the farms. Also they had been born during the last war or shortly after it. They had missed the parental discipline which had toughened and given character to the previous generation. They were wilful, cynical, irreverent, unruly. In short, the products of victory and indulgence. Not, like their fathers and grandfathers, after 1870–71, the product of defeat and humiliation, of hardship and endurance.

From that first hint of French defeatism brought by a returning soldier to our village, the intervening months of ennui and stagnation led directly to the fatal day when a drunken Belgian soldier, one of a series of Belgian soldiers, dropped his rifle and equipment on the floor of the village café and proclaimed lugubriously "*La France est perdue*"—"France is lost."

He passed through our village in the middle of an unending stream of refugees. Farmers from Flanders and the northern departments of France, rich peasants with great six-wheeled wagons drawn by four horses and laden with women and children, bedding and furniture, rabbits and chickens and farm implements. Refugees of all social classes, some of them in fine cars, some in ancient vehicles resurrected in a panic from barns and scrap heaps, some on foot, some on bicycles, some pushing the salvage of their worldly goods on hand carts and perambulators. Among them came, every day in more ominous numbers, stragglers from the armies of Flanders, Belgians and French. They told inquirers that their units had been broken up, or that they were rejoining their battalion headquarters. But in fact they were deserters—if they were not, as some of us suspected at the time, Fifth Columnists.

Anyway, the result was the same. In a village forced to rely upon the bare military communiqué for its news of the fighting, a communiqué often two days behind the facts, the effect of these panic tales by refugees and stragglers was disastrous. "France is lost!" The old men shook their heads in bewilderment. The younger veterans of the last

French refugees from Northern France await on the quay-side for ships to carry them to safety. They came on foot, on bicycles, and some pushing the salvage of their worldly goods on hand carts and perambulators

Despair. A French woman fleeing from the savagery of the German advance has made her way on foot to a northern port and now awaits a transport that will carry her to a place of safety

Sad-faced French citizens gathered at the Bordeaux memorial to the gallant dead of the 1914-1918 war, after the signing of the Franco-German armistice by the Pétain Government

# of an Empire

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES *of the tragic last moments of the mighty French Republic as viewed from his village home in France and later in unoccupied territory*

By George Slocombe

war argued angrily, accused the returning soldiers of cowardice and incompetence, recited the legend of the superb French recovery on the Marne. To which the soldiers retorted with equal anger that you could do nothing with rifles against tanks and aeroplanes.

Who of them was right? The tragic answer is: both. You could do nothing with rifles and hand grenades against tanks and aeroplanes. Yet the Spanish Republicans had done something. The Poles had done something. The French themselves—in those units which did not run away, or surrender, or cower in blind panic under the fury of the dive bombers and the rumbling *panzerdivizionen*—did something. And it is true that there were incompetence, unpreparedness, negligence, cowardice and treachery, in all ranks of the army, but especially in the highest.

The senior officers of the French war machine were too old. Many of the junior officers were insufficiently trained. The great numbers of reserve officers, who came out of their civil occupations as lawyers and stockbrokers, insurance clerks and banking officials, had had very little experience of modern warfare, even in manœuvres. They had had no contacts at all with the men they were called upon to lead. By some extraordinary blunder or lack of foresight on the part of the Higher Command, a fortnight's course of staff lectures was allowed to replace the annual period of training with troops in camp, which should form part of an officer's career in the army reserve.

But to return to the village. There was a night when the torrent of refugees on the road suspiciously ceased. There was little news on the radio. For days the military commentator of the French Government had spoken in more and more ominous terms of the great battle of tanks proceeding, and the number of tanks and divisions thrown into the battle by the Germans grew daily. Then, in the morning, came the first wave of German bombers. Twenty-four of them, small silvery fish in an inverted blue bowl. Their bombs fell on the small country town two miles away, the town which was the centre of our traditional rural life, a town of dignity and charm, with a thin Norman church spire, and above it the noble ruin of a castle built by Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

The bombers came over twice again during that day. Between their second and third visits I saw, through the trees across the river, a thin column of black winding slowly along a white ribbon of road. I realised (*Continued on page* 56)

Tired and weary after their long trek, two women and a child eat some food and hope that a ship will soon be available to take them to a more safe place

A French soldier talks to some children who are fleeing from the Germans on a farmer's wagon. (*Below right*) Some refugees who had been machine gunned from aeroplanes being helped along by soldiers

NERVES ON EDGE

By Chrysis

WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned in these pages, write to me at 32-34 St. Bride St., E.C.4

Any doctor will tell you that the greatest danger to health at the moment is irritability.

Your irritability, his irritability, the telephone operator's irritability, or even that of the warden who comes to say your light is showing. All justifiable irritabilities, maybe, but none the less likely to set nerves ablaze.

Never has there been a time when the quiet approach and gentle answer was more important. If nerves were visible to the naked eye, they would show out over a great number of people as thin dry threads: the actual physical condition of nerves on edge. This is because most of us are doing far more than we have done before and have consequently less fat to coat and protect our nerves. Once nerves flare up, they precipitate an acid into the blood which re-poisons the nerves, and a vicious circle is set up which fosters any type of complaint.

Take boils, which are widely prevalent just now. Nothing could be a surer symptom of bad blood. And the curious thing is you would think this bad blood would fly to your weakest spot. Well, it's a toss-up as to whether the boils will emerge at your weakest or your strongest point; the best circulation serves the strong point and carries the bad blood faster.

There are several remedies for boils: Stanoxyl tablets which contain tin, or tablets of any of the sulphonomides: but the latter have to be prescribed by a doctor. A special diet has also to be observed, no eggs, alcohol or onions can be taken during this treatment: the drug kills both staphylococcal and streptococcal germs, and the effect on some people of this simultaneous germ slaughter is rather shattering; but it cures.

The gipsy's cure is simple. Pick a green ivy leaf from the hedge—not the ivy that bears purple berries, the common kind—and fix it over the boil. The eruption comes to a head within forty-eight hours, is expressed without any of the usual gashing and tearing associated with boils, the inflammation dies down after twelve hours, and at the end of a day only the faintest mark remains.

Be careful, however, to know whether you have a boil or a carbuncle. A carbuncle is far severer, larger; it throbs incessantly. Pain and inflammation spread right down the muscle near which it is placed. A carbuncle at the back of the neck will stiffen both shoulders. Boils should be fomented. Carbuncles should have a moist antiseptic dressing on them and stay covered. The dressing of Condy's Fluid or weak Lysol should be changed three times a day, no fomentation should take place until the eighth day. There may be several heads. Sulphonomide is the stuff to deal death to carbuncles.

Alopecia variata is another strange nerve-malady. It is a form of patchy baldness. Women who have always had their hair thinned out before so that it might be set are now having it thinned out for them by alopecia. The patches are always round. You will be lucky if you observe them when they are the size of sixpence, they will most likely spring to your notice when they are half a crown.

Unless you take the half-crown patch in hand immediately it will become an orange within a twinkling. The hairless patch is smooth and milky white, a more intense white than your other skin. Doctors have been studying so hard on alopecia that they have at last compounded a lotion that cures it quickly. The hair grows again as thickly as before but greyer.

One preventative—and remember this ailment attacks women with luxuriant heads of hair—is to massage and lift your scalp well away from your skull, daily. This also brings relief to nerviness.

A peculiar type of cold is abroad. It is more a condition of catarrh—engendered by nerve-acids—than an ordinary cold in the head. Bicarbonate of soda, a teaspoonful in half a pint of lukewarm water drunk at 11 a.m., is good for this. If you have a thick head in the morning take a Cephos tablet, it will clear like magic. As catarrh is the finest hot-bed for germs, the best precaution is to have Vapex on your handkerchief. Asthma has become troublesome. November is the month for it, and as it is essentially an emotional malady, it cannot help coming to the fore. Potter and Clarke's inhalations bring relief and are blessed for doing so, but nerve control is the true cure.

Indigestion, raging indigestion afflicts most sensitive people after "having words." It doesn't matter with whom you have had a tiff, stranger or friend, go warily with food afterwards. If you are inwardly raging, the food will turn to heartburn—100 per cent acid—if you have received a shock, to flatulence. For heartburn fly again to bicarbonate of soda, (Continued on page 78)

Line-age

You are as old as your face lines. Change yours. It may not be so easy to smooth out your skin so that it looks like the girl's in the photograph. The close airlessness of blackouts and the general strain of living seems to etch innumerable fresh lines daily round eyes and mouth. But these are only surface marks. They vanish after a facial or a few minutes rest with your feet up. No! It is the hard lines born of our own unrestraint that are the ugly ones. Wipe them out, and instead of a lineage that bears the imprint of past exaggerations, let your expression be the offspring of a proud serenity, the face of a woman who can transcend her problems.

Tram-lines These run across the forehead and are the outcome of protracted states of astonishment and perplexity; emotions you should be able to govern. In some cases, tram-lines are the result of a desire to appear vivacious, interested. A rapt and ungrimacing attentiveness will be more flattering to your face and companion.

Cease furling your brow. Steam open the pores of the forehead every other night by holding a towel to it that has been wrung out in hot water. Fill in the lines with nourishing cream and push them up individually by lifting the flesh between your thumbs; in this way press along on either side. Repeat many times with more cream. End with a swift, circular finger-movement, starting from forehead centre with the middle fingers of either hand, and working towards the temples.

Frown-gash Pull this out by pressing hard on the temple edges of your eye-brows. Twenty years will fall from you. There's no feature so ageing as a peevish or beetling brow, nor need it ever disfigure you as long as you determine—whatever the provocation—not to frown.

That is the cure and the preventative.

You may expedite the former by following the treatment advised for tram-lines, coating over the frown after the fifth occasion with a liquid that fixes the massage in a localised plaster for the night. This helps to erase the frown.

Nose to mouth track When this line is blue, it betokens anæmia; when white and drawn, either pinching shoes or stomach-ache; when furrowed, boisterousness. Several lines denote a nervous temperament and a strenuous life. In every case the line occurs inevitably, but should be kept in check lest it become too deeply graven.

Blow out your cheeks. Film over the track with a muscle tightening balm and then feather-rap it smartly from mouth to nose with the fore and third finger of either hand, literally beating it out. Retire to bed under an over-lay of skin-food.

Mouth to chin rut This may be due to feature-formation but more often it is sure evidence that you have neglected beauty routine and let yourself go.

Feather-rap up the line as for mouth to nose, after blowing out your cheeks, but end by rapping away up either cheek towards the temple.

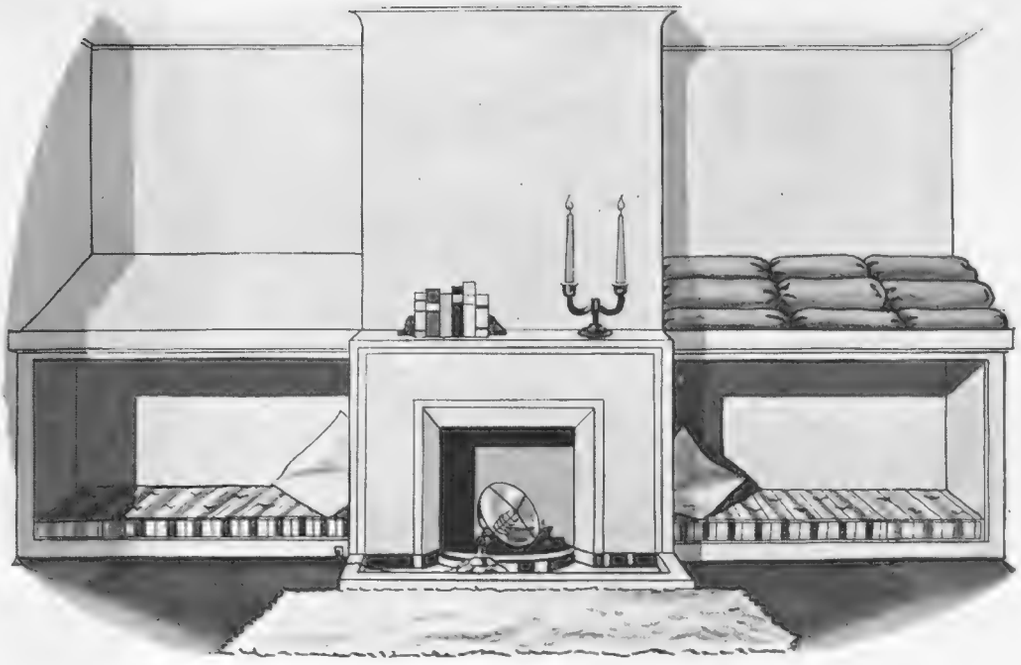
There is a good herbal mask that will do much to efface either of these lines. It slips out of a tube on to the skin like cream, dries like cement, but crumbles away under water twenty minutes later, having lifted the face.

Corrugated neck Some have throat girdles when they are young. These are best kept dim by alternate doses of a wax cream and an astringent.

Other women suddenly find themselves with a side-cockle like a salt-cellar. This is caused by seborrhœa, an under-skin secretion which prevents the surface muscles from working smoothly and pulls in the tissues. The cure for this is an emptying treatment at the hands of an expert.

The great majority of women are beset with thread-like cross-lines each time they turn their neck, as soon as they are thirty-five years old. These cross-lines grow worse. The oil glands under the skin are shrivelling. Pour in turtle oil and massage the neck upwards with loving movements across it from the right base to the left ear, with the right hand, then similarly on the other side with the left. After the oil has been well moulded in, wipe the neck with a muslin rinsed in a pint of water containing half a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. This will whiten and brace.

LIFE below STAIRS



To protect the occupants from falling plaster and shattered glass these shelters have been built on either side of the chimney breast. The sloping top is sandbagged and covered in with wood. A mattress and cushions are fitted on the floor of each

At this stage most of us have worked out a private security technique, something best suited to our own households and personal needs. Just the same, winter will bring the need for adaptations, so that our comfort and security in air raids may be brought into line with new conditions.

Moreover, it is essential to give a more permanent character to A.R.P. arrangements in the home. So far, many of us have been content with improvised beds and other hastily concocted comforts, but cold winter nights demand something better, and it is wise to make plans for the whole winter.

Health, peace of mind, the vitality essential to stick it out depends on the manner in which we prepare ourselves for the coming winter's trials. It is safe to assume, even after the experiences of the past weeks, that we can and shall get accustomed to the strange conditions into which we are forced. Already people are finding it more and more possible to sleep under conditions that would formerly have seemed intolerable. Such is human adaptability, and we owe ourselves the benefit of all comfort that can be conceived in such difficult times.

Many who have used outdoor shelters during the finer weather will be forced by the winter into a compromise between shelter in the house and out of it. That is to say the stronger shelter will be reserved for use only in periods of imminent danger, while a protected room in the house will be used for the safer intervals so far as they can be judged.

To secure the maximum comfort and the minimum of dislocation to the home routine it is advisable for every home to adapt a downstairs room for shelter and sleeping purposes. If this is done with thoroughness, the room need not be divided from its original purpose.

In our illustration we have pictured a sitting-room as it was and again as it might be after adaptation. If structural reinforcement can be given to the room so much the better, but the sketch deals only with the comfort aspect.

An infallible blackout is the first need. Apart from regulations, it adds much to peace of mind if the windows can be screened quickly, easily and faultlessly.

Ventilation, too, must be considered. If the room is to be used indefinitely as a sleeping apartment, health demands fresh air. There are few better ways than the plywood shutter which fits the window frame giving a complete blackout and a slatted ventilator cut in the face of it to admit fresh air.

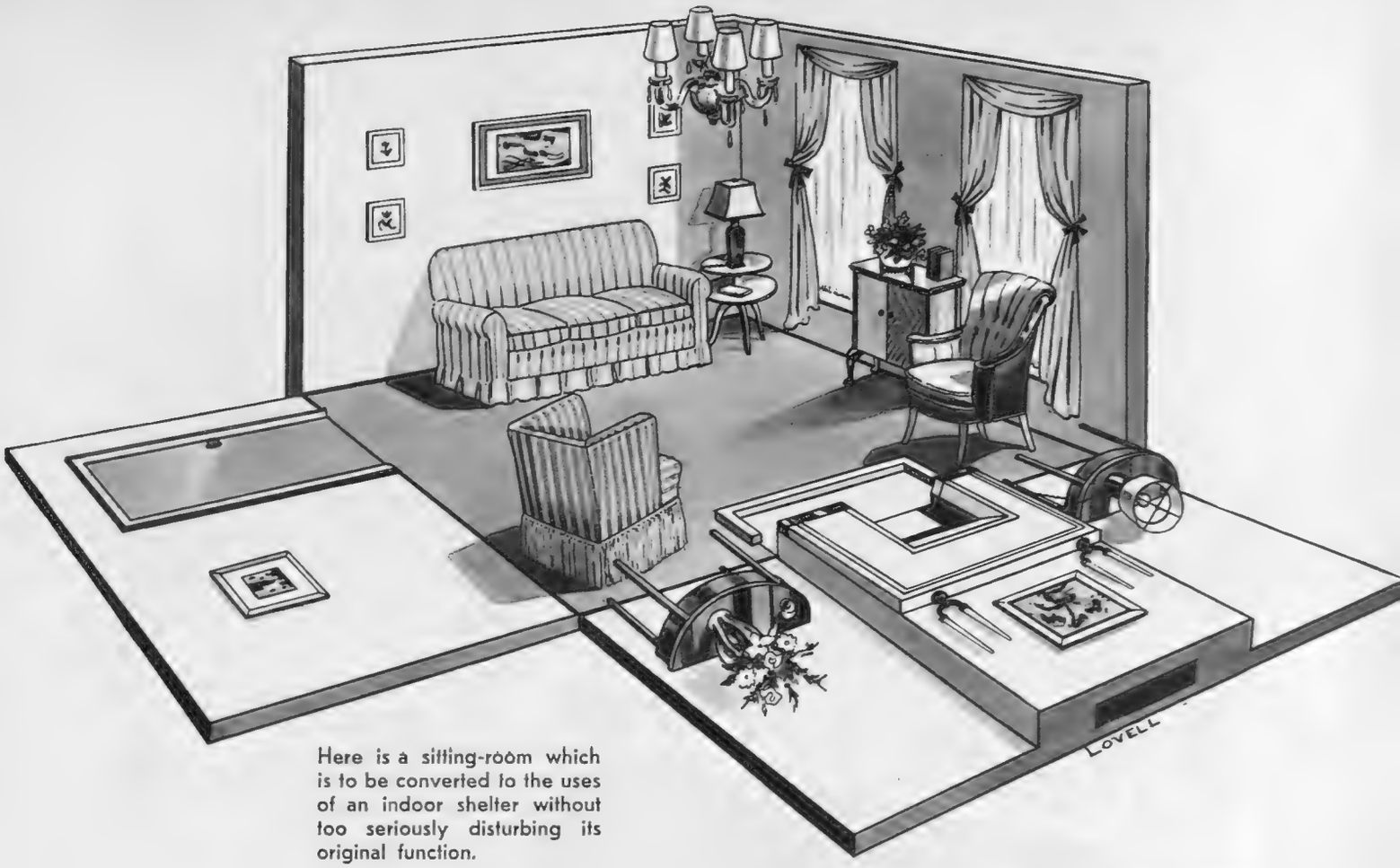
It may be necessary to remove incidental furniture from the room. Overcrowding must be avoided at all costs, but you will certainly need to introduce one or two new pieces, if comfort and convenience are to be served.

A wardrobe from upstairs will hold changes of clothing, warm coats and thick shoes in case of need. There should also be extra blankets and toilet necessities. Make your refuge room complete in its equipment so that you need leave it for no purpose whatsoever.

Sleeping accommodation must vary according to need and the shape and size of the room concerned, but if it is to keep its daytime character, a divan bed with a fitted day cover is the obvious choice.

If more than two people are to occupy the room—there may be children to consider—tiered bunks offer a good solution, without elaborate structural difficulty.

It is not a difficult matter to fit two bunks into a recess on an inside wall. Even the recess can be dispensed with. Curtains on swing rods are fitted to conceal the bunks during the day



Here is a sitting-room which is to be converted to the uses of an indoor shelter without too seriously disturbing its original function.

Below is a corner of the adapted room showing the windows fitted with painted plywood shutters in which ventilator slats have been cut. The settee is replaced by a divan and screen, and there is a small cupboard with simple cooking necessities and a table lamp to replace overhead fixtures.

In each recess on either side of the chimney-breast a wooden structure with strong supporting sides and a forward sloping roof is fixed. Thick wood is used, and the "roof" is sandbagged and covered in with painted matchwood.

Inside each shelter a mattress and cushions are laid upon the floor, with warm rugs for covering. Two people can rest comfortably in each shelter with a reassuring measure of safety from splintered glass and the less serious forms of flying debris.

Unless your outdoor shelter is of a substantial kind, some indoor refuge of this kind will prove to be invaluable during the winter ahead. Some disorganisation of your household must result from the change, but not even the most house-proud have time for squeamishness on this score now.

A recess on an inside wall is the best place to fit them, but if no recess is available, they can be built against any inside wall as shown in our sketch, where curtains on swing rods are suggested as a screen by day.

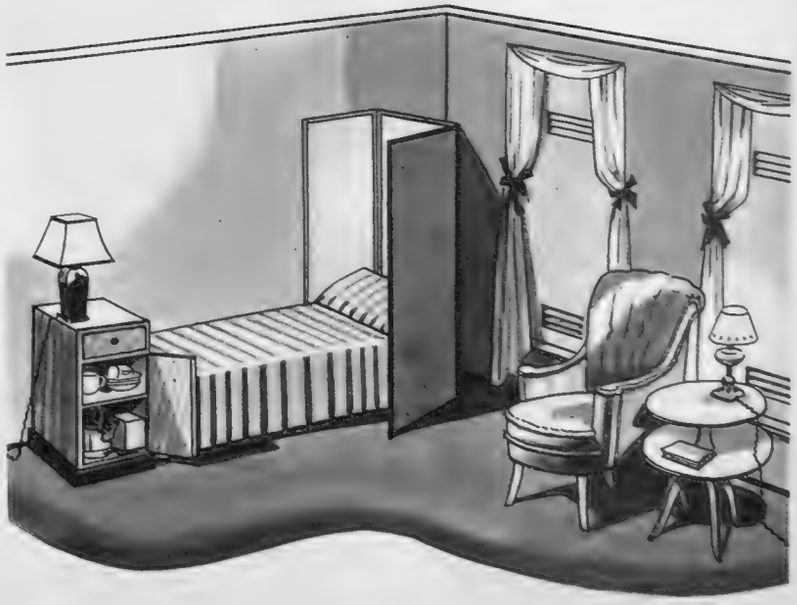
Overhead lighting fixtures should be removed, and, in fact, all inessential china and glass that could conceivably splinter or set up a nerve-racking giggle when the guns begin to bark.

An emergency light of some kind is a good thing to have by. Paraffin lamps are not advisable, but a small electric battery lamp such as is made for bedside use will do, and there are always candles.

A small cupboard with simple apparatus for heating water, milk and light food should not be omitted. A cup of tea and a snack will help to pass a long night, and if restoratives should happen to be needed, the same apparatus may prove invaluable. Keep a vessel of water always ready, and cover it to protect it from dust.

Official quarters inform us that the effects of blast are somewhat minimised by leaving doors and windows open. Open windows in winter are obviously impracticable, but the door of your shelter-room can be hung with a heavy curtain or a felt across the opening to defeat draught.

The larger sketch on facing page shows a practical indoor shelter that can be erected without heavy cost or trouble, and does afford some further security inside the house without being too unsightly.



Are You Letting Yourself Go, Mentally?

Looking back on the last twelve months, can you honestly assure yourself that you have not become a bore? If you have, it is the most natural thing in the world, for there is nothing so narrowing as a universal theme that fills everybody's thoughts, nor so repressing as the sort of community life that the war has forced on all of us.

It is not easy now to get away from the people with whom you work or among whom you live. You cannot go off for long week-ends and forget all about them. You are tied to them by lack of petrol, by purely local interests, by personal preoccupations, by danger uncomfortably shared through dragging hours, and by jealously-compared experiences. And you are probably getting on their nerves just as effectively as they have recently been getting on yours.

You may be an exemplary citizen. You may do all the things you are told to do, and none of the things you are told not to do. You may be competent and brave and unselfish. But it will mean very little if you are not livable-with as well. For the sake of your family and your fellow-workers you must guard against mental staleness, even though it is far from easy when you are with the same people day in, day out.

Nobody is going to suggest that you should try high-mindedly to forget the war. Not even a super-woman could do that. But at least you can adapt yourself to this new way of air-raid living so that the whole of your time is not dedicated to the ruling of the sirens.

Even if procrastination is the very least of your vices you will find yourself provided with the most marvellous excuses for laziness. But if you look around, you will find that the people who are coming through with flying colours are the ones who have worked out a sensible routine.

Even if you are one of the lucky people who can sleep during the greater part of a long raid you cannot settle down at the hour when you would ordinarily be thinking of setting out for an evening's enjoyment.

If your shelter is big enough to accommodate a few friends, spend part of the time playing Monopoly, or any such game that is a mixture of skill and gambling. If the shelter is a public one, try the soothing effect of petit-point embroidery. It takes very little space, and if the light is good enough you can soon make a valuable handbag. If the light is not too good, try communal rug-making. It is amazing what you can achieve when the competitive element enters into anything.

Whatever happens, *don't* talk about your war experiences all the time: don't repeat rumours or horror stories; and don't be insufferably hearty.

Keep up your old enthusiasms. It requires a tremendous effort in times like these to feel that they matter, even though they are temporarily eclipsed by graver things, but it is worth while holding on to them, for they help you, and everybody with whom you come into contact, to preserve a sense of proportion.

Before you get to the stage where you no longer even care, make a determined stand against allowing yourself to be swamped by local affairs and local gossip. It is all very well now to feel that your horizon is bounded by your military duties or your office walls, or your nights in the air-raid shelter, to give up every spare hour to nursing duties or to knitting or sewing classes—but that is not all of life, even life as we know it to-day.

Take off enough time for some constructive reading each day, and make up your own mind about what you have read. Do not worry if you cannot concentrate on anything very serious, but never be just an echo of other people's opinions. Those who do not agree with you will appreciate the stimulation of a little healthy argument.

Write letters too. They always help to crystallise your ideas and they will be a godsend to whoever receives them if you can stand outside yourself and make a human story of the things that are happening to you and to all the people round you.

Keep up your own morale by making plans for the future. One day the war will end, and then will begin a vitally constructive period, both national and personal. You will find happiness and confidence in planning now what you will do then.

Learn chess, which is a great brain-freshener. Take up bridge. Never feel that such occupations are frivolous, for you cannot endlessly give part of yourself to other people without building up your own reserves, and nothing is so infectious as enjoyment. Nor is there any finer antidote to nerves.

You can never help other people if you are yourself physically and mentally depressed, so

(Continued on page 64)

BEG BORROW OR STEAL

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Dressing well is a matter of ingenuity these days. We 're spending less. Many of us are living out of reach of the shops, or our war work doesn't leave us time for a good old-fashioned shopping jag. And although we have been extraordinarily lucky in the way our little luxuries are still allowed us, there is a certain drying-up of supplies, naturally, and making-do with a flourish becomes a virtue.

It 's remarkable how many other people's belongings can be requisitioned once you put your mind to it, in order to keep looking smart and the very opposite of gone to pieces. I 'm not suggesting—heaven forbid—a raid on your sister-in-law's silk stockings or your bridesmaid's furs. But take a look at shops which you have always walked past, bored, and see if there isn't something there which you can press into your own service.

You want a new bag ? Leather is expensive, you must have something which will last, and you 've always been a snob about handbags. No need for a moment's worry, here. Find an old-fashioned saddler's shop. There is one in even the most stuck-in-the-mud reception area. Poke about until you find one of the cash bags which he probably makes for the local milkman. They are made of the toughest brown calf, fastening with a flap. They have a long strap which you can sling over your shoulder, just like the bags Schiaparelli charged five guineas for. This one will set you back less than 7s. 6d. and look wonderful with your country clothes and your chunky flat-heeled shoes.

In the same shop, or in almost any trunk shop, you should be able to find yourself a very good-looking pigskin belt with a plain, square, covered buckle. In a leather shop they sell them for men for about 5s. You can easily have one shortened to fit you.

Hats are a problem this winter. You have one really good one which you keep for special occasions, but what about something to wear when you want to do the shopping and can't bear the sight of another turban or hood ? Here the answer is in any boys' outfitters.

Little boys wear grey flannel hats (they look like felt, don't be alarmed) which are enormously becoming if you put on a better ribbon and wear them smack on the back of your head, like an American college girl. You can buy these either stitched or plain for less than five shillings a go (2).

While you are in the shop, take a look at some boys' shoes known as the Cambridge shape. They have high fronts and gussets of elastic. William wears them as house shoes, but what is to stop you from wearing them instead of those infinitely more expensive flat-heeled elastic-sided American shoes which are in any case rather difficult to get now ? I admit that you can't do this trick if you have a very sophisticated foot fitting, but it 's worth trying, considering the prices start at 8s. 11d.

On the way out, you might like to get a snake-buckle belt. They are fun for wearing with sweaters, and you can find masses of good colour combinations (3).

Nurses' outfitters yield one brain-wave. They have the prettiest ruched cuffs which are used for keeping up rolled-up sleeves. There 's nothing to stop you from wearing them to freshen up a dark short-sleeved dress, but be sure to buy them in organdie ; the lawn kind are too heavy to be smart (4).

Several men's shops are selling knee-high woollen socks in the gayest reds, yellows and blues. They stay up by themselves because of special elasticised tops, and they cost something like five shillings. You could wear these over hopelessly laddered stockings. They are newer than ankle socks for the country (1).

And now for a few pretty bits which aren't essentials, but can do a lot to raise your spirits as you (Continued on page 70)

By Vere Denning

TAKE COVER

from cold, depression, boredom. These are not one whit less dangerous to health and morale than disturbed nights, shrapnel, bombs.

Buying new clothes, doing over old clothes, just looking at or thinking about clothes has always been a form of feminine escapism.

At the start of the Blitz, women, bombed from their homes, calmly shopped in bombed London stores which had just swept up their own debris and placarded what used to be windows with "business as usual" notices. During the first mass air raids in London the Autumn dress shows took place as usual. The clothes sense is deep-seated, elemental. It continues long after the other symbols of civilisation are finished.

As the war gets more intense, fripperies fade and clothes tend to grow even more practical. Shirt dresses shout at you everywhere, and we never tire of their voices, they're grand for all the time. (No. 1 is chic and unbeatable value at 35/-, from Galeries Lafayette.)

Women who don't look their best in shirty affairs will find the shops have, as usual, large stocks of dressier frocks (of the No. 2 type). Four-piece suits (like No. 6 on facing page) are the best buy for country life. If you can afford a fur coat, get one, it will keep your spirits, as well as your body, warm. Especially the sort of cosy tailored job specialised in by Molho of Duke Street, Manchester Square. No. 7 (on facing page) is a honey, has all the assurance of something extravagantly expensive and costs Fourteen Guineas. Slacks and shirts are musts in the wardrobe. When you weary of the sportier kind, try softer ones, after the manner of No. 4, wide-legged pyjama trousers, bishop-sleeved blouse.

1. Pastel woollen shirt-type dress for any occasion, double-breasted, with neat collar, patch hip pockets.

2. A dress in royal woollen to revive the lowest spirits. Points: the princess line, the cross-over collar, the side lift.

3. Decorative shelter-wear: cocoa brown woollen slacks, blue pocketed, a cocoa brown shirt with a blue pocket, yoke and sleeves.

4. Cherry woollen divided skirt on a corselet top, a purple, bishop-sleeved shirt.

5. Bright green woollen house-coat with black braid on bodice, rick-rack pockets and hem bind.

6. Four-piece outfit in wine saxe and lime tweed. The skirt not too flared, is wine, the shirt lime. The jacket is cut on the bias, the top coat, with wine lapels, on the straight.

7. A fur coat for the duration—and after—in golden beige Chinese lamb paw, with a tailored cut.

8. Collar and shaped panels of nutria give elegance to a waisted olive green woollen coat.

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

THEY'RE ON THE SHELF

A dinner-set that will adapt itself equally well to either a modern or period scheme of furnishing. The delicate reindeer design is in rust and black on a deep cream ground.

Good glass is to the table what good jewellery is to the person. The glasses shown are a cut English champagne and a claret to match. Both are copied from old originals.

Delicate tea-sets are many and varied and not expensive if you choose well. This is a set for six people, charmingly shaped with a soft grey design on a white ground.

Your guests will partly judge your bathroom by the quality of its towels, so let them be smart as well as practical. These are Vantona towels, in colour, charming to look at and a pleasure to use.

It is essential that blankets should be light, warm, unshrinkable, washable and decorative into the bargain. Here you have it all in the Moderna Blanket which is of pure wool and made in several colours.

There is sure to be a Vantona bedspread to fit the style and colouring of your room whatever it may be. All of them are beautiful in their variety of designs and colours. From 12/9 to 75/-.

Distinguished white cotton sheets with coloured appliqué decoration and white embroidery. The coloured edging can be matched with the colour scheme of your room, of course.

For the breakfast or early morning tea tray. A simple but delicately attractive Irish linen set consisting of tray cloth, tea and egg cosy. In peach or other colours.

Another set of sheets in cotton, effectively edged with colour. The needlewoman could add a similar coloured finish to plain white sheets without much trouble.

Here is an out-of-door girl, a good friend. She is always full of vitality and fun, treating most men as equals; but she never allows her boyishness to rob her of her feminine charm. She looks great in riding kit, and just as fascinating in a ballroom. Her hair blows about in the wind, and she doesn't give a hang; but when she is dressed up for going out, it will be as well-groomed as her horses. Horses, of course, are her passion, but she abhors horsey women, and is never, never going to get a weather-beaten air if she can help it, as, of course, she can. She adores dogs, doesn't make fools of them with petting and baby-talk, and never gives a man the impression that she would put dogs before babies.

She does nothing for effect, yet in some mysterious way is always remarkably effective. Her personality can be crystallised into the phrase "a typical English girl." She is as natural as the dawn, strong-minded, individual, and yet impresses her husband with the conviction that he is a Hercules for strength and a Solomon for wisdom. She looks at him as if he were her entire world—and that is just what he wants to be, always.

A young woman of chic. She wears the newest fashions, and spends time, thought and money on her appearance; but, having achieved her effect—which is never grotesque—she forgets about herself, and is as natural as she is smart. She is a source of pride to the man who wants to marry her because, when people turn to admire her, as they always do, she never preens. She has eyes only for him.

She dances like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, but when he wants to sit out, she can talk as intelligently as the old man of the woods. At the same time, she knows how to keep her intelligence in check. She is never too clever; she gives him the rare sensation of meeting a woman who can challenge his intellect, but never threaten it. She knows what she wants, and generally manages to get it, but her wants are seldom selfish. She is gloriously decorative: this is her ace card, but she can make herself useful if required, and she is building a character that has sterling worth as its foundation. This is not the girl to make that unforgivable *gaffe* of revealing her awareness of competitive masculine admiration. She takes this in her stride serenely, casually, and never trades on it. She doesn't need to.

On the opposite page is a collection of things for the trousseau shelf. They are there by merit of their worthiness and their charm. On this page are portrayed several young women who are off the shelf for exhibiting much the same virtues.

This woman is clever. After the University she travelled, learning as she went. But she never frightens her man, because she is still feminine. She can flatter with her interest, and her flattery is always sincere. Although she doesn't mince words, saying what she thinks and feels, and saying it very aptly, she is never malicious or cruel. She is not above using all the wiles of feminine attraction. Her husband is honoured by her affection, and yet she makes him feel that he can achieve anything on his own merits. She is a marvellous wife for a careerist because, once deciding to forego her own career, she has no regrets.

She is wise enough to take a back seat sometimes; is a wonderful hostess, being controversial, without losing her sense of humour. She is what might be called a beauty-salon blue stocking, and her poise carries her through every situation triumphantly. Many of the situations are interesting, and her husband anticipates them with relish—he is that sort of person too.

Moreover, if cook gives notice, this girl won't worry. She'll go into the kitchen and, within half an hour, whip up something very delectable for you to remember her by, though, of course, that isn't necessary. Nobody could ever forget her.

This girl is quiet, self-effacing, and inclined to be shy. She would feel like shrinking into the ground if anyone turned to look at her as she passed, but she has enough spirit to know that she must look her loveliest for the man who loves her. She would rather entertain him *tête-à-tête*, but will make herself face the crowd if she is with him and he is happy. She is never conspicuous, but always attractive.

She is an excellent listener, and when she listens to her fiancé, with that sympathetic interest in her brown eyes, he knows that he needs that sympathy for the rest of his life. She will make him a perfect home, and when they entertain, she will be a charming hostess, even though it is rather a strain at first. She will be an excellent home manager generally, a wise worker who knows enough not to let herself become a drudge. She won't make the commonplace mistake of putting home before husband or thrift before commonsense enjoyment of living. She will think twice before spending the household allowance, but in everything else she is over-generous. She gives tirelessly from her abundant store of sympathy, understanding, praise and comfort, but nobody has ever heard her give advice, or a bitter answer.

Quiet as she is in character, she does not allow her voice to be quietly nondescript; instead, she speaks in a soft, deep voice that gives her just the dash of individuality and sophistication that he appreciates.

THEY'RE NOT ON THE SHELF

This Winters Tale

Short of miracles, we are in for a hard winter in every sense. The intensification of the war, added to the normal discomforts of cold and damp, promise us a difficult passage. But we are not dismayed, knowing that each of us can do something to mitigate the hardships ahead, by organising now and preparing ourselves in every practical way for anything that may arise.

Here are a few suggestions designed to assist in formulating a sensible and helpful plan of living this coming winter. No doubt you can improve upon them for your own use, but, anyway, here they are to start trains of thought.

Clothes Everything points to the necessity for simple clothes this winter. We are living the kind of life which makes immaculate grooming difficult. Choose your winter outfits with this in view. Go for tailored suits and dresses, well-cut skirts and jumpers, simple things and no furbelows.

Garments should be easy to put on. Intricate fastenings are a nuisance. The enforced need for crawling about in dark and odd places suggests that serviceable colours are best, though this does not imply drabness. Some quite bright colours wear.

Warmth is an important consideration, but weighty clothes are not always the warmest, and they are definitely uncomfortable if, for instance, you find yourself obliged to wear the same outfit for a long time. Buy fewer clothes if necessary, but do buy them good this season. You will find they stand up to everything with twice the vigour.

Substantial shoes are an investment you won't regret. They keep your feet warm under all conditions, and there will probably be some very odd ones before you are through. Sacrifice a little chic if necessary, but do go strongly shod. It is the healthful and economical thing to do in such times as these.

Household Probably the foremost thing to have in mind is the need to give yourself time for relaxation. Improve your routine, study efficiency, do everything you can to bring your household system to such a point of excellence that it runs smoothly under difficult conditions and leaves you unflustered, with time for extra rest and no panic.

Even if this should necessitate the scrapping of favourite systems and institutions, face it philosophically. It is not for always, and nothing is important except winning the war.

Provide yourself now with alternative emergency cooking apparatus. Put yourself in a position to switch over without fuss to the new system if and when the emergency arises. Bear in mind the usefulness of a store of smokeless fuel. An open-fire grate can be used more effectively for boiling, grilling and toasting if smoke is eliminated. Coalite or some other smokeless fuel is kinder to saucepans than coal.

Don't be content with temporary measures of comfort or utility. Make your plans for a long war and you will improve the standard of comfort in your home for the coming winter.

The need for food reserves need not be repeated, but not everyone has thought of leaving an emergency delivery order with the tradesmen. This provides for the automatic delivery of essential foodstuffs if and when you are prevented from making personal contact with the trader.

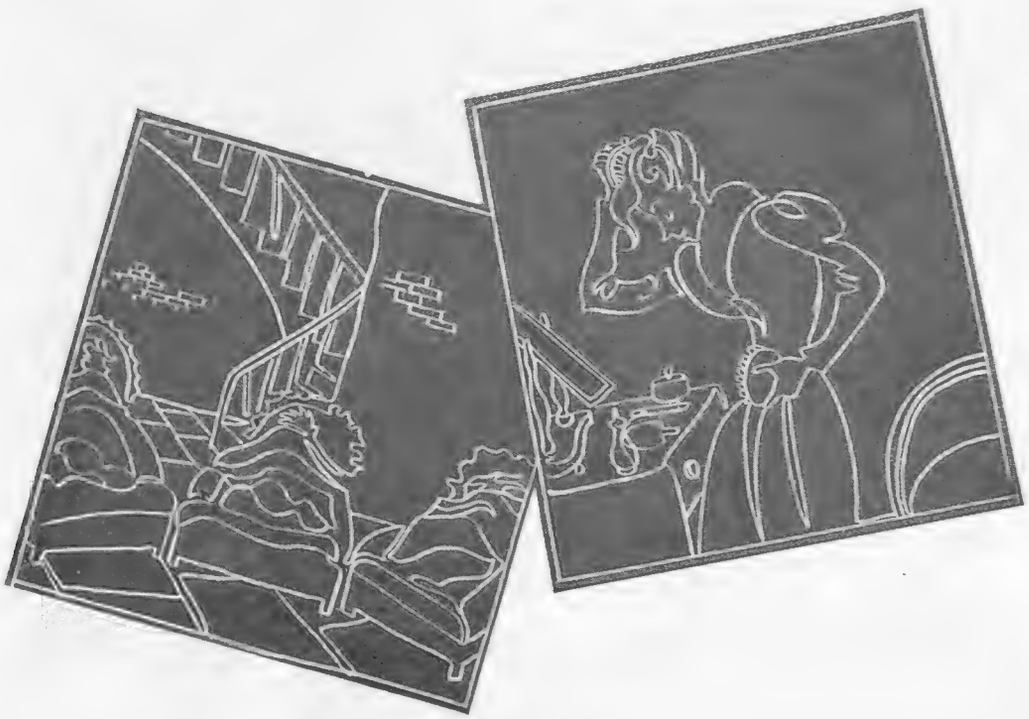
By Winifred Lewis

Social Make up your mind what kind of attitude you will adopt towards social activities this winter. Obviously you cannot continue as before, and it would be equally unwise to deprive yourself of the relaxation that entertainment gives.

Women here and there are complaining of being kept too much at home (yes, they do exist). The war has interrupted normal social contacts and they have not, so far, organised alternatives.

Organise your social life. Go on having people to the house even though your hospitality is on a simple scale. People are not looking for lavish entertaining now. Values have changed and it is the stimulus of congenial company that matters most.

Choose your guests carefully. Ask the people with whom you feel in sympathy, even if it means leaving out some that have formerly seemed important. Make adequate arrangements for their convenience. If you can extend the invitation overnight to save difficult travel and air raid troubles, do so. People are happy to take pot luck in such circumstances.



Let your social activities have a purpose. Give your attention to people who need it. It will help you and them. Ask the wives of men who are serving to your home. Remember the many lonely women and stranded men that the war has created. Give all you can of yourself and the comforts you are privileged still to enjoy, and don't treat others less fortunate as waifs. Nobody, however forlorn, feels better for being treated that way, however kindly.

Appearance It will be terribly easy one way and the other to relax on the personal appearance question, but don't let it happen, please.

Your morale, and more beside, depend upon your making an organised effort to keep up appearances.

Again the solution seems to lie in simplifying your routine. Go for plain hair-do's, simple make-up, attend to essentials and let all the trimmings go.

You may not be able to make such regular visits to the hairdresser, but a simple straightforward haircut will enable you to shampoo your hair at home and to depend thereafter upon brushing, brushing, brushing to stave off dirt and stimulate health.

If you are at home make the late afternoon the time for your daily bath. Use the occasion to relax every limb. Relax your mind, too, if you possibly can. Saturate your face with feeding cream, close your eyes.

Make your toilet for the night early. Get everything fixed before the siren goes. Only this way can you possibly avoid that harassed and neglected appearance that scrapping your toilet inevitably brings.

Animals You've almost certainly got a pet of some kind. Make your plans for his comfort, too.

After all the apprehension at the beginning of the war of the wholesale slaughter of dogs and cats, we seem to have reached a better understanding of the position. After all, the animals are not so scared, and if they are, they can be easily soothed.

Keep your pets with you. They are a great source of comfort and companionship and you need all of that that's going.

With the dogs and cats it is obvious that your company is the most reassuring thing you can give them when the big bangs start. Don't seek to calm or to save yourself the trouble of his hysteria by shutting him away by himself. It simply doesn't work. Keep him close beside you. Give him a sedative (there are several excellent ones marketed), speak to him softly and reassuringly. The very inflexion of your voice will give him confidence.

Cats are not hysterical. They take these alarming occasions in their stride. More terrifying than anything to them is being carried about from place to place, so if you must travel with your cat pack him in the approved fashion in a basket, unless, like some sensible owners, you have trained him to walk on a lead.

Put your pet bird in a place of security from glass. Don't leave him near the window. He won't be much disturbed by noise, but the flashes of gunfire seen through the window if he should be shut up alone may have some ill effect. Put a dark cover over his cage and stand him under a table. He will probably sleep undisturbed from that vantage point.

On Duty—and Off

THE charms of rural life have never appealed to me in the slightest degree; and although I cannot actually claim that I was born within the sound of Bow Bells, I care for London as if I were actually a hundred per cent Cockney. It is true that life in London during the "blitz" has not been all a bed of roses, but even so, I would not have missed it for anything in the world. My on and off duty hours have become as well mixed as a Russian salad, and from the time that the all-night raids began I have never known a dull moment. As soon as the "blitz" started I was switched on to a kind of "alert night duty."

This means that I have to be in the hospital by eight o'clock in the evening and stay in uniform until the "all clear" goes. This alert duty is, of course, infinitely more comfortable and interesting than spending an all-night raid in an ordinary shelter, but as Sister and I, who do this job, are called again at the usual hour for breakfast it means we are lucky if we get out of our uniform and between sheets for two hours in any night.

These night sessions, whether in shelters or on duty, have a cumulative effect on the throat, mouth, complexion, hair and eyes. It is only by trial and error that you can find a way to counteract this wartime "hangover."

By Jane Gordon

IF your throat feels as dried up as bit of toast Melba in the morning, try gargling with a tumbler of hot water to which you have added a teaspoonful of common kitchen salt. Gargle thoroughly and use the mixture as a mouth wash as well.

Nothing is more comforting during a night raid than the sound of guns, no matter how loud or how near they are to you, but after several nights the noise can give you a "barrage headache" which will last for hours. You can easily get rid of this type of headache by treating yourself to five or ten minutes scalp massage. If your hair is growing thin or getting streaked with white add a hair tonic to the massage and you will be giving yourself two treatments in one. For really efficient massage try this routine:

First Movement. This is called effleurage, or stroking. Place the second and third fingers of both hands behind the right ear and stroke down the neck and out along the shoulders. The movement should be rapid and light and is continued for about half a minute to a minute until the skin is pink. It should be given first behind the right ear and then behind the left ear.

Second Movement. Pétrissage. This movement consists of kneading, squeezing, and working into the deep tissues by bringing them together. Start by spacing the fingers each side of the neck at the hair-line, the tips about an inch apart. Press the tips together till the tissues can be felt between the fingers, and roll one hand in a rotary movement, anti-clockwise. Go "round the clock" in four circles. Continue by moving the fingers down the back of the neck as far as possible.

Third Movement. The same kneading is continued all over the scalp, starting from the hair-line in front and working to the crown of the head, then the sides, and lastly the back, the finger-tips of both hands being spaced about an inch apart. If the scalp is very tight, rest the elbows on a table with the tips of the fingers pressed on the scalp and the thumbs placed behind the ears. Work the hand in an anti-clockwise direction, keeping the fingers still but moving the scalp.

Fourth Movement. Ridge the tissues. This is done by grasping the scalp with the palm of the hand and the fleshy part of the thumbs. One hand is placed each side of the head and the hands pressed upwards towards each other. Do not rotate, merely press the hands together from the temples to the back of the crown.

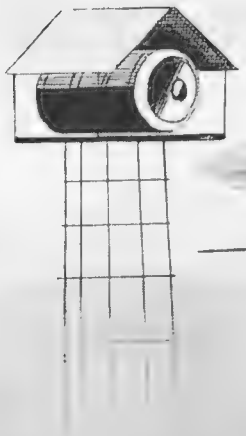
To begin with, this massage should not take more than five or six minutes, but it can be increased daily until it works up to the maximum of twenty minutes. This type of massage is good for older women, as the neck and shoulders receive a good rubbing which helps to counteract stiffness and fibrositis.

In London the "blitz" has made women's hair and skin become most contrary. Hair gets greasy twice as quick as usual and at the same time the complexion takes on the dryness of parchment. The only way to deal with this situation is to increase your ration of skin food and shorten the intervals between shampoos.

I HAVE taken to giving myself a shampoo at home, which saves me half an hour in the time it cost me to get to and from the place where I used to have it shampooed, and 8s. 6d. in cold cash. I have compromised with two American recipes for shampoo and the result I find most successful. I use Fox's Analeptic Castile soap, which costs 6d. a tablet and lasts me for three shampoos, and the Harper method of shampoo, which I am convinced is the most thorough in the world. You have to put aside one full hour, but it is an hour well spent, and you will find your hair stays clean for a pleasantly long time afterwards.

The routine goes like this. You need a large toothbrush or long-handled nail-brush and you put a very soapy solution of warm water into a large cup and brush this well into the scalp, using at least eight partings of the hair. Next, you fill your basin with hot water, mix in plenty of soap, and shampoo your hair in the ordinary way. I massage in the soapy solution and dip my head in the basin at least six times. Rinse this off and repeat the procedure with the second lot of soapy water. After this you need two clear rinses and one rinse of either vinegar or lemon water, whichever you prefer, followed by three clear rinses. Wring out and dry out as much water as you can with hand towels, finish the drying with an electric dryer, or if you have not got this a gas fire or electric fire or sunlight, if any. Massage your scalp according to the instructions under scalp massage and finish with a hundred strokes of the hair brush.

IF your complexion is like mine you will find that it needs five times as much cold cream during the "blitz" as it does when we are at peace with the world. What is more, you will discover that you will certainly need a cleaning cream as well as a massage cream. Your skin will absorb more skin food during a bath than it can possibly absorb in ordinary circumstances, so before you have your bath spread on your cleaning cream, rub it in lightly and remove with tissues. After this, spread on a good thick layer of skin food, step into your bath and by the time you get out your complexion will have used up most of the cream. If you can, save for yourself five or ten minutes out of the twenty-four hours for face massage. One of the most practical methods for home treatment is the Helena Rubinstein. Sit down in front of your mirror so that you can keep an eye on the facial and work as follows: Apply your massage cream or skin food over the palms and the fingers. Massage with a light gliding movement, being careful to avoid stretching the skin by vigorous rubbing. Massage (*a*) from centre chin towards the ears; (*b*) from nostrils to temple; (*c*) upward between the eyes and across the forehead; (*d*) inward under the eye and over the eyelid; (*e*) downward to nose; (*f*) down on neck and out round shoulders, up back of shoulders to hair-line. Smooth on cream with a circular movement from the centre of forehead around under the eyes. With the two middle fingers of each hand, pat gently from outer to inner corner of eyes. With same two fingers of each hand lift and mould muscles above eyes upward and outward to temples, without wrinkling brow. Place four fingers of each hand just above the eyebrows and firmly mould and smooth up to the hair-line. Use first one hand and then the other. With the middle finger of each hand mould around the mouth, commencing in the (Continued on page 70)



Beauty Warnings

YELLOW

Faint in the distance come the signs of vanishing youth and beauty. Tiny lines are not all expression. Sallow skin and unfirm flesh have lost their bloom. Facial and body muscles are slightly lazy, and eyes are not clearly glistening. A slight down over the top lip is hardly noticeable.

Hair is rather difficult to manage, being either lank and dull, or wiry and dull, with a peppering of dandruff and a few grey hairs; its colour is fading. Neck is just dull and unsmooth. Eyelashes look scantier, while waist and stomach are more evident. All the flesh of your body is puffy soft. If you can attack and control these symptoms now your task is comparatively easy. If not, there will soon come a more serious warning.

PURPLE

Lines are deepening. Tiny liver patches show darker than the sallow skin and perhaps your nose has caught the glow that is escaping from your cheeks. Your hair is dull, greyer, and dandruff thicker. The whites of your eyes are veined slightly and not blue-white. The moustache has become evidently more ambitious. Around your neck there is a necklace line above which hangs the slightest suspicion of a double chin.

Lazy muscles are now undisguisedly going on strike and flesh is visibly sagging. Your attitude, walk, and every movement have lost the vitality and sprightliness that were once yours. Your waist is uncomfortable in your older, tighter clothes, and now and then you find something that you put on is skin tight and unwearable. But there is still time to remedy this state. And it is still easier than it will be when the final and last warning comes.

RED

If you don't take steps immediately, your appearance is finished, your figure gone, your face looking more than its age, and your age seeming more than your years. Your spirit will sink into the inertia and discontent of age-consciousness. Gone is all chance of growing old gracefully, you will grow old lazily, uncouthly and badly.

It is something more than physical, it is a mental result, because if you have not had the resolve to keep yourself healthy and youthful until this stage, you will not keep yourself tidy now. Superfluous hairs may be removed now and then but you will most likely try and ignore your hirsute adornments. Your hair will look duller, greyer and more lacklustre, and the dandruff will thicken.

You may don heavy corsetry and thus control the bulk of your figure, but this will not lessen it really. There is still time to work hard and regain your elasticity of mind and appearance. It will need a fighting spirit, tenacity and perseverance.

ALL CLEAR

There are three rules to keep beauty clear and youthful. Three rules that can be applied to any part of the body—nourishment, cleanliness and exercise. Make this a habit and you will have conquered sags and sogginess. Your eyes, your skin, your neck—nourish, cleanse thoroughly and exercise. Skin can be exercised with massage and facial exercises—these must be carefully done in order to stimulate the circulation without in any way aggravating small cheek veins, or stretching the skin.

Around the eyes use your third finger—in fact, this is the gentlest finger for all facial massage. Many of the famous beauty salons have booklets giving instructions for facial massage at home and one of these we shall send to you on request, they should be very helpful.

Have a salon treatment first to get the idea and then (Continued on page 79)

ARE YOU PETITE, NORMAL,

Here Are Jumpers

WX MATERIALS

9 oz. 3-ply wool in grey ; 1 oz. in plum ; 1 pair of No. 9 needles and 1 pair of No. 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 36 to 38 ins. ; sleeve seam, 19 ins. ; length, 20 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 114 sts. with No. 11 needles and grey wool.

1st row.—* P. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * ending k. 2. **2nd row (and all alternate rows).**—K. the p. st. and p. the k. st. of previous row, as in stocking st. **3rd row.**—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * ending p. 1. **5th row.**—* K. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * ending k. 2. **7th row.**—P. 1, * k. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * ending k. 1.

9th row.—As 1st. **11th row.**—As 3rd. **13th row.**—As 5th. **15th row.**—As 7th. **17th row.**—As 5th. **19th row.**—As 3rd. **21st row.**—As 1st. **23rd row.**—As 7th. **25th row.**—As 5th. **27th row.**—As 3rd. **28th row.**—As 2nd. These 28 rows form the pattern.

Continue until there are two complete patterns worked. Now change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of 4th row and every 4th row after (still keeping the pattern in spite of this) until there are 136 sts. Work a few rows straight until side seams measure 13 ins. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Work straight for 1 in. Change to No. 11 needles and k. 2, p. 2 rib and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 40 sts. Change to No. 11 needles and work st.st. for 1¼ ins. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until it is time to change to rib and No. 11 needles. Work on half the sts. only (52) and dec. as follows : Rib 24, k. 2 tog., k. 2 tog., rib 24. **Next row.**—No dec., but p. the k. st. and k. the p. st. of previous row.

3rd row.—Rib 23, k. 2 tog., k. 2 tog., rib 23. Continue in this manner, dec. twice at centre of row on every other row until there are no stitches left. Work the other half the same.

THE SLEEVES (Two Alike)

With No. 11 needles and grey wool cast on 58 sts. Work st.st. for 1¼ ins. Change to plum wool and k. 2, p. 2 rib and work 3 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and grey wool and the bodice patt. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 96 sts. Now work straight until side seam measures 19 ins., including st.st. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off. Pick up 56 sts. up decreased edge of one side of top of sleeve with No. 11 needles. Pick up 18 sts. across cast-off edge and 56 sts. down other decreased edge. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib in grey and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 20 sts. Cast off.

NECK BOW

With No. 11 needles and plum wool cast on 6 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 34 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Hem st.st. of cuffs, showing half on right side.

Sew in sleeves, sewing "cast off 20 sts." to sleeve at back. Sew neck bow round neck with bow tying at front.

W MATERIALS

4 oz. "Sirdar" Super Shetland wool in grey ; 2 oz. each of pink, green and plum ; 1 belt ; 10 buttons ; 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 19 ins. ; across back, 17 ins. ; across fronts, 9 ins. ; sleeve from shoulder, 10 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 9 needles cast on with pink wool 118 sts. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Now continue in the following patt. :—

1st row.—K. 2, * p. 1, k. 3 ; rep. from * to end. **2nd row.**—P. 2, * k. 1, p. 3 ; rep. from * to end. These 2 rows make the patt. Continue until work measures 5 ins. from the beg., dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 98 sts. Change to green wool and continue in patt. until work measures 10 ins. from the beg. At the same time inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 118 sts. again. Change to plum wool and continue until work measures 12 ins. from the beg.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Continue on the remaining 94 sts. until plum stripe measures 5 ins. from its start. Change to grey wool and continue until 7 ins. after the armhole shaping.

LARGER THAN AVERAGE?

To Suit All Figures

SW **MATERIALS**
8 oz. La Laine 3-ply, in almond green; 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 11 needles; 2 packets of sequins; press studs for one shoulder.

MEASUREMENTS
Round bust, 32 ins.; length, 18 ins.; sleeve seam, 17 ins.

TENSION
8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK
With No. 11 needles cast on 112 sts. Work in a rib of p. 4, k. 2 (2nd row k. 4, p. 2 wrong side of work) for 4 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and continue rib and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 136 sts. Work straight until side seam measures 12½ ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 92 sts. Now change to the following patt for yoke.

With right side of work facing (p. 4, k. 2), work 1st row k. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P. **5th row.**—K. **6th row.**—K. **7th row.**—P. **8th row.**—K.

Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve when work is slightly pulled down. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, leaving 44 sts. Change to No. 11 needles and work 1 in. st.st. with p. side to right side. Cast off.

THE FRONT
Work as back until there are 6 ins. round armhole. Shape neck by working 31 sts. Cast off 30, work 31. Continue on these sts. and k. 2 tog. on neck edge on every row until there are 24 sts. Work straight until armholes measure 8 ins. round curve (work slightly pulled down). Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Work other side the same.

THE SLEEVES (Two Alike)
Cast on 52 sts. with No. 9 needles. Work k. 4, p. 2 rib for 3 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 80 sts. Work straight until there are 16½ ins. along side seam. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 96 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 68 sts. Change to yoke pattern and continue to dec. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. left. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP
Pick up 50 sts. round front of neck with No. 11 needles. Work 1 in. st.st. with p. side to right side. Cast off. Hem this to wrong side, showing half on right side. Pick up 24 sts. along one front shoulder and work 6 all k. rows. Cast off. Sew sequins about every ¾ in. all along raised purl ridges of yoke and sleeves. Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew press studs to other seam. Sew in sleeves. Sew sequins to neckband closely.

SHAPE SHOULDERS
Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT
With No. 9 needles and pink wool cast on 70 sts. Work as for the back, but keeping 4 sts. at the front edge in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing. Work 1 in., then make a buttonhole. Rib 4 sts., cast off 4, work to end of row. **Next row.**—Work back to where the sts. were cast off, cast on 4, rib 4. Make as you go 9 more buttonholes 1½ ins. apart. As work measures 5 ins. from the beg. dec. 1 st. every 4th row at armhole edge until 60 sts., then at the same edge inc. 1 st. every 4th row until 70 sts. again. When work measures 12 ins. from the beg.:

SHAPE ARMHOLE (Wrong Side Facing)
Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 54 sts. remain. Continue until plum stripe measures 5 ins. from its start. Change to grey wool and work ½ in.

SHAPE NECK
Cast off 16 sts. at the neck edge, work 1½ ins. and at the same time dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER (Wrong Side Facing)
Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row until all sts. are cast off.

LEFT FRONT
With No. 9 needles and pink wool (Continued on page 79)

ABBREVIATIONS

k.=knit; p.=purl; sts.=stitches; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; inc.=increase; dec.=decrease; ins.=inches; patt.=pattern; s.=slip; st.st.=stocking stitch; m.=make.

November

Let us get together for a good gossip about cookery—a hotch potch of economy hints, recipes and ideas for spinning out the rations.

I was talking things over with an experienced demonstrator, who told me that after twenty years of domestic science training and teaching she was learning more about cooking now than she ever did in her life. Her war work takes her to your door and mine in a canteen van, not just *telling* us or *showing* us how to cook this and that, but asking us how *we* do things.

Sometimes she goes into the kitchen at one or other of the houses which are her ports of call, to show little parties of neighbours how to make various war economy dishes in ordinary domestic surroundings.

This way of doing things has turned out to be vastly more helpful than a formal, high-speed lecture demonstration which listeners cannot interrupt as it goes along; for people can ask questions, make criticisms and put in suggestions as the dish is being made, pooling their own practical knowledge and swopping their well-tested economy dodges for the sake of the National Effort. Every one, including the lecturer, learns plenty.

I once heard Miss Rose Macaulay admit that she knew barely enough about culinary matters to be able to cook an egg in its shell. People who feel that way get little help from the cookery books, which usually presuppose a knowledge of such processes as marinading, braising and seasoning.

Well, let's not be ashamed of our ignorance; in these days we all, even Miss Rose Macaulay, must learn. Here are some cookery terms explained.

To Boil.—When water is boiling the whole surface bubbles—not just at the edge of the pan. But don't overdo it. Too-violent boiling wastes fuel and is not advisable except in the case of rice, macaroni and other things which have to be kept separate by the rapid movement of the water.

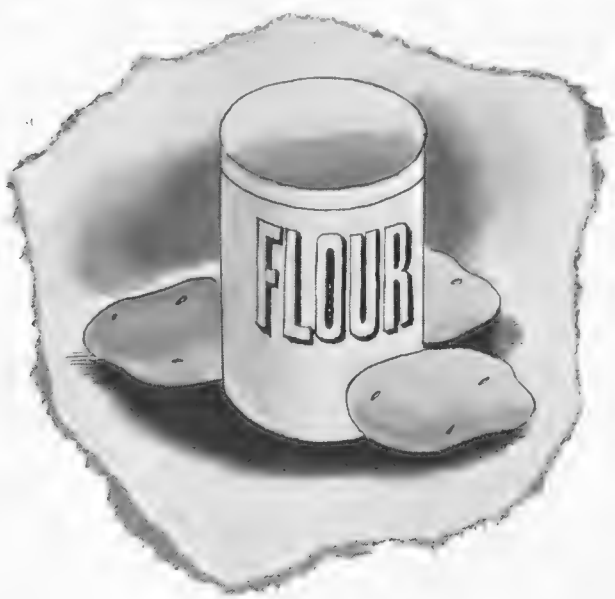
To Parboil.—This instruction, frequently met with in recipes, means to boil until partly cooked—about one-third the total cooking time.

To Blanch.—To pour boiling water over.

To Braise.—In braised meat dishes the meat is made brown in the pan in a little hot fat. Then a little water, meat stock or other liquid is added, the pan is covered and the meat is cooked slowly until ready.

To Marinade.—To steep a food for many hours before cooking in a mixture of oil and vinegar. This is a useful wartime process; it makes meat tender and fish interesting. No need to throw away the oil and vinegar mixture after use. Keep it in a bottle to use again and again. Separate marinade should be kept for fish.

To save butter in cold weather—spread it with a knife which you dip in boiling water every few moments.



Maybe you've noticed how men reach out for the sauce bottle at table. One of these days we'll give them a dish made of sauce and nothing but . . .

Meanwhile, sauce is a useful ally in the kitchen, and we would do well to borrow that bottle from the sideboard cupboard. The first of these two recipes will be popular at breakfast.

Savoury Rafts.—Required: 4 *half-slices of white bread, ½ in. thick; 1 egg; 1 tablespoon milk; 1 tablespoon H.P. sauce; 2 tomatoes; fat for frying; salt and pepper.*

Trim crusts from bread. Beat together the egg, milk and H.P. sauce, add salt and pepper, and dip the bread in this. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. Slice the tomatoes thickly and make thoroughly hot in the oven or under the grill. Drain the half-slices of bread and serve piping hot surmounted by tomato slices.

Pork and Leek Pie.—Required: 6 *medium-sized leeks; 1 lb. streaky pork; dried sage; 1 breakfastcup water; mashed potatoes; 1 tablespoon H.P. sauce; salt and pepper.*

Wash and trim the leeks; cut them into inch-long pieces. Cut pork into small cubes. Grease a pie-dish and in it arrange alternate layers of leeks and pork.

Sprinkle each layer with salt, pepper and a pinch of dried sage. Add H.P. sauce to water and pour into the dish. Cover with a thin layer of potato, stiffly mashed with warm milk. Criss-cross with a fork, and bake 1½ hours in a moderate oven.

Most cookery books of the last war give recipes for carrot pudding. Carrots, being sweet, can save quite a bit of sugar, of which you need add only two ounces to a pudding for four people made with breadcrumbs and carrots.

Argument continues about the use of bicarbonate of soda, which saves sugar when cooking sour things like gooseberries and rhubarb.

Some domestic science experts recently trotted out the old theory that bicarbonate of soda used in this way destroys the vitamins.

Dr. McGee, authority on food at the Ministry of Health, told me when I rang him up about it that the

Hotch Potch

By Harriet Muir

pinch of bicarbonate you add to sour rhubarb makes no difference to its vitamin C, although it saves at least a quarter of the necessary sugar.

This applies to all sour fruits. But leave out the soda when cooking green vegetables.

Talking of sugar-saving with fruit (topical now that we're bringing out those bottles of fruit we preserved by the sugarless method), try the Danish method of mixing apples, gooseberries or currants with sago, rice, cornflour or semolina in the cooking-pan instead of on the pudding plate. This way you cut sugar requirements by about half.

To 1 lb. fruit allow 1 oz. sago, ¾ pint water, 2 oz. sugar. Cook sago till soft in ½ pint water. To it add fruit and ¼ pint water, stir, and cook gently until fruit is almost tender. At this stage add the sugar and then finish cooking.

To save flour use a proportion of left-over potatoes (cooked, cold, sieved) when making pastry. But don't add them to the flour straight away. Rub fat into flour first, adding the potato afterwards. A good balance is 3½ oz. flour and 2½ oz. potato.

Don't throw away the rinds of oranges or, if you can get them, lemons. Pigs don't care for them anyway. Grate them and add to stewed fruit and puddings.

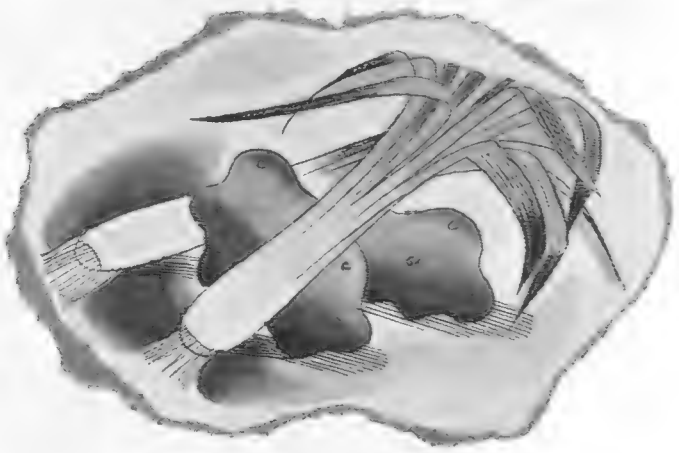
I picked up an idea for a grand dinner dish by gossiping with my butcher-cum-provision merchant over the choice of a bird.

He suggested an "old" grouse—one that escaped last year's guns only to fall into the bag this time. This costs around two shillings and, although too elderly to roast, responds well to long and gentle simmering in a casserole.

Cut the bird into joints, he said, and put it in a casserole with about ½ lb. of skirt of beef. (Almost incredibly cheap this, and unrationed.) Let them cook slowly together, with a little water and seasoning, for some hours on the side of the stove. Then pop them into a pie, which might have a layer of ½ lb. of mushrooms or tomatoes between the meat and the pastry lid.

This tastes Ritzy, but is inexpensive.

A "hasty pudding" can be turned out quickly if you dip thick slices of bread in a creamy mixture of custard powder and water and fry lightly. Serve with jam



(as a sweet) or with cheese sauce (as a savoury). Also, instead of an egg, use this mixture for dipping fish or rissoles into before frying.

Fuel-saver—put a handful of washing soda in 4 quarts of cold water; stir till dissolved. Sprinkle on the "slack" in the coal-hole. A good way to do it is to pour it from the watering-can. Slack will stick together; can be broken up into sizable lumps, and will burn a long time. Don't do more than you need for the next day.

It seems a pity to throw away those outside leaves of cabbage which are supposed to be so good for us. Either put them in the soup or use them up this economical way:—

Having washed the leaves, put them through the mincer.

Chop about 3 oz. onion and cook in a covered saucepan, with a knob of dripping, until tender but not brown. Now add the minced leaves, about ⅓ pint hot water, and pepper and salt. Cover again and cook slowly for about half an hour.

Add more water if necessary, but don't overdo it. The dish should be dry enough to serve without draining. Don't expect the leaves to remain a bright green colour. They won't. But they'll taste good.

Instead of the breakfast bacon—try cooked prunes, drained and fried in bacon or sausage fat, and served on fried bread.

Leeks and Jerusalem artichokes are good mixers. Boil them separately, drain and put in alternate layers in a greased casserole dish. Sprinkle each layer with salt, pepper and nutmeg; add white sauce, and scatter breadcrumbs and small dabs of margarine on top. Bake in the oven until brown.

The order given months ago by the Minister of Home Security to evacuate attics throughout the country, as subsequent events have proved, was a wise move. Many serious fires have been avoided by taking this precaution. In many houses, however, there is still great danger of incendiary bombs setting fire to the woodwork of the attic and causing not only fire, but falling beams and crashing ceilings.

There is a paint on the market which has been compounded especially to combat this danger. It is fire resisting. If a fire can be confined to a small area, it is comparatively easy to deal with. It is when it catches on dry timbers where it can spread without hindrance, that the real trouble starts.

The paint checks the course of fire and has proved to be a real aid in fighting the flames. Danger apart, however, the paint will protect the woodwork of your house, for, as well as fire, it resists damp and decay. Easy to apply by brush or spray, a 14-lb. tin costing 12s. 6d. is sufficient for the average house.

The tax on clothes and luxuries is hitting our battle for beauty pretty hard. We do not grumble, because we know that every pair of silk stockings, every lipstick and every box of powder that we buy is helping us on to victory. But it does make us the meanest of meanies with our cosmetics. I have always sighed over the waste that goes on with lipsticks. If all those end bits I have wasted could be joined together I should have enough lipstick to last me for the duration. But now I have discovered a lipstick that can be used at both ends.

It is a very simple device. Instead of unscrewing the case at one end, it unscrews in the middle. By this method, practically all waste is eliminated. And if you adopt a useful tip given me by an actress friend and use a twopenny paint brush (the hairs should be cut so that the brush has a flat not a pointed end) there will be no waste at all. There are some lovely shades.

It is patriotic to make do with old clothes, furnishing and household goods, generally. No longer does Mrs. Jones break down under the strain of going one better than Mrs. Robinson, or Mrs. R. become an embittered woman owing to the superior financial status of Mrs. X. We are all in the same boat, travelling the same class; looking forward to the same journey's end with but a communal thought in our minds: To win the war. And if the proud housewife has a lot to put up with in the matter of substitutes and goods of less fine quality than before the war she, too, can do her bit by taking what she can get with gratitude.

She cannot, for instance, buy heavy iron or aluminium utensils, and she detests cheap thin tin that burns her carefully prepared cakes and pastry. So, for her comfort, a new type of metal has come into being. It is called Prismatic Tin. Although thin, owing to its porous nature, food cooked in it, it is claimed, will not burn. These tins only cost a few pence and can be had in various sizes.

Recently, I was able to enjoy my first real relaxation of the war. And for this revivifying experience I have to thank the Vichy bath. There is only one place in London where the Vichy bath can be had. And that is in a luxury hotel. (No, the price is *not* prohibitive.) And, as the baths are underground and are bomb proof and sound proof, to the bliss of complete relaxation is added the comfort of security and silence. First you go to the hot room. Next you are massaged under a driving force of water. Your limbs are exercised, your tired joints limbered up and relaxed. Then, for twenty minutes you lie like a mummy wrapped up in hot towels. A needle spray is followed by a cold plunge and a rub down with eau-de-Cologne. Lastly: rest in a haven of silence and safety. I recommend this treatment to all who are war scarred and who have been short changed on sleep lately.

Body ease is what we all crave in these stressful times, and body ease is what we must have, if we are doing a tough job of work. This does not mean, however, that we should discard all support for bust and abdomen and go without corsets. That is both unnecessary and unwise. "Corset" seems to me to be a clumsy word to apply to a new foundation garment which gives support with perfect freedom.

Made from a new fabric called Trex-O-Nit, the corset adapts itself to every movement of the body and massages away those spare fleshly ounces in the process. Its washability is guaranteed and it needs no ironing. As to the corset itself, it has six covered suspenders, cut ingeniously to prevent bulges when you are sitting, a double diaphragm panel and interlocking seams for streamline flatness. Price is 30s., post free. Easy terms by arrangement. All corsets are serviced free of charge.

How is your wartime complexion? Clear and fine? Free from impurities and imperfections? (*What a ridiculous question. If only you could see it.*) Yes. I thought that that would be your answer. The same as one would get from nine out of ten women to-day. They say, or think, as they look at themselves in the mirror: My skin is awful, thanks to not having a minute in which to look after it. It's muddy, blackheady, coarse and utterly disagreeable. My skin was the same and so was my excuse, until I decided to end this defeatist attitude and start to get it back to normal.

After various experiments I tried out, with excellent results, a pore cleanser that can be used just like an ordinary skinfood. It only needs regular application to a clean skin in order to clear, refine and stimulate sluggish pores. And at no more cost or effort than with a day or night cream. The pore refiner comes in an attractive screw-top jar which can be used afterwards for powder or creams. Price is from 2s.

If any of the subjects discussed on this page answer your current problems write me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4. I shall be happy to send any further information

Cool-ees By joyce

CALIFORNIA

There's something decidedly dashing afoot when you're wearing a pair of Cool-ees. They're fun without being frivolous — and they're priced to play fair with your purse. Here are four peppy models that will make you lift up your heart and rejoice. See the complete Autumn Collection at leading stores and shoe shops.

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Not an expensive luxury — but a luxurious Economy!

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Mrs. Britain

TURNS UP SOME TRUMPS!

HATS off to the British housewife for putting some real zip into wartime cooking with unrationed Bournville Cocoa. All over the country, families are tucking into the lovely chocolatey-flavoured dishes that Mother is turning out with the help of Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa. It's a very economical ingredient in use, and adds excellent energy-giving food value to cakes and puddings.

Chocolate Rainbow Pudding

5½ oz flour
½ oz custard powder
Pinch of salt · 3 oz margarine
1 teaspoonful Bournville Cocoa
1½ teaspoonfuls baking powder
3 oz sugar
¼ teaspoonful vanilla essence
Carmine · ¼ pint milk

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder and custard powder. Cream the fat and the sugar. Add the sifted flour mixture and sufficient milk to make a soft dropping consistency. Add vanilla essence. Divide into three (it is easiest to use three basins). Colour one-third pink, and add the cocoa to another third. Put the three mixtures into a greased pudding basin in scattered spoonfuls. Cover with greased paper, and steam for 2 hours.

Chocolate Potato Cake

6 oz flour
¼ lb cooked potato
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
¼ teaspoonful salt
4 oz margarine · 6 oz sugar
1½ oz Bournville Cocoa
1 teaspoonful vanilla essence
2 tablespoonfuls water

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the sieved mashed potato, and sift in the flour, salt, baking powder and cocoa, and sufficient water to mix to a stiff paste. Put into a greased and floured ½ lb cake tin, and bake at 350 deg. F. for 2 hours. (Regulo Mark 4.) When cooked, allow to shrink for a moment or two, then turn out and cool. When quite cold, the cake may be split in half and sandwiched together with a cream or jam filling.

Cadbury's BOURNVILLE COCOA

NOW ONLY 5D PER ¼ lb. 9½D PER ½ lb.

Confidently Recommended

The possibility of your home or your air raid shelter being plunged into sudden darkness is too real to be disregarded. These emergencies are arising and should be provided for.

The "Miner" emergency lantern has been approved by the Board of Fire Control, and is being used in many institutions and hospitals. You can carry one about with you, or place them at vital points in the home. Each holds a nightlight and gives adequate emergency lighting. The price is 1s. 9d., and they are obtainable by post from Graham Farish Ltd., Bromley, Kent, at an extra cost of 4½d. for postage. Twelve lanterns come carriage free.

A substitute for the nightlight is the same maker's "Twinkle" Midget Lamp which works on the same principle as a cigarette lighter. Cotton wool in the container is drenched with paraffin and soaked up by a wick. This sells at one shilling, postage 3d.

A new packing for the famous Mischief Perfume has made it a delightful little gift for the occasion when you want to give something charming, practical and inexpensive.

You know already the qualities of the perfume itself, which is as delicate and as subtle in its appeal as any perfume you can name. To make it more appealing, the little black bottle is now packed in a white, satin-lined container, in the lid of which there is a frame for a photograph. When the perfume is finished the container can still be used as a cigarette case; just the right size to fit into a handbag.

You have been hearing a good deal about the difficulties of obtaining imported wines, certainly of the shortage of Vermouth that is coming upon us, since supplies from France and Italy have been curtailed.

What many people have not so far heard, however, is the fact that Vermouth is not and never has been an exclusive product of the Continent.

The virtue of a good Vermouth is in the admixture of certain aromatic herbs with good white wine. Excellent Vermouth has been produced in this country for many years and connoisseurs are agreed that it is comparable with continental wines of the same kind.

Votrix is the name of a fine Vermouth made in this country. It is expected that supplies of this particular brand will go on unimported. Its price is 4s. 6d. for the Italian style, and 5s. for the French.

You have probably thought of many little helpful accessories for your air raid shelter that will add to your comfort and assurance during these hard times. Credit Atkinson of Old Bond Street with another good idea. This is a small pack called "Fresh-aid," which contains a bottle of their famous eau-de-Cologne, and a bottle of smelling salts. In an atmosphere of stuffiness and tension, the smelling salts are particularly welcome, while a few drops of Cologne on the temples or behind the ears is a restorative well worth having.

You can get the "Fresh-aid" pack from any good chemist or perfumer, the price is 3s.

Everywhere people are beginning to look askance at linoleums and carpets that are showing serious signs of wear. These are hard times for incurring the expense of such renewals, more especially since there is a way of reviving these old floor coverings.

Linovent under the lino or carpet that is showing signs of wear will revive its springiness just as it was when new. It levels up uneven floors, and makes a soft, warm tread for draughty winter months.

The cost of Linovent is a shilling a square yard. It is made of cork grains and positively prevents damp from rising through the covering. Try it as a restorative for your shabby floors.

All through the night from dusk to dawn men and women in every part of the country are doing outdoor duty, arduous and dangerous tasks that make the heaviest demands upon their physical and mental resources. A hot drink during the long cold hours of vigil is to these people a godsend.

Cocoa has proved itself through long testing by the army and the navy to be the most comforting and sustaining of hot drinks for night watchers. Made with milk, it has a soothing effect upon the nerves, moreover the cocoa element adds iron which is invaluable for the overtaxed body.

Take a Thermos flask of hot Bournville cocoa into your air raid shelter with you or send your husband out on A.R.P. duty with a flask full of cocoa or chocolate made with milk.

It should be an elementary factor of beauty care that make-up not only takes better but actually lasts longer when applied over a deeply cleansed skin. Oddly enough there are still many women who do not fully appreciate this truth.

There are many ways of cleansing the skin, some of them are elaborate and impressive but the most effective —and experts are agreed on this point—is still the simplest, with soap and water. That is, of course, if the soap is of the best kind obtainable.

Erasmic soap is as good as a facial. It is smooth, rich in lather and yet entirely free from the harmful elements that some soaps contain. Work up a rich lather with Erasmic Peerless soap, spread the scented foam over your face with the finger tips. Rinse and pat dry with a soft towel and your skin will be deeply cleansed and in perfect condition to receive make-up.

What is attractiveness in a woman? Obviously if one knew the answer to that many of the world's problems would be solved. We don't and probably never shall, but a very good answer to that intriguing question—right or wrong is—poise.

Poise, in itself, is a difficult quality to define but there is no doubt that complete assurance with regard to her appearance is the basis of that indefinable yet endearing quality in a woman.

To be sure of your appearance is to be sure of your make-up, which leads up to the fact that a series of beauty preparations in which you can absolutely put your trust are almost as good as an insurance policy.

Pomeroy Beauty products are as varied as they are excellent. There is a Pomeroy preparation for every toilet need from eye black to tooth paste. All are moderate in price and enjoy a reputation with which many years of experience in the scientific preparation of beauty aids has endowed them.

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

Find the Lady (*Continued from page 9*)

forty-eight hours," the chief declared.

"Why, sir?"

"Because, my dear Percy, if the information reaches the enemy after that time it will be of no value. Weren't you ever told that an agent's second most important job is to deliver the goods he has obtained while they can still be used?"

Percy Shore fiddled with a cigarette; "She may have delivered them by now," he said.

The chief shrugged. "My bet is she will wait till it is dark. After all you know there are a lot of places on this coast where a fast speed boat could be put in."

"Unheard, sir?"

"I should think so. If they can invent a silent pistol they ought to be able to invent a silent engine, provided they don't try to go too fast. Well, we can't watch the entire British coast; that is up to the Navy. By the way there is one detail in the report of this last business you might note: the girl was observed to be carrying one of those French gas mask holders—you know, tin cylinder shaped things. That may help to pick her up."

ON the afternoon of the day the plans disappeared Gertrude Brown reported for duty at the café as usual; she was carrying an ordinary British gas mask in a leather case. She thanked the superintendent for allowing her time off to see a dentist, put on her cap and apron, and set about her work. The commercial traveller came in for his poached egg, and tea, at five-thirty as usual. When he left he took away with him a small tube containing interesting information written on rice paper. At dusk he dispatched a carrier pigeon to France. The bird made the journey during the hours of darkness with the same ease as our bombers fly to Berlin.

Nothing happened for a week, then a fresh case broke at a South Coast port; this was followed by a second case at a military training centre in the same area; and a third at an aerodrome. In every case fingerprints were obtained, which showed that the same agent had been at work that had impersonated the minister's stenographer.

Studying the fingerprints the chief said: "I think this is what has happened. Elsa Hazlit has quit; she may have got away or she may be hiding; her work is being carried on by this other girl whom she has trained to use her methods. When this girl's appearance is becoming too well known they will use a third and so on. They may have a whole troop of them."

"Yes, sir," Shore agreed.

The telephone rang; the chief lifted the receiver and listened. From time to time he said "Yes . . . yes." The expression on his face immobile, but deadly certain. The chief hung up; "They've got the second one," he said.

"Got her?"

"Yes, she can't get away. They have just picked up her fingerprints at——" he mentioned a certain arms factory. "She must have clocked in with the other workers first thing this morning; then she did her stuff and now she is trapped."

"How?"

"Because there is only one entrance to the works; Special Branch men are watching it and all workers are being fingerprinted as they leave; they are filing out now; even if she got in dressed as a man they will still get her."

"I hope they remember her remarkable eyes," Shore said.

"Fingerprints will be enough," said the chief; "but all the same, I'll tell them to watch out for the eyes, too."

"And check both sets of fingerprints," Shore said.

"Both! Oh—er—yes. You mean Elsa Hazlit's as well as this girl's. I suppose they are doing that." The chief lifted the receiver and called for a number. He spoke, listened, and spoke again, his voice growing irritable. Finally he put down the receiver.

"They say their instructions are to detain the girl whose fingerprints were found on the works manager's desk. When they pick her up they will interrogate her and try to get information about Elsa Hazlit; my opinion is that Elsa Hazlit is out of the country by now."

Down by the foreshore a girl, with lovely dark eyes, lay in the bushes; she wore black silk stockings and a black silk swimming suit that came up to her neck and was joined there to a black rubber mask covering her face and hair. She waited confidently knowing that conditions were right to ensure success. The night was dark, though every stroke must be made slowly to avoid rippling the water; the sea was calm enough for a seaplane, gliding down noiselessly from a height of twenty thousand feet, to land on the water. There would be a moment of danger when the floats hit the water; that had to be risked, and in any case the danger was less than if a submarine had been sent. A seaplane could get away before a destroyer could rush up; depth charges would be no use.

Everything had been worked out. There was nothing to do now but wait. Twenty-five minutes more. They were filing out of the factory—having their fingerprints taken—every one. That was causing a delay—the very delay she needed. There had been a grim moment at the gate, when the checker had noticed she had not her gas mask. She had declared she had forgotten to bring it to work. Luckily the gate checker was too interested in the fingerprint tests to bother. Because the man on the gate in the morning had noticed her gas mask carrier—it was the French type, a tin cylinder. And of course the detectives were looking for a girl carrying a tin cylinder gas mask. Not that she had got in dressed as a girl; she had been dressed as a man—a north country youth—talking the language of the north—champion it was an' all!

A French cylindrical tin gas mask carrier stood on the chief's desk. A glass jar had been taken from the carrier. The jar contained preservative of the type used for keeping anatomical specimens. In this preservative there floated a female hand in good condition. An alien medical man, released from internment for the sake of science, had provided Miss Hazlit with all she needed.

"Champion it was an' all!" she thought to herself, grimacing as the seaplane, taking her home, rose from the water.

END

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

that: "Lais inflamed all Hellas with love, and for her two seas contended."

One day a very handsome young man was presented to her. His name was Hippolochus and he had come from the northern regions of Thessaly to see with his own eyes whether there really existed a serious rival to Phryne.

He stood before Lais spellbound; and his interest was reciprocated to the same degree. In other words, it was a case of love at first sight.

Again and again he visited her, and Lais became more and more elusive to all her other admirers. It was a new experience for her, for despite the innumerable declarations of love which had been made to her, she had never taken any of them seriously.

This love affair caused a scandal. It was not considered right that a woman, who was practically public property, should be monopolised by one man. She was one of the attractions of the town, like a public monument, and should not belong to one man in particular. But Cupid lends a deaf ear to reason. The more aggravating the effects of his shafts, the more he delights in them.

One day the news spread like lightning through Corinth that Lais had disappeared and no trace could be found of Hippolochus either.

Hippolochus had been the lucky one who had taught her the meaning of love. Apparently he had scorned the obvious course of divulging his intentions to a world which had placed a sort of public mortgage on Lais. It was easier and quicker to disappear into the unknown and take her with him.

The lovers had concealed their plans so well that no one had the least suspicion of their intentions.

Lais, for her part, felt no regret at leaving her unofficial throne. Her heart was aflame with love for the first time—love for the one man who had the power to reconstitute and glorify her life. Her whole outlook was changed.

By his side she travelled night and day until they reached Thessaly. There she performed the ceremony of taking leave of the goddess Aphrodite Pandemos, altered her allegiance to the other Aphrodite and became honourably wedded to Hippolochus.

It is a pity that their romance could not have been allowed to end with the time-honoured words: they lived happily ever after. But alas, this was not to be.

Before her marriage Lais had the reputation of a siren. For her sake husbands had left their wives and flocked to Corinth. Many heartbroken women had cursed her. A wife was the natural and inevitable enemy of all the *hetairæ*, who were regarded as vampires and whose existence was a menace to the sanctity of the family.

Young boys and men of all ages were alike liable to fall beneath the hypnotic spell of the courtesans, who were thus held to be the very symbols of depravity.

PURIFIED and absolved by legal marriage, Lais found herself amongst the homely but respectable circles of wives and mothers. They received her with apparent cordiality, invited her to their gatherings and made her feel at home among them.

She never knew that all the time they were plotting vengeance.

One day she was persuaded to join them in one of the festivals to be celebrated in the temple of Aphrodite. She willingly joined the procession of celebrants, unconscious of the peril hanging over her.

There were only women present. The temple was adorned with flowers and the statue of the goddess must have looked very impressive wreathed in the sacred smoke of incense and myrrh.

As Lais was about to take her place in the ceremony she was suddenly assaulted from every side. Her clothes were stripped from her body and she was dashed down against the base of the statue. Her assailants stepped back and each one produced a bag of stones with which to pelt their victim.

Lais could not escape; she could not even shield herself with her arms from the rain of missiles. Stunned and motionless she lay on the steps where she had fallen.

The "righteous" ones kept up their stoning until they discovered that their victim was dead. . . .

There was hardly a man in all Greece who would not have risked his life to defend the beautiful Lais. It was for this reason that the murder had been carried out in a place from which all men were excluded.

From Thessaly the news spread all over Greece. Only jealous wives could swallow the injustice of murdering a girl who had abandoned a life of easy riches for one of obscure respectability and thus accomplished a glorious redemption.

The murderers were cursed even in public ceremonies, and when a pestilence suddenly broke out in Thessaly, (*Continued on page 54*

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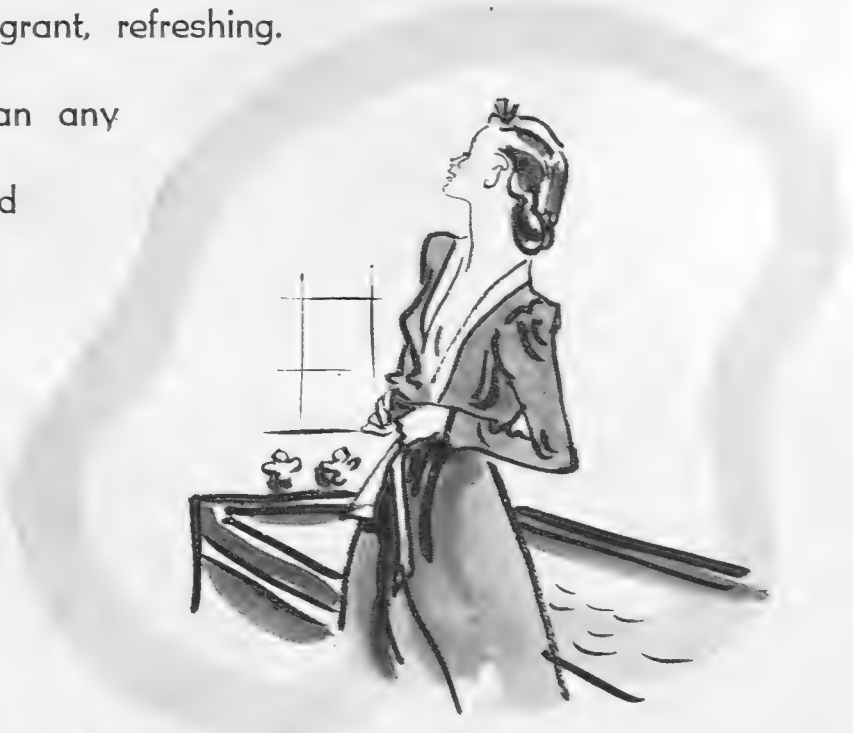

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it was attributed to the wrath of Aphrodite Pandemos.

The pestilence spread so quickly that in a short time no village or town was free from it. A widespread demand for atonement arose on all sides, and it was proposed to propitiate the fury of Aphrodite by building a temple to her which would immortalize the memory of one of her most worthy and beautiful devotees.

Work on this temple was started immediately and money collected from the very women who had cast the fatal stones. These women now trembled with fear for the lives of their children. The scaffolding was erected while the plague was still raging. Stretchers bearing the dead bodies were carried far away from the inhabited zones. History tells us that as the building proceeded, the ravages of the pestilence diminished, so that the workmen found new vigour with which to finish the edifice speedily.

While the finishing touches were being and the huge new statue of the goddess given, placed upon her pedestal, the plague died down entirely.

Modern materialists would call this a case of mere coincidence, but it is just this kind of coincidence which has led people of all times and all nations to the conclusion that there is a divine justice to be reckoned with.

Poor Lais! Love had given her strength to break away from the glittering delights of her flimsy life. Love had promised her supreme joy—and hatred and jealousy had prevented her from realising it.

Old Tales Re-told

Hatred and jealousy have always flourished among the upholders of orthodox morality. Those "righteous ones" never realised that their brutality would only immortalise the one whom they sought to cover with shame and oblivion.

Lais was murdered in vain. She is now a historical figure, whose story we tell and re-tell after twenty-five centuries. Although it is a tale of ancient life, the human feelings involved in it are always up to date, for they are concerned with love, romance and tragedy. Above all, it points a warning finger to one more blunder committed by misguided extremists.

END

The Coming of the Bombers

(*Continued from page* 11)

before her indignant son with the command that he should eat it at once. It seemed hardly the time to bother with breakfast. Afterwards she explained that, being convinced of the arrival of Hitler's blitzkrieg, she thought stoking up with food for the strenuous days ahead a sensible expedient.

The Germans departed as swiftly as they had come. I became sensible of a splitting headache and a sensation of nausea; bilious attacks go on though empires fall.

THROUGHOUT the raid we had noticed the behaviour of some farm workers and their horses in the foreground. They had been carting hay—a typical country scene. The men managed to make their horse lie down, and themselves got under the wagon, peering out at the planes skimming low over their heads. After it was over they hitched up their team and went on carting hay.

I hurried into some clothes and we ventured outside. Fighters were rushing through the blue sky looking for the vanished enemy. I was not sure of their nationality and made my people stay close to cover. The freighter was still burning out at sea, seeming very low in the water. As we watched, she up-ended and plunged from sight.

A huge column of black smoke rose from the harbour, trailing right across the horizon. Presently the milkman arrived and told us a warship had been sunk with much loss of life. We knew that ship, her guns had shaken our windows many a time.

In the afternoon I was able to visit the scene. A man, whom I knew, in a construction gang told me his story. They were working a short way from the ship, he said, when the first bombs fell. As he ran for shelter he looked back, to see a bomber diving and a salvo of bombs falling on the target. In a few minutes they thought all was over and came out to view the damage. Then came a bomb from an aircraft unheard and unsuspected. It fell among a group of the men and literally blew them to pieces. My informant was flung bodily across the road; he arose to see what was left of his mates distributed about the place. The death roll of that day's work was heavy.

That evening at sunset my wife called me in great distress to witness the destruction of "all our ships." This is a place of beautiful skies, and that night the horizon was bedecked with glowing banners flown under swollen purple clouds. On the calm, sullen sea, where it met the radiant sky, a long line of ships showed—a convoy going towards London. Several of those ships seemed to be on fire. It was with a heavy heart that I stared at them, for they were Britain, burning out like a torch, going down into the sea.

All the evening we watched, until darkness hid the scene, and, there being no lights upon the waters, I had hope. In the morning I learned that two cargo ships and a destroyer had been hit, but were all safely in harbour, the fires extinguished and little harm done.

For a few days after the sinking of the warship things were quiet. At the office men who were members of the Home Guard were given rifles, and I, to whom most makes of firearms are as familiar as knives and forks, gave instruction in the use of them. Anti-aircraft guns were being brought into the district, fighter planes appeared overhead; a reception was being prepared for the German. One afternoon he got it.

I was ill-content with trusting to unknown observers for intimation of danger; weeks of listening to enemy bombers passing through dark skies had taught me to recognise the beat of their engines, and I had no intention of being caught unawares in that flimsy hut while bullets and shrapnel filled the air. Hearing a familiar note, I hastened out into the lane, to see a flight of six planes low overhead, in wedge-shaped formation. I had no time to study them; I caught sight of the leader, well in advance, directly over the harbour. Two "Spitfires" were rushing to meet him. He turned, like a seal, on one side and went roaring down in a vertical power dive on the shipping and the wharves. The fighters were hard after him.

Amidst the crash of bombs and the splitting crack of shells, I yelled a needless alarm and scuttled back into the building for pipe and tobacco, without which the most exciting air raid would be unbearable.

We all ran for cover, some to the cellar, others, like myself, to garden walls which gave some protection from shrapnel. This was whirring and buzzing all about, and machine gun bullets were making that nasty crack above one's head which is so unsettling to the nervous system.

Shell-fire was rapid and incessant, seeming to come from every quarter, and many bursts were low over us, so that observation was made difficult.

We heard a terrific roaring, whining noise, ending in a distant crash. It was a Dornier, shot down by one of our fighters; it nose-dived into a suburb and buried itself fourteen feet in the hard ground. No one believed this to be possible until they saw it for themselves.

The enemy I saw over the harbour was destroyed; the "Spitfires" got him as he came out of his dive and he crashed into the water. Another received a shell full on the nose and crumpled up like a shot bird. So we got three that day, and the others fled, pursued by our fighters out to sea.

After the show we assembled in the lane, a little pale and inclined to be talkative.

WITHIN ten minutes we were all busily at work again, although I, for one, kept an attentive ear upon the comings and goings of the aircraft patrolling overhead.

The next day was Sunday and only half the staff were at work. At midday the sirens wailed and screamed from far and near—we thought it amazing that the warning should be given before ever a bomb was dropped, and some remarked facetiously that it must be a false alarm. But soon the noise of engines was heard; coming towards us, very high, were three Heinkels. The guns opened fire, shells burst behind and below the raiders, who came steadily on, though climbing out of danger.

They were almost overhead when I thought to see dark objects leave them and plunge earthwards. The cargo of bombs went rushing down on the harbour just behind the ridge, and there arose a roar as of a thousand lions. My first thought was that the whole place must have been blown to pieces. The raiders, their task accomplished without undue risk to themselves, towered into the clouds and were no more seen.

It was half an hour before we could get a reply from the harbour and then all we learned was that the place was in an uproar and that ambulances had been sent for. We waited with heavy hearts for evil tidings. The phone rang; we clustered round, silent and intent, listening to the maddeningly incoherent one-sided conversation. But our spokesman was grinning—the news could not be tragic. He hung up the receiver, smirking satisfaction. They had missed everything again, he told us. A vessel had been damaged by splinters, several men were slightly hurt, but none killed.

We assured each other gleefully that Jerry was afraid to come lower than ten thousand feet now, and was only too glad to get rid of his load and make for home. We were wrong again, as about most things in this war.

Two days later, as a few of us sat eating our lunch in the hut, a plane swept low over the roof, there was a splatter of machine gun fire and a terrific explosion. A window cracked, dust and flakes of paint came raining down on my table. We lost no time in getting out of that place.

It was a cloudy, drizzling day, and an adventurous German had taken advantage of it to sneak in and make a sudden assault. His bombs just missed an important target and comparatively little damage was done. Jerry was certainly out of luck, was our opinion.

He tried again next day. Three bombers appeared suddenly out of the clouds, low over the harbour. The familiar explosions belched up again, and I was in time to see the last raider going off, with shells bursting all round him. He treated us to some machine gun fire, but it was wildly aimed.

In succeeding days raids were frequent, generally two, sometimes three by daylight, and at least one by night. There seemed a lack of devil in the German attempts; they sheered away from our gunfire, and the fighters, who were quickly off the ground to meet them.

In the office there was an air of tension. We all anticipated a big attack in the near future and it was hard to sit working at mundane tasks with the threat of terrific violence hanging over us.

The young girl clerks behaved throughout this trying period with the cheery stoicism of veterans. They all looked a little worn and anxious, but continued to carry out their duties with painstaking thoroughness, and when the firing started, collected their gas masks and ran off to their cellar obediently and without fuss. There was difficulty with one young lady who greatly wished to see a raider dive, and had to be herded back into shelter at irregular intervals.

Not one of them failed to report for duty each morning, nor objected to the ordeal of resuming work after an air battle had taken place over their heads.

As is the English way, there was neither boasting nor yet (*Continued on page* 56)

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recrimination, though plenty of humorous grumbling about the details of Civil Service routine and military measures.

As we stood about in the lane, watching the sky, waiting for the "All Clear" to sound, women would poke wary heads out from their doors to ask, "Where did that lot fall?" or comment on the nuisance of being obliged to take shelter in the midst of their housework.

Many of them had husbands or sons working in the harbour; people had been killed within a few hundred yards of them, but they made much less fuss about it than about the weather, which is always too cold for the time of year in this country.

The panicky ones have left the district; those who remain, and they are almost the whole, will remain through every trial and sorrow, as the people of the American West remained, despite Indian massacre and famine. The same breed survives all calamities, making the best of a bad business.

On a Saturday afternoon the sirens boomed and we went out to see our first big air battle. Nine German bombers were circling at a great height, watched by three "Spitfires," who hung back waiting, I supposed, for an enemy to be rash enough to dive at the harbour. None of the enemy appeared to be eager. They went round in a ring to keep our fellows off their tails, while clouds of their fighters came to their assistance, and clouds of ours rose to meet them.

The guns were silent. Miles above the ground in a blue, immense world of their own the winged men settled their argument without interference. The sky was cloudless and dazzling and the little toy planes buzzed and droned in slow circles, diving, climbing, wheeling, until the eye and the mind grew tired with the spectacle. The sky became patterned with white loops and spirals from their exhausts; the crackle of machine guns was like the popping of pea-pods when the kitchen door is left ajar. Everywhere were the little black and green silhouettes, dancing fantastically over an immense area, layer upon layer of them, like gnats on a summer's evening.

The bombers had long since broken formation; one could not tell friend from foe.

We stood in a group, gazing; trying to understand. It was exciting, it produced a sensation of unreality mixed with awe. It was so incredibly remote, yet so significant. The end might be our destruction, but I think I was the only one who speculated upon what would happen if our planes were driven from the field and the enemy left to wreak his will upon harbour and town. That could not happen, of course, for the R.A.F. do not stop; it is the others who break off the engagement.

A plane left the fight and slanted down with a trail of black smoke for its wake.

"He's down! He's down!" we cried. One man remarked, "I hope it's one of theirs."

A milkman arrived. He was very excited; he kept saying, "There are hundreds of them up there." After a few minutes of this I moved out of ear-shot.

The tireless shifting pattern continued. Suddenly a great whirring was heard, dwindling in tone and volume—like a giant beast dying. A big black plane rushed earthwards and disappeared behind the houses.

Then it was over; they melted away into blue obscurity. Two "Hurricanes" dashed low overhead towards their aerodrome, perhaps to refuel and join the pursuit. We returned to work, conscious of flatness and the unimportance of letters and figures after such events

A Dornier was down in the bay, and one man was being rescued. We went out again to watch that. The news was that three of theirs had been brought down, without loss to us. This was satisfying.

We told each other that they had come to blast us off the earrh, and been forced to unload their bombs into the sea, not one reaching the target. They came for a fight and they got it, we declared, and we knew they would always get it so long as there was an Englishman left to climb into a cockpit or squat behind a machine gun.

Not since those early days have German aircraft dared to fly low over our district. We are satisfied with the situation; the air and the sea about these islands are British; who trespasses does so at his peril.

END

The Coming of the Bombers

The Break Up of an Empire

(*Continued from page 29*)

suddenly that this column was all that was left of the population of our town. The town had shared the fate of the other towns of Northern and Eastern France. Its population had fled. It had been emptied of all life. It was a shell left for the Germans to enter—the last remaining obstacle between the Germans and our own little village on the path of conquest.

THEN the sky over the town began to look strange to us. It was covered with a white cloud which shut out the sun. There were no sounds of life in the countryside. The French airmen who had been living in the village packed themselves into their cars and lorries and left for some vague rallying point fifty miles farther back. As evening came on the white cloud over the town turned pink. We could smell the smoke of fires, which were not fires of burning weeds. Then, as night fell, one of the airmen returned to say that the town was in flames, and there was nobody left in the town to put the fires out. He disappeared into the darkness, carrying a large loaf of golden French bread. And all night the sky burned rose-red behind the dark silhouette of the castle of Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

During the night, silently, in tears, the people in our village followed the airmen, the refugees, the peasants from the north and east. In the morning we joined the stream. Two units in the great fabric of French life, the village and the provincial town, had collapsed as social entities. Their houses and shops were left to be rifled or burned down by the invader. Their stocks, their cattle and chickens and rabbits, were turned into the fields to fend for themselves. The village was left empty, in a silence filled only by the lowing of unmilked cows.

The same day the German tanks came, crossed the river under clouds of smoke, and occupied our village, and the same day the Battle of France was lost.

THE third great unit in the national life, the keystone of the structure, had already fallen. Paris had been surrendered without a shot being fired, without a blow being struck. Apart from the bomb damage to the Citroën factory, and the loss of two hundred lives in a single air raid, Paris was untouched. Its great cathedral, its monuments, its palaces, many of its art treasures, its libraries, its hotels and cafés, its boulevards were handed over to the barbarian intact.

No wonder that Hitler, gloating on his conquest from the top of the Eiffel Tower, more monstrous than any of the gargoyles on Notre Dame, could not restrain a cry of admiration. His predecessor, Marshal Blücher, driving through Paris after Waterloo, is reported to have exclaimed with true Prussian envy: "What a city to loot!" In Hitler's case the looting had already begun. The "Victory of Samothrace," and the "Mona Lisa" are said to have been taken to Berlin. Other treasures of the Louvre will doubtless follow.

Paris was surrendered not because the leaders of France were afraid for Paris but because they were afraid for themselves. They remembered one revolution in Paris which had followed a defeat. They were scared lest another Commune should follow the defeat of 1940. They dare not arm the populace. They dare not risk barricades and street fighting. They remembered the Stavisky riots of February, 1934. The passions then aroused had not died down. Yet this was an unreasonable and an ignoble fear. If Paris had been defended Paris would have resisted courageously. Paris resisted during the siege of 1870, living on horse flesh and rats and bread made of ground bones. It was not during the siege of Paris that the Commune began, but when it had been terminated by defeat. The Paris of 1940 would have responded to courage and leadership. It was only when both were lacking that it accepted its fate, in bewilderment and dismay, and joined the other millions of refugees on the roads to the south and south-west.

ONE incident of the French *débâcle* remains in my memory. On an island off the Brittany coast, an island of which the population could no longer fish, owing to the recruitment of the younger fishermen for the navy, and to the lack of petrol, a French general appeared during the night of the second day after the capitulation.

France had asked for an armistice, but the German advance continued inexorably. The general's army had vanished into thin air, dispersed like smoke in the wind. He and his staff and a half-dozen headquarters' troops alone remained intact of half a million men. Driven back to the sea, he had taken a fishing boat during the night out to the island, and there had requisitioned a small steamer, to carry him to some port in unoccupied France.

It happened that this steamer was the island's only contact with the mainland. It brought them food and other supplies. When the islanders learned of the general's decision to take their solitary foodship, there was almost an insurrection. At one moment it seemed that the general would be lynched. Old and young fishermen and their wives gathered outside the hotel. There was an ominous shaking of fists and clattering of tongues.

Then a burly fisherman, the chief of the local fishermen's union, arrived, and burst into the presence of the general. "You shall not take our ship," he cried. "You have betrayed France. You have surrendered to the *Boches*. I fought in the last war, and I know what war is, but *we* did not surrender. We stood where we were and were killed in the trenches. You shall not have our ship. I would rather the Germans took it than you!"

It was a terrible and unforgettable scene. The general flinched and paled. His officers stood aghast, and even the civilians around them, who sympathised with the infuriated fisherman, were ashamed and grief-stricken. Finally the general gave way. He did not take the ship. He took a smaller boat instead, and on it returned to a southern port on the mainland, after twenty-four hours' voyage past an invaded coast, fleeing fishing vessels, tugs and lightships, and a long southward procession of French warplanes.

That was, for me, the symbol of, and the key to, the break up of France. One of the leaders of the proudest traditions of France, the army of Joffre and Foch, the inheritor of the victories of Napoleon, had been insulted and challenged by a humble Breton fisherman, and had bowed beneath the insult, and had not replied to the challenge.

I could find, in other scenes I witnessed, scenes of pathos and humiliation and despair, other examples of the final collapse of France. Other symptoms of the breakdown of a great civilisation, a great culture, a great army, an economic and financial system, and a nation which had prided itself above all on its patriotism and its fighting qualities. But nothing sticks in my memory like this incident on a Breton island, under a sky darkening with the clouds of fleeing planes, and in sight of a sea furrowed with the hurried trace of a hundred ships as they steamed out of ports no longer protected by French guns.

END

CONVERSATIONS ON BEAUTY

WRITTEN BY *Nerina Shute*, WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT AND HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT.
ILLUSTRATED BY *Anna Zinkeisen*, FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

♣—Grandmother, do you think men have changed since you were young?

—Men never change, darling. They still fall in love with brainless blondes, they still make us miserable . . . . and silly women like us adore them in consequence.

—You're not silly, Grandmother.

—No, but I've pretended to be silly all my life with the greatest success. When I was a girl, men were after me like flies round a jam pot.

—Don't you think brains are important in a woman?

—Of course! It takes a clever brain to appear charmingly silly all your life without anyone suspecting you're not!

—Why is it that men don't fall in love with girls like me?

—You're not sufficiently feminine—you don't know how to make the best of your skin—and you don't know how to flirt.

—I think flirting is terribly boring.

—My dear child, how you shock me!

—Men don't bother to pay me pretty compliments. They just offer me a cigarette and then talk about cricket or sex according to which public school they went to.

—Modern girls allow men to treat them like equals . . . . a great mistake. They think their beauty and their beauty treatments just a matter of make up—another great mistake.

—How can I improve myself, Grandmother?

—Start by looking after your skin—in the good old-fashioned way. I swear by Pomeroy Skin Food. And get advice from the Pomeroy Salon in Old Bond Street; learn to use as little make-up as possible—and to use it without appearing artificial and hard.

—Do you use make-up, Grandmother?

—Of course, where my complexion is concerned, I've deceived your Grandfather all my life and I intend to continue.

JEANNETTE
Pomeroy
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Pomeroy Day Cream
Pomeroy Powder
Pomeroy Cleansing Cream
Pomeroy Beauty Milk
Pomeroy Astringent Lotion

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Chinese Funeral (*Continued from page 15*)

her married life. That first fumbling attempt at gardening had even then been intended as a landmark—as the beginning of an interest, a life, outside the rôles of wife and mother into which she had jumped so recklessly.

She had often wondered how Tom came to marry her. To the girl of nineteen, it had seemed quite natural that someone plain and scrubby-looking and quiet should wish for someone lively and young and pretty. For her part, Tom's kindness and gentleness drew her, his vaguely distinguished reputation pleased her, and the prospect of travel excited her.

So it had come about—with the most natural ease and simplicity. But how differently life had afterwards shaped itself from her conceptions!

She remembered arriving in Peking, an eager young thing of nineteen (to Tom's thirty-two), charmingly and happily poised on the innocence of her own ignorance. Tom had introduced her to such circles as his work brought him into contact with—and they offered some queer mixtures—and retired to his study. It was perhaps not to be expected that he should punctuate his translations of manuscripts in the ancient language of the classic Chou dynasty with lessons to her in elementary Chinese. But it did not occur to him to do anything more than leave her to her own devices. With a hand to guide her, she might have pursued a tremulous way to some inkling of the treasures that lay about her for the picking up, but she only became acquainted, step by step, with her own lack of knowledge until she felt, hypersensitively, all but naked.

Abandoned, she mustered all her efforts to achieve an armour plating of indifference. It protected her from criticism, but it separated her from Tom—and so far that she could not even say if he was aware of it. They communicated, she realised, through Jane. Jane not only adored her father, but she seemed to find him completely ordinary and understandable. What, then, did she think of her mother? To tell the truth, Mrs. Carlyon had no positive idea. She would be missed, she supposed, when she went, in so far as she was a moderately efficient housekeeper. For, of course, she would go. What point was there in her staying? The pain, the reluctance, the idea had first awakened, were, she was by now convinced, a common and a necessary part of the severing of all associations. Admittedly, the marriage tie, even when most unsatisfactorily knotted, was the closest, the most intimate. But that was only a good reason for untying it and making another knot, with colours and materials that blended better.

And, whatever there was to be said for Charles and for herself, or against them, it could not be denied that each seemed to offer what the other wanted; they were both ordinary, straightforward creatures of flesh and blood. They seemed to suit each other, and they seemed to understand each other.

But this, and all other opinions nowadays, Mrs. Carlyon held with reservations. Wholeheartedness, she had come to believe, was for the very young.

When she saw Charles to-night, and she told him, she must also make this plain.

THE Travers had arranged to pick up Helen in their car, for Annette's bungalow was some twenty minutes by rickshaw.

They were a nice pair, old China hands both of them, humorous, matter-of-fact, dependable. Dr. Travers, dry, small and scrawny, had gone through the Boxer Rebellion; his wife Lucy, tall, stout and hopelessly untidy, remembered her missionary mother terrifying a Chinese mob by pulling out her false teeth.

When Tom Carlyon had brought out his young wife, a dazzling creature of peach and gold, with eager, very wide eyes, they had wondered but said nothing. No one knew what force was behind seemingly incongruous marriages. It had survived thirteen years, but were they happy? Tom would never have confessed either way, and Helen was proud. Moreover, the two families saw very little of each other, for Dr. Travers was always up to his eyes in work and Lucy's only concern was to look after him. They had always preferred to take an optimistic view, but now they were actually witnessing what promised to develop into a clear-cut issue, that removed the affair far beyond a cheap scandal. Lucy preferred it so; the doctor violently disagreed with her.

"You can get over the measles," he declared, "but there's no putting back a severed limb."

"Supposing Helen did go off with this Silver man," Lucy argued, "would Tom mind? He's always seemed a bit bloodless to me. It might be better for both of them."

"For a really nice woman, you say the most astounding things," the doctor scolded. "I don't object to unconventional ideas, but I do to selfishness. There are others to be considered now."

"I suppose you mean the children. If they go with Helen, there'll be far more money and opportunities for them than poor Tom can give them."

"Money! Opportunities! As if they can make up for a flesh and blood tie. With the boy, I admit, they'd carry some weight. But Jane——"

The doctor's slightly cracked voice softened. The real weakness of his life was Jane, his little daughter-in-law, as he jokingly termed her. "Jane," he continued after a pause, "would be torn by divided loyalties; she would be hurt beyond repair—for life, most probably."

"Hum! Of course, it's obvious that Jane is very fond of her father——"

"Pish, woman, you're going on like a fool," said her husband angrily. "Don't discredit me so. I can't treat you to a lecture on psychological disturbances five minutes before a party. Children have an innate resentment to step-parents, which can be overcome provided the right material is there."

"Well, this Silver man seems a perfectly nice sort of creature. He's good natured; he's successful; he's generous——"

"Jane doesn't approve of him," said the doctor, turning on his heel. "I thought there was no harm in asking her what she thought of him. She said he was very nice, but No. 2 quality. Pidgin English is very expressive, eh?"

"Jane's no fool; she was giving you the answer you wanted."

"Well, I confess, my dear, that I do find him the tiniest degree vulgar." He glanced at the clock. "Look here, we were supposed to be there half an hour ago."

His wife hastened to thrust herself into a large-patterned crêpe de Chine dress, which she topped off with a tight little jacket and slippers of purple satin. She sighed, as she looked in the mirror at the result. She had been a plain girl; now she was an old fright. She would have liked to look pretty for Jim's sake, but he had never seemed to mind. Life was a very puzzling affair, and the relations between men and women were one of the most puzzling parts of it, for there were no hard-and-fast answers to any of the accepted rules. And she sighed again. She was very sorry for Helen.

Mrs. Carlyon was waiting for them on her veranda. The servant had already lit the lanterns. Their golden glow mixed with the twilight and made her beauty seem a warm and expectant thing.

"Poor Tom!" thought Mrs. Travers, but aloud she said: "You look very lovely, my dear. And so young. You might be a girl going to meet her first lover."

A blush burned its way from Mrs. Carlyon's cheeks down to her white bosom. But Lucy looked quite guileless; there was no implication in the flattery, she decided.

"Come in and have a drink?" she asked.

"We're late; that's why Jim wouldn't get out of the car. Besides, we shall soon be bursting ourselves with food and drink. You know what spreads Annette goes in for."

If she had Annette's money, Helen thought to herself, she too would give spreads—and then checked the thought. How ungenerous a constant struggle to make both ends meet tended to make one. Annette was a good sort; everybody liked her and went to her parties. You found diplomacy condescending to business there, and business trying to keep up with the army, and the navy making awkward conversation with the small group of intelligentsia.

There they all were, in Pei Tai Ho, as in Peking, laughing and chattering and buzzing. Dozens of arms rose to wave and to call to them as they entered. Would they be as cordial, Helen wondered, if they knew that she was planning to go away with Annette's brother when he left for England—in a few days? And what of Annette—who was coming towards them with a glass in each hand.

"Welcome, my dears. Lucy, it's very clever of you to drag your husband to anything so social as a bridge party. Helen, you look positively celestial in that white get-up—what the French call *en beaute*."

"What is *en beaute* pray?" demanded a bold voice behind them. "Oh, Helen, you mean—acting up to her mythological—or should it be historical?—self! Boy, take the missies' coats. Helen, come and let me mix you a White Lady."

Without waiting for an answer, he put his arm through hers and drew her away towards one of the inner rooms. "Helen, my sweet love, have you made up your mind?"

"We can't talk here!" she breathed back into his ear.

"But we must. There's nowhere else and no time. I've got to leave for Tientsin within thirty-six hours. Look here, I've arranged the tables so that you fall as my partner for supper."

"We shall look so conspicuous!"

"We shall be a sight more so in a few days," he said grimly. "For God's sake, Helen, don't let cold feet keep you stuck where you don't want to be——"

"No, no," she murmured. "But it's leaving Jane——"

"We settled that," he retorted impatiently. "You'd hand her over to that doctor chap and his wife. And later on, I'll make myself responsible for both of them, if Tom will agree."

"Yes, but——"

A couple of women came up to demand White Ladies. Helen swallowed hers quickly and moved away.

"Now don't forget what I told you," Charles called after her, "and tell the Travers so!"

The women looked after her with a hard, keen expression on their faces.

"Are you looking for the prizes?" asked Charles, with malicious innocence. "There they are, in that corner. Ivory figures, brocade handbags and the usual silver ashtrays."

The two ladies, looking angry and flummoxed, gave embarrassed acknowledgment and drifted away hastily.

"Cats!" said Silver and strode back to the big card room.

IT was only at the third rubber, with Charles once more at her side, that she lost some of her tenseness. He had the gift of inspiring confidence, of making the world seem an easier, brighter place. Perhaps it was the atmosphere of success, of prosperity he carried about with him. By the time he led her out of the room towards the long veranda where the buffet supper was laid out, she was happy and glowing.

Just at that moment, the crowd, surging through the doorway like children at a school treat, pushed them into the Travers.

"Just the man I'm looking for," said Mrs. Travers with satisfaction. "Someone large enough to force a way through for me. Or should I, not being exactly tiny myself, say 'strong enough'? I'm looking forward to my supper. Helen, my dear, let me tell you that age has its consolations, and eating is one of the best of them. I'm old enough to eat as much as I like and (*Continued on page 60*)

Over the SUPPER Table

Nancy. "I'm afraid it's a very frugal meal, aunt, but it seems unpatriotic to have anything else these days."

Aunt. "Of course, my dear. I understand. I've been cutting down myself. It's very kind of you to invite us in times like these. Catering isn't too easy even for an experienced housewife like me."

Nancy. "Well, in some ways it isn't so bad as I expected. I've the doctor's wife to thank for that."

Aunt. "Why, does she have legs of mutton to give away or something?"

Nancy. (*laughing*) "No, she has to put up with meat rationing like everybody else, but she manages to make her ration go much farther."

Aunt. "What, with a fairy wand?"

Nancy. "No, with a bottle of H.P. Sauce."

Aunt. "But, my dear, surely H.P. isn't a *secret* weapon. I thought everybody knew about H.P. by now."

Nancy. "Well, *I* didn't, though I must say I think it's a crime on Mother's part to have sent me out in the world not knowing what a blessing H.P. can be."

Uncle. "Now look here, you two, what about letting us get a word in."

Aunt. "Why of course, dear, what did you want to say?"

Uncle. "Well, I'm ready for a second helping of this excellent pie."

Philip. "And so am I if I'm not too greedy."

Nancy. "I'm glad you like it, because as a matter of fact it's only odds and ends of meat and vegetables well flavoured with H.P. Sauce."

Aunt. "Delicious, my dear. I could give you several good recipes with H.P. Sauce if you would care for them."

Nancy. "I'd love them."

Aunt. "I'll send them to you, then. In the meantime, here's one I know by heart—I use it so often. Have you got a piece of paper? Good. It's called English Hamburger. Take 1 lb. of corned or pressed beef. Break it into small pieces with a fork, mix the meat with 6 ozs. fine white bread crumbs, a beaten egg, a tablespoonful of H.P. Sauce and a little grated onion. Thoroughly grease a fireproof dish, or meat tin. (The former is better because it can be sent to the table.) Mould the mixture into an oblong about ½ an inch thick. Cover with a well greased paper and bake until brown. Serve garnished with chopped gherkins and beetroot mixed and flavoured with a few drops of H.P. Sauce. Chip potatoes are excellent with it. The whole thing makes enough for six people."

Nancy. "It sounds lovely. I must make it tomorrow."

Aunt. "And don't forget H.P. —it makes all the difference."

young enough to eat what I like. I can see caviare! Jim, my dear, take a good look at that table. There's nothing there, by any chance, is there, to give me the cholera?"

"No, my love, I should say that Annette has taken no chances. I can see the best American canning factories in every bowl."

"What are you talking about!" laughed Mrs. Carlyon.

"Cholera!" said Mrs. Travers cheerfully. "Didn't you know it's my own mania? Besides—twenty new cases yesterday."

Helen's finely-pencilled brows contracted. "New cases? Where?"

"Oh, not here, of course, but in the Chinese village. That's quite near enough to scare me!"

The glow was ebbing out of Helen's face. "Is this very sudden, Dr. Jim?" she asked.

"When did I send out those chits, Lucy? Last Tuesday. D'you remember, Silver?"

"I think it was on Wednesday that Annette warned us not to buy any fruit. But there's nothing to be worried about here." He spoke sharply, as if he were annoyed at the turn of the conversation.

"I haven't had one," Mrs. Carlyon continued, ignoring him. "Or did the boy put it on the mantelpiece without telling me. How funny—nobody's said anything to me."

But she realised, with a pang, that she hadn't wanted to hear anything—except what Charles Silver had to say to her. She had been deaf, and blind, to everybody but one person. And now—was this to be her punishment? She put out her hand and laid it urgently on the doctor's arm. "You know that piece of waste ground by our bungalow? There was a Chinese funeral there this afternoon. Was it—that?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders with studied carelessness. "May have been. Anyway, my dear child," he added, gently, for her stricken look, "you can't catch it from a funeral procession, so stop worrying. Look how you're spoiling our appetites."

"I'm not worrying about *me*, of course. It's Jane. I found her down the garden with one of the Lo children."

The doctor immediately switched on a professionally non-committal expression. "H'm! Not wise, but not fatal. Keep the young hussy within bounds in future."

"But she's in bed, now," Mrs. Carlyon cried frantically. "Sick, I mean. She told me she had a headache. I thought it was a touch of the sun, and I was very annoyed with her."

"Did you give her anything?" asked the doctor, a little too calmly. "Did she mention any pains in the stomach?"

Helen's memory frantically groped for the complaints which she had brushed away. "I can't remember, exactly. But I mixed her one of the powders I always keep for too much sun."

The doctor stood as straight as his bent and scrubby figure would permit. "Well, now, look here, I see you'll be miserable unless I go and have a look at the child. Shall we slip away for half an hour—if Silver here will undertake to keep Lucy fed?"

"With pleasure," Silver agreed stiffly. "But, Helen, don't you think you're being a little absurd?"

"I'm sure she is," the doctor answered for her, "but that's how we doctors build up our practices. Moreover, sir, if by some remote chance the child has picked up a cholera germ—and we know unfortunately that such a contingency is by no means impossible—Mrs. Carlyon should not be here!"

"But nor should she be there!" Silver retorted heatedly. "Why——"

"Will you wait here, Helen?"

"No," she answered, in a choked voice. "I shall come with you. Come, let's get into the car at once. They'll explain to Annette."

Silver followed them, with a muttered excuse to Mrs. Travers. He pressed hurried words into Helen's ear as they went. "Don't you think you're concerning yourself over what will probably be nothing? And even if it is cholera, it isn't necessarily fatal. They handle things differently in these days—know how to tackle it. Saline injections and that sort of thing. And in that case, you'd be better out of the way."

"No!" she said again, almost fiercely.

"D'you realise what you may be doing?" he argued bitterly. "Allowing a child's bilious attack to alter all our lives! Helen, what's come over you? You're behaving like—like a——"

"Like a mother, I suppose you're trying to say. No doubt the fit will pass, but until then——"

"Jump in, Helen," ordered the doctor's brisk voice.

"I'll telephone you if I don't come back," she shouted as they moved off.

AMAH was sitting by the bed, putting cold compresses on Jane's forehead.

"Is that you, mummy?" Although she never opened her eyes, she seemed to recognise Helen's step.

Mrs. Carlyon followed the doctor's face as he waved Amah out of the room and sat down on her chair.

"No," he said at last, very gently, "not cholera."

Mrs. Carlyon burst into tears.

"It's no time for a good cry; it's too damn serious."

"I'm sorry," she heaved. "What is it?"

"Early to tell, but I'd have a shot at typhoid. Low temperature."

"I'll not leave her," declared Mrs. Carlyon breathlessly.

"Eh, what?" He spoke absent-mindedly, his fingers still on the child's pulse. "No, of course. But I'd get out of that dress and put on a pinafore. Then I must look round for a nurse."

"A nurse!" exclaimed Mrs. Carlyon bleakly. "Can't I——?" She blushed under his almost condemnatory appraisal. "I'd do my best," she promised meekly.

"Ye-es," he considered. "I should want you, too."

Back in her room, she stripped herself of her elegances with almost sacrificial ruthlessness, tearing off the white chiffon dress, throwing her pearls on the dressing-table, even scrubbing the rose lipstick from her face. Bare and unadorned, she felt better. Curious how the act of washing helped one to feel mentally cleaner. For, out of all the emotions which one word—but how dread a word!—had so suddenly unleashed, that which still hung about her most closely was that of shame. She had been ready to abandon her child; she had been content to leave her welfare to chance, and chance itself had mockingly intervened to strike the blow against such a callous withdrawal.

But chance, untrustworthy, was not wholly unkind. One—two days later, and who knew what might not have been the end of it all, with what Helen might not have had to reproach herself. As it was, nothing as yet had happened irrevocably. Indeed, the postponement itself might be used to make her future with Charles more secure. His arguments about the necessity for speed, Helen brushed aside. Men were too inclined to be ruled by trains and time-tables. What were two, even twelve months, of waiting, compared with the life-long happiness on which they counted?

Yet, she admitted to herself, his impatience and his importunities were sweet after these years of neglect and loneliness. Nor had she any doubt that she would find him waiting for her, however long she teased him with necessary delay. Although she had refused to acknowledge it for so long, she was well aware of the depths of his need of her, for (unlike Tom in this, as in so much more) his resources were superficial; he counted upon the company he was with, and he was on the brink of an age when change wearied and pleasure came from the quiet of the same companion.

And so, when Jane was better—they must talk again—she and Charles and Tom. If it was cold-blooded thus, it was civilised. For appreciation of this point, she decided a little ruefully, she could rely with more certainty upon Tom than upon Charles. Indeed, threatened by disaster, the thought of Tom was not unwelcome. Unpractical, absent-minded, selfish indeed, as he might be, he belonged to that company of souls whose mental integrity seems to present material value in moments of crisis. Yes, Mrs. Carlyon sighed, her decision to leave Tom had, in some peculiar way set her free—free to view him, no longer as a husband, but as a person, unsatisfactory in many respects, it was true, but in others puzzlingly the reverse.

IT was September—six weeks later. One by one, the villas were being abandoned; every day there were fewer people on the beach; the mornings and evenings were almost chilly.

Jane was still in bed, but she was better. About this Mrs. Carlyon's optimism had never wavered, since Dr. Travers's first visit. The fever had left her emaciated, so that she was no longer a little English child, not even a plain one, but a famine child, a pathetic little Indian.

She didn't look like Helen Carlyon's daughter, but, almost for the first time in her life, she felt it. Her eyes lacked lustre, but alive and intelligent, never left her mother, as the latter moved about the bedroom, folding things up, putting them away. Suddenly Jane said:

"Mummy, you do look lovely in that thing!"

Mrs. Carlyon blushed. She was wearing a beach suit of some green silk stuff, preparatory to going down to the beach for an early bathe. It was true; she did look lovely, but nevertheless, if the compliment had been uttered by a Royal Highness and published in ten languages, she could not have felt more surprised nor more embarrassed. Jane, like her father, was more given to criticism than compliment.

"My dear child, what a ridiculous thing to say!"

"Every one says it, anyway," Jane defended herself.

"People say things just—for fun, to be agreeable."

"Daddy doesn't," Jane declared, "and nor do I!"

"No, but your father never makes such remarks as that!"

"Once, when you'd just gone out of the room, he said:

'The glory of trailing clouds is in her garments,
And the radiance of a flower on her face!'

That's by a Chinese poet," Jane added proudly.

Mrs. Carlyon half laughed, half sighed. How truly characteristic of Tom—firstly to make a compliment the occasion for a quotation, secondly to repeat it to a third party. Nevertheless, it touched her sufficiently to make her brusque.

"Come along, Jane; let me see you eat up that orange before I go."

"Right, mummy," said her daughter obediently.

She had had letters from Tom, and one brief visit. That he would be stirred by Jane's peril as by nothing else she had always been—and a little jealously perhaps—aware. But he had shown a concern for herself which his invariable reserve had endowed with terrific import. It was not like him. What, then, had brought about the change? To assume feelings unshared unequivocally by his mind and body alike was, she knew, beyond him, as were all less pardonable deceptions.

Her first conclusions, though she herself could hardly credit Tom with so human a weakness as jealousy, led to Charles. A little discreet questioning, however, had soon revealed Tom's absolute innocence. Charles was, simply, Annette's brother, one of the acquaintances Helen picked up to amuse herself with.

No, the problem evidently needed a little more discrimination. This Helen endeavoured to bestow on it to the utmost of her ability, yet no tangible evidence had rewarded her efforts. There was no mistaking the expression on Tom's face, however; she knew the familiar mixture of toleration and contempt it so often wore too well not to be keenly sensitive to its (*Continued on page 62*)

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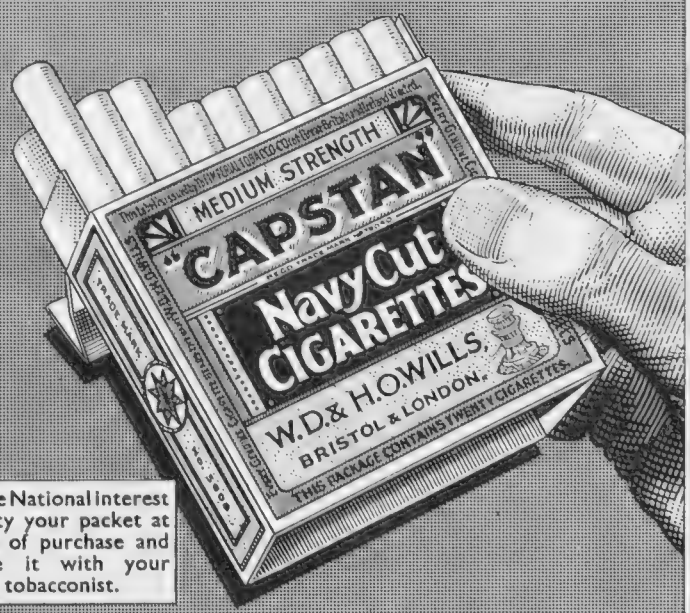

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disappearance. And disappeared, for some reason, it had; the tone of his letters had first hinted at it, and he in person had confirmed it.

What had she done to acquire this new status? In the eyes of a sinologue, nothing—for it was as such that she always thought of her husband, as a person confined entirely within the bounds of his work. Yet she felt it, encompassing her warmly and, in a curious way, protectingly, if impalpably. Or perhaps lifting her to a sphere in which ordinary standards of knowledge could not be applied.

What had she done, she would repeat to herself? What was she? And the answer was still nothing—nothing but a mother! And what she was doing was again nothing but the ordinary duties of motherhood. Could it be that which had given her a new respect in Tom's eyes? Such a theory she would hitherto have regarded with the most disdainful contempt, but now she was surrendering to it almost unconsciously, only aware that she was filled with a benevolence new to her, which in turn gave her a happiness with something untouchable about it.

Through a corner of the window she saw her faithful rickshaw coolie waiting at the gate for her and leaned down to print a light kiss on Jane's lank black hair before going.

"Oh, you're putting some lipstick on, aren't you, mummy?" said Jane.

"If you like, you funny child!"

"You always used to," Jane protested.

And so indeed she used; she would as soon have gone out without a skirt on. What would people have thought of her? Now she did not care—and anyway, there was nobody about at that hour. But because there was a new pleasure in pleasing Jane, she drew the rose pencil over the curves of her mouth and flicked some powder over her face.

"That's better," said Jane. "That's lovely."

When Mrs. Carlyon thought of nobody being about, she implied to herself nobody of any consequence. One did not include missionaries, a watertight class at once above and beneath the usual social conventions. On Tom's account, however, Mrs. Carlyon had a bowing acquaintance with many of them, and it was one of the nicest, a certain Mrs. Wilson, wife of an American lecturer at Yenching, that her rickshaw now overtook, whereupon Mrs. Carlyon politely gave her coolie the order to stop.

"I'm so thankful to hear of your little one's recovery, Mrs. Carlyon," Mrs. Wilson greeted her. "One takes fright in China when a child has the finger ache, and when it calls itself typhoid—" she shrugged her rather plump shoulders extravagantly—"one merely tries not to expect the worst."

"Yes," Mrs. Carlyon agreed soberly, "and this summer's been a bad one. You've lost some of your people, I'm told."

The other woman's face clouded. "Alas three. You may remember Mrs. Macpherson? The head of our dispensary? We got some cholera cases in among the soldiers. She insisted upon nursing them, and——"

"Cholera!" echoed Helen Carlyon, and she suddenly saw herself before an extravagantly laden buffet supper table, and heard Charles's voice in her ear. No—that belonged to another life, a century ago.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson sadly. "We couldn't stop her; you know she felt as if she were the mother of all these poor people. Well——" A silence lay between them. She looked up to discover on Mrs. Carlyon's face an expression as if she actually *cared*, and she added, gently: "We try not to grieve too much, because we know that to give herself, in any way, was what she always wanted. She was an exceptional woman. Jane, if I may say so, may be just such another. The Chinese respect her, Mrs. Carlyon, and the Chinese are no fools. Jane gives your family great face, even though she is a despised female!"

"Does she indeed! I must tell Tom that. He'll take it as such a tribute that it may even make him a trifle jealous!"

The cloud on Mrs. Carlyon's face lifted as she smiled, so that Mrs. Wilson had a fleeting impression of light glowing behind it, giving it a transparency and almost dazzling tenderness.

"You look very well," she found herself saying, almost in astonishment, for she was one of those who had always attributed Mrs. Carlyon's notorious handsomeness to elaborate grooming, "in spite of the trying time you've had. And positively radiant. Ready to enchant the Great Khan."

"Thank you very much," Mrs. Carlyon laughed. "But my ambition soars higher."

"Really!" said Mrs. Wilson uncertainly.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Carlyon demurely. "As far as my husband."

Mrs. Wilson chuckled, in perhaps a slightly relieved fashion, as she moved on her way. "My heartiest good wishes for it," she called over her shoulder.

"Thank you!" replied Mrs. Carlyon.

And was surprised to find, as she went forward, meditating, that she meant it.

END

Books (*Continued from page 25*)

rich business man to revenge herself on her husband are gloriously funny.

The unexpected happens again, and in to it all butts the heavy-drinking store detective Philipp, who is a failure when he tries to sober up. He should have mixed a little more of the tonic character of this book with his gin.

NEGLEY FARSON is a journalist. He admits that in "Behind God's Back" (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) he has made no effort to write a book as such. With his wife as a sole companion, in an old car, he travelled across Africa. Naturally he had adventures but he dismisses them briefly as minor incidents. It is his interviews with Smuts, Hertzog and other South African leaders; his talks with the German traders and little Fuehrers; his questioning of British civil servants, and above all his conversations with the natives that interested him. Africa is a background and foreground as well. He parades facts like tin soldiers, plenty of them, but you never realise you are digesting a meal of good meat so lightly and tastily is it served. Side by side with the fact that more than half the chocolate eaten by the world comes from the Gold Coast, is entirely grown by natives, and comes from one pod less than forty years ago, you read how the natives live and are treated. There is no propaganda or bias, merely 400 pages without a dull moment, ending with the author's experiences in an earthquake.

TWO new biographies deal with essayist Charles Lamb, and artist Frank Brangwyn. "So Perish the Rose" (Collins, 9s. 6d.) reveals a different Lamb, a cheerful Charley, "not a sweet soul, Gentle Elia, emasculated, whimsical ineffectual angel, a strange inhuman being to whom literature was everything, life little and love nothing," but a man with his pipe, his liquor and his loves. The author believes that other biographies provide the most spurious legend that ever distorted the truth and betrayed a man of genius, even though his friends meant well. Certainly Charles Lamb becomes very human and lovable in the eyes of a man who admires him so tremendously, and the London of his day comes to life. It is a full history, easy to read, especially such scenes as that in Drury Lane when he was one of the first to join in the booing of this first play, *Mr. H*, from which he had great hopes.

Another confessed admirer has given us the first official biography of that great and debated artist, and finest painter of murals in the world, Frank Brangwyn, who at the age of seventy-three is still very much alive. But Philip Macer-Wright in his "Brangwyn" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) has done more than that.

The book makes interesting the life of a man who is less known than any living artist, a life which the subject declared must be dull to others. Brangwyn's work has always caused debate. His murals in the Rockefeller Centre in New York, his Stations of the Cross, and the seven-year fight about the panels for the Royal Gallery in the House of Lords (now housed in the special Brangwyn Hall at Swansea) have always made newspaper headlines. So were his misquoted remarks that he could not find an Eve, and his search for the perfect Christ type to succeed the Italian ice-cream vendor, Cervi, who so stimulated the artist with his perfect understanding. While not delving too deep into art, the book explains the whys and wherefores of this outstanding man, who lives on the Sussex Downs in a home which is an object of pilgrimage for art lovers all over the world.

WIT and satire is welcome in these times, and I found both in plenty in "Hamlet Had an Uncle" (John Lane the Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). Branch Cabell declares he has taken no more liberties with history in dealing with Hamlet than did Shakespeare, in fact, that he is nearer the truth according to ancient documents.

By modern lights the book is immoral to the last degree, but the Nordics had a very good excuse and reason for everything, apparently, and the affairs of Hamlet, his uncle, Wiglerus, Queen Hermetrude of Pictland, and the War Women of Me 1, together with all the other semi-mythical characters provide a rich field. Not a book for the very young, which is perhaps fortunate but there are plenty of laughs amid the eyebrow raising incidents and real humour amid the history.

Old houses in London squares have been disappearing rapidly during Goering's blitzkrieg. If houses have souls, perhaps they were more fortunate than the family mansion in a London square which became six small self-contained flats and lingered on to suffer under and disapprove of the occupants in "Town House," by Tait Morley (Harrap, 8s.). Certainly the old house did not approve of the young couple who were trying out modern marriage, without the formality of marriage, in the mews flats which suitable enough was the stables. The old parson and his wife were more the type, or possibly the girl in the flat which was once the nursery and playroom.

The woman owner, whose parents had hoped for a son, and who therefore feels like a brandy and soda when she should be sipping tea, keeps a watchful eye over everything, and binds an amusing story together. The nightingale may not have sung in this particular square but the cheerful voice of the robin chirps in the book.

IF you want a book which deals with subjects as diverse as lion tamers, a Spanish riding school, a German refugee Jew, and a sanitorium in Switzerland, then "Masks and Faces," by Phyllis Bottome (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.) fills the mark admirably. This book of short stories has almost the character of a book of essays, or cameos, with a theme rather than a plot. "Security," which tells of a refugee from Dachau internment camp, should be read by any one who wonders what we are fighting for, and whether England is worth it. Do we wear a mask, or do we show our real faces? That is the basis of this volume.

"THE SHIP AGROUND" (Oxford University Press, 6s.) by C. Fox Smith, illustrated by C. Walter Hodges, is a simple tale of adventure at sea and in Wapping, a story of treasure hunting and foul deeds of the type to make the blood of old and young race and curdle, especially at Christmas. The old will tear through it at a comfortable sitting, the young will devour it at their excited leisure.

END

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PURE SILK STOCKINGS

To-day in Besieged Hong Kong (*Continued from page 17*)

True, as a centre for the transhipment of merchandise, Hong Kong is beginning to feel the pinch. Up till now Hong Kong has been the second port of the Empire. In normal times some twenty million tons of shipping clears and enters Hong Kong annually, the estimated annual value of the colony's trade being put at £50,000,000.

It has frequently been stated that we obtained Hong Kong as the result of the so-called "opium war" of 1841. This is scarcely correct. Great Britain's policy towards China has always been that of the "open door," which means freedom and equality of all nations to trade with China's millions. In 1841, however, our trade with the Celestial Empire was principally conducted at Canton, which lies some ninety miles up the river of that name. To facilitate that trade we asked for a depot where our ships could be refitted and imports left unsold could be stored until the following season, and where our sailors would not be under Chinese jurisdiction. The clause in the Treaty of Nanking ceding the island of Hong Kong reads: "It being obviously necessary and desirable that British subjects should have some port whereat they may careen and refit their ships, when required, and keep stores for that purpose."

When we first went to Hong Kong it was little more than a barren island, inhabited by a few fisherfolk and the haunt of pirates. There were no houses in which visitors could live, and at first the British had to remain on their ships. The island of Hong Kong is eleven miles long, from two to five miles broad, with an area of thirty-two square miles. It is separated from the mainland by a narrow strait scarcely half a mile wide. Later, the Kowloon Peninsula on the mainland was added to the colony, to-day comprising about 400 square miles. The population of the colony is a million, now suddenly doubled by refugees. Over 85 per cent of the population are Chinese.

The city of Victoria lies on the northern shore of the island, facing the mainland. Between the mainland and the city is the harbour with a water area of some ten square miles. To take a small boat and cruise for a day about the harbour is to find another world. Some 100,000 people live on their junks and sampans, being carried ashore only when they die. Here more than 1,000 seagoing steamers have been launched, and wooden junks by uncounted thousands, yet the colony yields neither wood nor metal with which to build boats. The harbour is lined with wharves, warehouses, docks, repairing depots for ships, and shipbuilding yards.

The city stretches away up the towering face of the island to a height of 1,500 feet. One notices the many beautiful residences of British and Chinese merchant princes perched in nooks and corners of the precipitous mountain side. From the heart of the city runs the funicular railway up Victoria Gap, which Rudyard Kipling described as a "tramway that stood on its head and waved its feet in the mist." At each of its five stations are roads cut from the mountain side, winding away to right and left giving access to the houses along its level. Victoria Peak, the highest point, 1,800 feet above sea level, is crowned by the signal station, to-day a prohibited area for it is a military post.

A walk of two minutes from the landing place and you are in the heart of the business quarter of the city. Large hotels rub shoulders with luxurious European shops. Jammed between them are a score of big banks into which rich refugees have poured their money. Land here is almost as costly as it is in the city of London. Yet, in the very shadow of towering granite banks, courts and office buildings, is an open park with a statue of Queen Victoria, a plaza with a cenotaph, and a green cricket field! Just across the way is Queen's Road, Hong Kong's principal thoroughfare. But here is another playground reserved for soldiers and school children. Only rich city fathers could thus use land so extravagantly valuable.

TO know life in any town you have to walk in it. If you rush about in taxis, you sense only the motion of the city—nothing of its sounds, smells, voices, men's work, and children's play. This is particularly true of Hong Kong. It is full of life, colour and incident. Emerging from your hotel you encounter a policeman hurrying along a medicine pedlar to the station. His offence is that he has been baiting lizards and snakes to make them fight in order to attract attention to his wares.

From the Asia Hotel, a native hostelry, an ambulance takes a frail, sweet-faced Chinese "escort girl," floored by an overdose of opium. "Escort girls" are a strange, but orderly Hong Kong institution. You can hire them from a special agency as dining, dancing, and theatre companions. One newspaper is almost wholely supported by the advertisements of these girls. Each girl's professional card carries her picture, telephone number, and a glowing sketch of her life and charms.

It is the purely Chinese quarters of the city that interest the visitor most. Here one is in another world. The streets are filled with a seething mass of humanity. The Chinaman is a cheerful individual with a love of shining things, and a gregarious instinct which makes him seek the company of his fellow men. The street is his club, his lounge, a playground for his children, and a drawing-room for his womenfolk. Coloured banners and great Chinese signs in red or gold blazon forth on vertical signboards outside the shops, supplemented in some cases by an English translation. Some of the translations are not without humour: "Come to me, honest man"; "No swindle here"; "You can cheate me"; "I no spitee on clothes when washen" are a few examples.

True to Oriental form, each trade here seems to have its own street or locality. Here the woodworkers crowd together; so do the leather workers, firecracker makers, grocers, bakers and so on. It is said that blind men here easily find their way about, determining the street they are in by the smell of it.

While this particular section of the city presents a fascinating picture of Old China, it must be remembered that there are many important businesses and factories run on modern lines owned and controlled by the Chinese. That is the wonder of Hong Kong; it is a city of contrasts and even contradiction. You can travel about the city in a sedan chair hauled by half-naked coolies, or you can go by bus or taxi. If you take the trouble to inquire, you will discover that chair, bus and taxi are all owned by the Chinese. They control the ferries that carry passengers and goods across to Kowloon.

There are five large departmental stores in the colony belonging to the Chinese. There are banks, shipping and insurance companies, contracting firms and shipbuilding yards owned by them, as well as scores of factories that make many things, from cotton cloth, rattan ware, and all kinds of cosmetics.

The Lyons of Hong Kong is the great confectionery establishment of On Luk Yuen, a purely Chinese concern. It has shops all over southern China. It sent its manager all the way to America to buy the latest type of candy and ice-cream making machinery. Once a week the hundreds of workers in the factory and in the shops take an hour off for prayers, for they are Christians. To-day they are praying for the success of the British cause. Into every package of goods the firm sells goes a small sheet printed in red ink, in four languages—Javanese, Malay, Chinese and English. This reads: "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst. St. John vi, 35." Ask Peter Cheung, the manager, about it and he will reply: "We are bakers, not missionaries, but we do scatter that Bible message far and wide."

Such is the story of Hong Kong, now within the theatre of modern strife, but determined to carry on, believing in its ability to hold its own.

END

Are You Letting Yourself Go, Mentally? (*Continued from page 34*)

keep yourself alert and fit. Long hours spent indoors with too little fresh air and too little activity take their toll unless you do something to counteract them, but the remedy is easy to find. Whenever you feel yourself becoming drowsy and heavy, look to your breathing and devote a few minutes to recuperative exercises.

Fresh air is the greatest reviver, but if you cannot get that, breathe slowly and rhythmically for a few minutes, holding your head erect and your diaphragm flat. The deep breathing will send fresh clean energising blood coursing right through your body, and you gain immediate ascendancy over your nerves when you control your diaphragm because within it lies the great nerve centre of the body. Try these two things when any emotion threatens to swamp you, and you will find them work like a charm.

If you can, walk about for a little while, and flex and relax all your muscles. Stand up, and raising your arms, stretch long and luxuriously, gradually extending your whole body, as a cat does. At the end of the stretch let yourself flop completely, and you will find, if you do this three or four times, that all the knots in your body are untied.

Finally you want to clear and liven your brain, and here is the way to do it. Sitting on a straight chair, hook your fingers lightly beneath the seat. Let your head fall forward on to your chest, and keeping it completely relaxed, roll it round in a circle, first from right to left and then from left to right.

Still sitting in the same position, hold your head erect and turn it sharply first to one side and then to the other, looking as far back over each shoulder as possible. Immediately afterwards let it fall forwards and backwards in a similar manner. Finally, still holding on to the chair, hold your head high and open your mouth as though you were about to burst into song. Then, slowly closing your mouth, lift your head on the strong columns of your neck until you can feel the pull right down to your waist.

Now your head is clear as a bell, and what is more, you will preserve a beautiful neck and jaw-line.

Remember that fatigue gives an edge to everybody's nerves, so soft pedal your personality. It is almost impossible to overestimate the virtues of under-emphasis at times like these when even the most charming mannerisms of gesture and speech can become completely infuriating. Pay attention to your looks, for nothing is more heartening than a fresh, trim, cheerful appearance, but do not try to live up to pre-war standards of sophistication. And do not forget that unspectacular habits like punctuality and scrupulous politeness often save dangerously frayed tempers.

Refuse absolutely to let yourself be bludgeoned into insensibility by world-shattering events. They are beyond your control, and, until time gives them perspective, beyond anybody's comprehension. Instead, make your own little world a vital and adventurous place.

In the main, it is just a question of adjustment—plus a healthy dash of inviolable independence.

Olive Randall

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Fever

(Continued from page 27)

have time for me as well." She was growing angry at his refusal to meet her half-way. "Now you make me feel so desperately—unneeded."

"That's difficult to believe." His tone whipped her disappointment to anger.

"Well, if you won't come I'll go by myself. I must have a change."

"That's what I thought," his voice was deadly quiet; then suddenly, terrifyingly, Martin who had never quarrelled with her was almost shouting, "Well go then if that's what you want! I don't care!"

He swung violently out of the room and she heard him calling loudly to the boy to fill his bath.

She found herself trembling, drained of all energy. She had never dreamed such a storm could break, although the clouds had threatened for months. Martin was simply tired of her. That was the explanation she had dreaded and had refused to face. His taunting, "I don't care," echoed in her ears.

"I must get away," she murmured and the tulip tree outside stirred sadly.

THE Rest House was nearly empty and rain was falling with a soft steady hiss on palm and bamboo when she reached the Buried Cities. Virginia turned the pages of a six-months'-old magazine and gazed out through the maidenhair that trailed from swinging pots along the veranda roof. She wondered what had made her come to such a forsaken place at such a time. Yet she was glad there was no one there whom she knew. They would have asked after Martin and stabbed her afresh with a sense of bewildered despair. Again and again she went over in her mind the course of the last eighteen months and tried to see where the rift had begun. Was it her fault? She could think of no definite time that marked a beginning, yet the change had come. The canker had grown from some tiny unnoticed spot until his love for her had fallen mortally sick and died. The realization left life so empty that she dared not look into the future.

In the evening when the sky cleared she walked round the bund of the old reservoir that had once watered fertile rice fields where now the tangled jungle flourished. The sun glimpsed fitfully through the folded clouds and warmed the still water to a burnished jewel in its sombre setting of trees. Virginia shivered and longed desperately for companionship.

The longing grew to an unbearable pain in the following days, as she wandered through the clearing where pillars and fragments of wall and wonderfully carved steps carelessly displayed the relics of splendour to the grazing cattle of a squalid modern village. She looked without seeing and always in the back of her mind drummed the insistent question, "Why? Why? Why?"

On the third day there was a new visitor in the small dining-room—an elderly man with a military moustache and keen blue eyes that she knew had seen and noted her without apparently having glanced in her direction. As she sat on the veranda after dinner smoking to ward off the singing mosquitoes he came up to a neighbouring chair and, introducing himself as Colonel Derwent, asked permission to join her.

"Certainly," she smiled without enthusiasm

"We both seem to be on our own. But perhaps you are a regular resident?"

"From down country."

"Ah. I'm from India. Just doing the sights before going home for good. If I do go home . . ." There was a regretful quality in his voice that made her look at him more curiously.

"I suppose every one is sorry in a way to retire," she hazarded, "but most people are anxious to get back to England."

"Yes, one dreams about it; but somehow when one is alone——"

"Things lose their savour?"

"Exactly." He looked at her quickly. "I see you understand."

"I shall be going back to my husband in a few days." She spoke defensively as if to contradict any suspicion of her loneliness.

He smiled quietly and, asking if he might order drinks, changed the subject. Thereafter he talked impersonally of the history of the place, of buildings in India, the life there and the customs of its various tribes until she found that the dreaded evening had passed swiftly in his easy and well-informed company.

The following morning broke clear and cloudless, and as a matter of course she joined forces with Colonel Derwent to visit the sacred ground of Mahintale. He seemed pathetically grateful for her company, and though her own problem still lay heavy on her heart, she found herself listening with interest to his colourful descriptions of the ancient days when King Tissa had seen the green rice blades piercing the irrigated plains, had built palaces and temples and decked the women of his court with intricately worked jewels. Behind his talk she glimpsed something of the solitary man who had fled to history to find imaginary companions.

The sun struck powerfully through her sunshade as they climbed the thousand steps of broken grey stone to the shrine. The guide who had automatically attached himself to the profitable looking "white master" chattered on unheeded beside them.

"Last year three thousand pilgrims camped in this grove." Seeing their inattention he improved it. "Three hundred thousand; three million pilgrims."

"Yes," murmured Virginia absently and brushed aside the importunity of some yellow-robed novices who ran out from the white dagoba offering frangipani and hibiscus flowers, and holding out clawlike brown hands for small change.

They passed through the little grove and climbed the solitary grey boulder on the summit of the little hill. A light breeze blew cool on their heated faces and for a moment they stood silently resting their eyes on the impenetrable green sea that spread from horizon to horizon. Miles away another forgotten irrigation "tank" glinted in the sun; nearby two or three other mounds erupted grotesquely from the plain as if trying to shake off the cloak that clung about them. But no other feature broke the endless stretch of tree tops.

"What a sight it must have been!" mused the colonel softly and Virginia had an uncanny feeling that those keen eyes could really pierce the tangled covering and see the green fields, the network of canals, the glittering white palaces. He sighed.

"A whole civilisation lost. Its life is so frightfully short when all's said and done. Then the desolation of the jungle comes in and covers it all."

Virginia shivered.

"And our individual lives, how much shorter!"

"Yes, there is so little time, so awfully little time——" He broke off, and Virginia felt that his thoughts were no longer on that teeming vanished life.

"It gives one so little allowance for making mistakes," she whispered with a sudden feeling of panic.

"And often none at all for repairing them." He looked down at her piercingly and she knew that he was now entirely in the present. "Remember that if ever you are tempted to make a bad mistake." He laughed apologetically. "You must forgive an old buffer if he is handing out unwanted advice." He glanced away again and went on in a low voice as if to himself.

"I always meant to see these wonderful places when I had the time; but I never imagined being alone on my travels. Now I just do it I suppose from obstinacy, and for want of something to fill my time. But sometimes one's heart feels as dry as the dust of these ruins."

"You are not used to being alone then?"

"I should be by now. My wife——" his voice faltered suddenly.

"She died?" asked *(Continued on page 68)*

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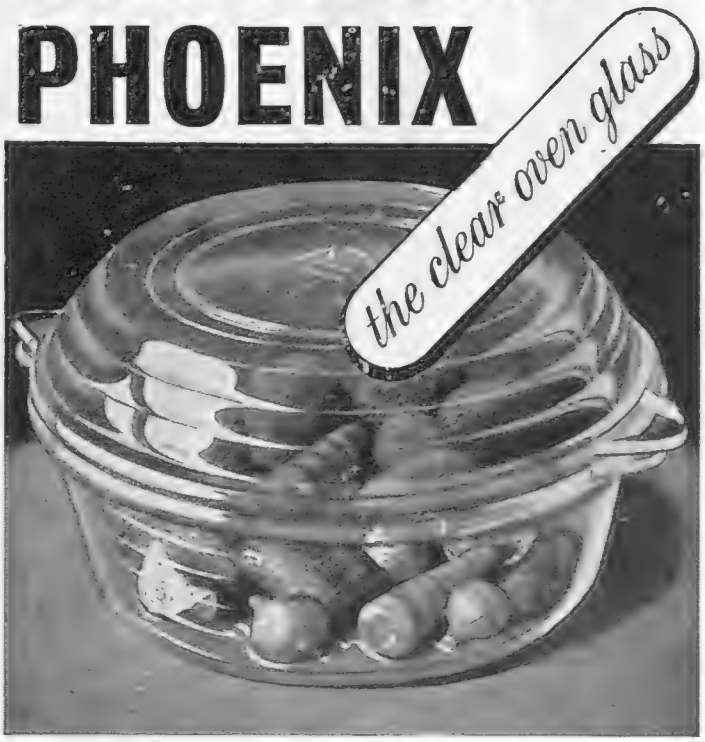

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Virginia with gentleness in her voice.

"She left me." The eyes were as blue and steady as the distance into which they looked, but the brown hand gripped the flimsy rail in front of him as if in pain. "No doubt I was greatly to blame. I was wrapped up in my work. I suppose I neglected her. A woman doesn't always understand that you can seem to do that and yet need her all the time really. One forgets that she too may be lonely."

"I'm so sorry," Virginia wished she could find words that were not so trite.

"I don't know why I told you about it," his lips twisted in a smile both sad and tender. "Except that for some odd reason I felt that you were unhappy too and it might help you."

"It has." Conviction leapt through her mind like a sword cutting away despair. "I was just going to make the stupidest mistake. Perhaps there's still time. Let's go back."

She hurried down the uncertain steps in a frenzy of eagerness. Of course that was it! Martin too had been just wrapped up in his work. Perhaps something was wrong on the estate. He had been losing money and had worried about it, thinking she would not understand. Then had spurred himself to fresh effort as an overworked man will, until the enervating atmosphere of the low country had overwhelmed him. She must go back at once. She must somehow get through the wall of misunderstanding, must *make* him realise that nothing mattered but their love. Why had she been so blind? So preoccupied with herself that she had lost sight of Martin's troubles?

Back at the Rest House she packed her things up hastily and ordered a car.

"You are going then?" asked Colonel Derwent as he met her in the hall.

"Yes. Some news," stammered Virginia. On a sudden impulse she kissed the weathered cheek. "And thank you, *thank* you for what you have done." In some illogical way she was certain that all would now be well. Something very like a tear dimmed the clear eye of the soldier as he watched her car vanish in a cloud of red dust and with a tightening of the lips turned back to the empty lounge.

IT was sunset when Virginia reached the bungalow and its white front reflected the flush from an angry sky. The rain would soon be here, but meanwhile the evening was thunderous and oppressive. With her heart hammering she clapped her hands for the servants and stepped into the living-room. It was empty.

"Master not in yet?" she asked as the head boy appeared with a nervous smile.

"Master gone away." His smile broadened as if to apologise for being better informed than his mistress.

"Out you mean—over to Fraser bungalow perhaps?"

"Away," persisted the boy. "Him not back last night."

"Where going?" Virginia tried to keep the sudden fear from her voice.

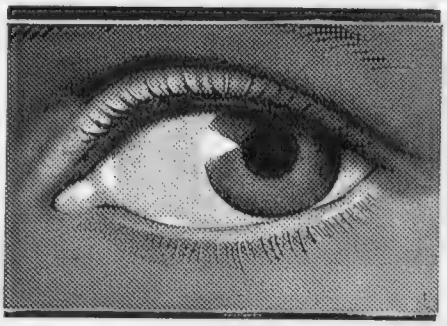
"Him not saying. Went away in car early morning."

"Oh." All her happy confidence ebbed from her. She felt weak and at a loss.

"Mistress bath ready in five—ten minutes," suggested the boy helpfully. "Dinner?"

"Yes," agreed Virginia listlessly. So she had been wrong to hope! Martin had already taken advantage of his freedom. He had been too busy to come away with her, yet as soon as she was gone he left the estate. If he had only gone visiting friends, surely he would have left word, unless he wished to avoid her. So she was to be alone after all.

Outside on the veranda roof the geckos were making a comfortable chucking noise in the dusk; a moth flew in and bumped foolishly round the lamp; a boy passed along the passage to the kitchen with the slither of bare feet. There was something stealthy about all these muffled noises in the intense quiet of the evening and suddenly the atmosphere of the bungalow seemed



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is caused by—

[1] General Nerve strain . . .

[2] Loss of sleep . . .

[3] Long hours of work . . .

[4] Poor lighting . . .

[5] Stuffy blacked-out rooms...

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insupportable to Virginia. If only a thunderclap would rip the heavy clouds apart. If only some sound would break the stillness and shatter her sense of hopeless failure!

As if in answer to her wish the horn of a car sounded noisily and a moment later it rattled to a standstill outside. Her cry of hope died as, not Martin, but young Grierson stepped out.

"I'm so glad you're back," he exclaimed. "I've got your husband with me. He's—he's ill."

Terror clutched at her as she peered into the back of the car at the muffled figure huddled there.

"It's only fever," she cried with a great relief. "I thought you had had an accident or something terrible."

"It's a pretty bad go," said Grierson as he half lifted his employer out. "I would have kept him in Colombo, but he seemed so anxious to get back, and so—so queer somehow."

"Virginia!" called Martin feverishly and stumbled towards her.

"You're all right now, darling," she soothed the shivering figure like a mother.

They got him to bed between them, and it was not until Grierson had gone hot-foot for the doctor that she remembered she had meant to ask him what Martin was doing in Colombo. She would have to wait now, for the youngster had snatched hours of his precious leave to bring Martin home, and would now be on his way back to the city. But now she could afford to be patient, for with his first desperate cry had come the knowledge that now again he needed her. The reason for his strangeness during the last months she would know in time. It was with a singing gladness in her heart that she gently replaced the blanket when he threw it off and carried the cup of cooling drink to his lips.

The rain was sounding a cannonade on the roof when he opened eyes no longer heavy with fever; but to Virginia it seemed the brightest of mornings as she bent over him. He slipped his hand into hers and smiled weakly.

"So you're really here?"

"Of course, where else?"

"I don't know. It all seems the hell of a muddle now." He rubbed the back of his hand over his eyes in an old boyish gesture and rumpled his thick dark hair.

"Tell me what it's all been about?" she begged. "Don't worry if the estate has gone west and we're ruined. Nothing like that matters. We can manage."

"Estate?" He looked puzzled. "It's never been better."

"What is it then? Why were you so strange to me?"

"That blighter Grierson. I thought . . . Oh, I've been an awful idiot—or haven't I? There was nothing between you?"

"Between Dick Grierson and I? Why, my dear boy," she laughed in her astonishment. "He must be ten years younger than I, and in any case—why, how could you?"

"Thank God for that! You must think me an unutterable swine; but you saw so much of him and he obviously admired you."

"Martin, you silly old thing! He only wanted to talk to someone about his Jill. I suppose I felt rather maternal towards him. He was so young and shy."

Martin groaned. "Oh, I know now; but I was mad at the time. I had been brooding over it for months, after some remark that damned woman Mrs. Rawton made—I should have known better than to listen. Then I watched and you seemed always to be talking to each other though he hadn't a word for any one else. Then that day I saw you holding hands on the terrace and you suggested going away just after he had asked me for special leave without any reason that I knew of. I made sure it was a put-up job and you were going to meet him in Colombo."

"Martin!"

"I know. But you had been rather strained towards me as if you were hiding something."

"I was unhappy about you and afraid of saying the wrong thing."

"Poor old girl. (*Continued on page 70*)

"What a blessing it is that

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is now worn internally."

WOMEN of 1940 are in the front line: always ready for emergency service; always alert and active and mobile. So much the better that they are no longer cluttered up by the traditional discomforts of older generations. Tampax — worn internally — gives them new freedom while assuring safe, certain and convenient sanitary protection. Tampax is as convenient as it is comfortable: as simple to dispose of as to use.

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Fever

I must have been unbearable." He laid her hand against his cheek for a moment. "My mind seemed to flare up that day. I couldn't say anything, and when you went I felt the whole world had crumbled. But I was determined to jab the pain down into myself like a raging tooth. When Grierson went on leave a few days later I followed him to Colombo and hung about. Then at the Galle Face I was just going up to speak to him when this girl joined him. They asked me to have dinner with them. It was awful. I don't know what I said. I was feeling pretty ghastly by that time and everything was in a whirl."

"Poor boy, poor foolish boy," she murmured.

"They were obviously head over heels in love, and I began to realise what a fool I had been. Even they noticed something wrong, and by the end of dinner I was pretty well laid out with an attack of fever. Grierson put me to bed, but the only thought in my mind was that I must get back here in case you returned. Everything's mixed up since then, except that I felt you were here, and it was all right."

"Of course it's all right. Everything is all right now." She sank suddenly on her knees beside the bed and drew the beloved head to hers.

END

Beg, Borrow or Steal

(*Continued from page* 35)

put on a suit you wish you need never see again. Rake junk shops for oddments you can turn into lapel clips. Don't go to antique-shops or second-hand jewellers—they are far too obvious and expensive. Try, instead, grubby little shops in back streets, and those mysterious places which buy old silver and gold.

For a couple of shillings you may find a locket which you can have made into an identity disc (7); or a Victorian vinaigrette which will look like a million-dollar clip when you pin it to your suit (6). You might even like to pack it with smelling salts for use in an emergency.

Decanter labels, in silver or coloured enamel, are another amusing idea for a clip (5). Find two or three pretty ones and fasten them on with a carefully-tied flat-bow in petersham ribbon.

And to carry all your findings and stealings home, beg or borrow a charwoman's coloured string bag (8). There's no shopping-bag on earth to touch it. It holds the most improbable quantities, yet collapses flat enough to tuck into a handbag when empty.

END

On Duty — and Off

(*Continued from page* 42)

centre just below lower lip and working around to the centre above the upper lip. Definitely lift as you mould around the corners.

There was a time when Sunday in London used to be as dull as a maiden aunt and insipid as a cup of weak tea. Now Sunday is the gayest and most glamorous day of the week. It is the one and only day I can get out of uniform and into make-up, and Elizabeth Arden has produced a brand new autumn make-up which I think is one of the best in the whole of her exclusive range. It is called "Garnet" and the lipstick and rouge have all the wine-dark gleam of real garnets, which are vastly becoming to any one with a reasonably clear skin and eyes and hair of any shade from mid-brown to deepest brunette. The lipstick is 6s. 6d., rouge 5s. 6d., and nail varnish 4s. 6d. (These prices are at the time of going to press, and might be different when the purchase tax comes into operation.) The varnish is one of the most flattering shades you can possibly wear because it will make your hands look five shades lighter than they really are. In these days of hard work, that is indeed something to be grateful for.

END

finger-tip

TONIC

IF YOU'RE WEARING last year's suit, or if you feel tired after long hours on duty, or if your nerves are all shot to pieces, try a little of this feminine tonic! Take a bottle of Peggy Sage nail varnish. Apply polish to the nails from half-moon to tip. Draw a fine white hairline round the rim. Look at your hands, and see if you don't feel a return of gaiety, a little

flame of courage and excitement kindled within you.

WHIMSY, a lovely subdued rose, is essentially soothing and discreet. FEZ is dark and stimulating. REGENCY is frankly sentimental. MANTILLA leads the mauve-toned group and adds a touch of dash to last year's dress.

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How the Blockade Works

(*Continued from page 20*)

exercised by Britain—be challenged anywhere, under any circumstances: and the devil take the consequences! An ostensible neutral freighter with—for illustration say—the Swedish flag flying from every salient point, with outsize Swedish ensigns painted along her sides, may, hearing the low, growling rush of a six-inch shell across her forefoot, put on a burst of speed in the tropics and head like runaway lightning for the cover of a black squall that is darkening the sparkling sea. She has not, of course, what the Royal Navy calls in its forthright way, a cat-in-hell chance of eluding inspection: and the mere fact of her attempt to do so, proves her a wolf in sheep's clothing, and doubly suspect. So the next warning shot goes a little nearer to her shuddering taffrail, and by flag or Morse lamp or cruiser arc she is told: "Stop instantly, or I'll sink you!" If the chase be a German masquerading as a Swede, she generally scuttles herself forthwith, entrusting the safety of her crew to the tender mercy—never withheld—of her pursuer.

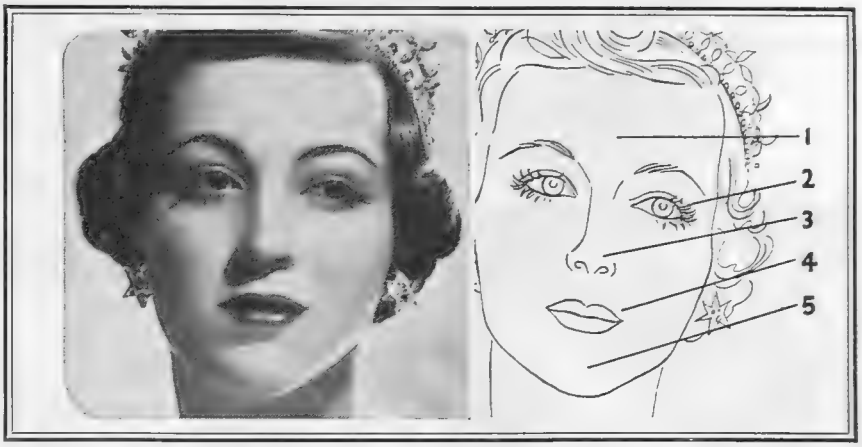
The blockade, which is tightening its rigour every day, is still the most formidable weapon in Britain's armoury; even allowing for the righteous claims of the Royal Air Force. Twenty-two years ago it proved its deadly value; and although conditions are almost incredibly changed to-day, the value still remains constant.

That comic opera leaflet-dropping raid by Hitler's air force in August proved it—that sortie, which aroused derision and contempt, was dictated by a man who feels desperation's strangling fingers closing on his throat in a death-grip. Hitler may disguise from the deluded degenerates he rules the magnificence of the Royal Air Force's indomitable energy by transposing the results of any air fight, so that his casualties read as ours; but he cannot disguise from German people, the cold, deterring fact that the necessities of life are not being allowed to enter the Reich; and this simple fact gives the lie to all his bombastic vauntings of creating a "brave, new world" where no German shall ever suffer humiliation or oppression, and no other national shall ever shake off the fetters of slavery.

Guns or butter! Take your choice. Butter might fill out the lost curves of the *hausfrau's* once-comely face; but the guns come first—once let them bark and bite in overwhelming force, and the butter may be forthcoming. You can't have both—and guns are the thunderous voice of the Fuehrer; dominating the conclaves of nations: the voice, indeed, so you are told, of a German god, whose chariots evoke the clamorous thunder of the firmament. But the rumble of gunfire does not stupefy the hunger pangs, even if it drowns the death moans of the starving.

And those guns are not barking as loudly as advertised, when you come to consider it squarely. The British blockade is hampering supplies. Supplies of steel, of those precious chemicals which are so vitally necessary in a scientific warfare as pursued to-day.

Hitler makes a final appeal to common sense, suggesting—with the wave of a knotted bludgeon to back the suggestion—a peace on his terms, that will terminate this period of wanton destruction, devised by himself alone. Fear informs every word of that appeal. His people are underfed, wasting—the incidence of plague and famine is imminent—and a winter following a failed harvest, following, too, a discovery that the so-called Reich granaries are as empty as the Fuehrer's promises of unlimited power for all true Germans—may not be contemplated with equanimity. It was the hunger of the common folk that brought down the French Capets and that sentenced the Romanoffs to ignominious death in a foul cellar. It was hunger that brought about the risings in our own fair England in the days of the tyrannous barons. It will be hunger that drags down the hysterical degenerate (*Continued on page 72*)



Analysis of *Lady Georgina Hay's* features

1. *Brow:* Broad, white and unlined.
2. *Eyes:* Hazel-coloured, sparkling, with white lids and dark lashes.
3. *Nose:* Straight, well-formed, with no large pores or "shine."
4. *Mouth:* Full, expressive, with beautifully shaped lips.
5. *Chin:* Softly rounded, with velvety unblemished skin.

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How the Blockade Works

of Berchtesgaden to be, if it please God, dragged at the tail of a cart in his shirt up the Mall under the non-pitying eyes of the British race, whose navy has brought about this desirable consummation.

History has proved repeatedly that command of the seas means everything to a belligerent power. America knows that in her Civil War at least as great a courage was displayed by the Southern States as by the Northern; but the Federal Navy put a stranglehold on all imported supplies, and brought about a victory. Consider Germany's position—Italy's, too. One proof of Germany's dependence on outside supplies is the fact of her frantic attempts to corner the world's markets for her cheap, sweated products—in order to secure in return the necessities of life, which her soil cannot give to her too-dense population. A bankrupt in the business world, cheap toys and fabrics are Germany's staple of exchange—and not one ounce of those cheap products is now permitted to leave the Reich—thanks to our sea power. Threats to a distant granary which rests in security behind the certain shield of the Royal Navy, will not tempt that granary to take risks in sending food—for men and guns—across a sea that swarms with inquisitive White Ensign ships. If shippers of comestibles are tempted or menaced into taking such action; if they do indeed dispatch a ship—or a fleet—of food ships consigned to the Reich, how are they going to ensure delivery?

In certain respects the defection of France, the tragedy of Holland, Norway and Belgium, has simplified matters for our blockade. There is now a paucity of neutrals to be chased and overhauled and searched and, if necessary, condemned as good prize.

We know where we are—every trail of smoke might indicate a potential enemy and not a neutral whose friendliness must be maintained at all costs—even that of allowing food and necessities to trickle through to the Reich. We can rely on the acumen and courage of our navy: with no doubts as to whether an assumed ally is allowing a trickle to pass through its meshes. Germany, in her occupation of France and the Low Countries, has possessed herself of almost innumerable seaports—all of them, on paper—inlets for the world's much-needed produce. And they are not of the least use to her. It would be interesting to know just how many Argentine grain ships have been allowed to enter, say, St. Nazaire, since France threw in her hand. Or how many onion boats have made safe harbour in Toulon! Italy cannot feed herself and her scarecrow armies in North Africa; she had nothing to spare for Germany; and she certainly cannot import enough foodstuffs from Mediterranean neutrals to ease her lack. The British Navy, holding as tight a blockade of the Middle Sea as ever it does of the Channel, sees to that. Whether it be a motor torpedo boat under charge of a newly-promoted snotty, or a battleship carrying the flag of an admiral; this unit or that of the Royal Navy is sure to bob up at the least-expected moment to ask disconcerting questions from behind the menace of her lean-lipped guns. As well expect an Irish gunman to enter Downing Street with an armful of bombs as expect an alien ship to elude our grim blockade.

Our Northern Patrol—maintaining a tireless beat all the way from Greenland's forbidding shores to the North Cape of Norway, seals the northern entrance to the German Ocean: which is no more a German sea than Buckingham Palace is a Hitler night club. Little that is of any consequence passes that diligent line of stout armed merchantmen, backed by heavy cruisers and battleships within easy hail, either west bound or east bound.

The "Skuas" of our Fleet Air Arm are the vigilant eyes of the Northern Patrol—and it is surprising how far and how clearly a curl of funnel-smoke can be seen from five thousand feet up! Even in darkest night the hurrying propellers of a would-be blockade-runner throw up a disconcerting wake of

phosphorescent brilliance, easily discerned by eagle-eyed youngsters flitting below the clouds; youngsters whose spare hand is ever on the sending key of a wireless transmitter, to warn the sea-policeman of business likely to be afoot.

Hitler's captured coastline of over a thousand miles, from the Arctic Circle to Finisterre, is as much use to him as a sore thumb to a watchmaker. The Baltic route from Sweden to German ports is so liberally strewn with mines that any ship attempts it at imminent peril; and most of the Reich's working ports lie in futile ruin, thanks to the assiduous attentions of our never to be sufficiently lauded Royal Air Force.

There are those who plead for a determined attack on Germany—in the name of heaven what is the R.A.F. doing but attacking that sordid stronghold? A mighty wise strategy, devised by that master-strategist, Winston Churchill, who is a dreamer, plus a man of action, lies behind the reported incidents of the news bulletins. Bombing Hamburg is as much a part of her remorseless blockade as is chasing a suspicious neutral with belching guns.

We have bought over most of the exportable surpluses of the productive world, anyhow; and we have commandeered so much shipping tonnage that were a surplus available to supply Hitler, he could find but few bottoms in which to carry it.

True, Hitler's minions will starve their conquered victims, tearing the food from their lips, in an attempt to stave off that inevitable evil day of ultimate starvation.

And the victimised conquered will utter pathetic appeals—to the outer world and then to Britain—to allow sustenance to come through our blockade; but we, knowing that such charity will be annexed by the conquerors for their own betterment, are not the cretins Hitler credits us with being. If charitable aid be extended to the civil populations of the conquered lands, it will be so controlled that not one grain of wheat will be allowed to be passed on to a German stomach. It can be done; and the Royal Navy knows how to do it.

OF the efficacy of our sea power—which is the prime weapon of blockade—the daily German bulletins speak with unconscious praise. This U-boat or that, this squadron or that, boasts of destroying so many thousands of tons of merchant shipping almost every day. This is proof that the British merchant service functions undeterred by all risks. It is proof that a steady flow of necessities rushes into Britain on every tide. The claims of sinkings are grossly exaggerated, to bolster up the waning morale of the German and Italian people; but even were they true they point a significant fact: that we are still mistress of the seas—because our ships are at large to be attacked and sunk; whereas—how long is it since the capture or sinking of a single German or Italian merchantman was announced over our own wireless? You can't capture what dare not keep the seas!

If German execration or "sobstuff" concerning the sufferings of innocent women and children imposed by Britain's remorseless blockade, tends to impress the sympathetic heart, and ask why should the innocent be required to endure such woes, think, on the other hand, of the white-faced women of our south-east towns who lift their slaughtered infants from the debris of their once happy homes: mangled victims of Hitler's common sense! This is total war—not a sentimental parade. If Englishwomen stood in Hitler's way he would slit their throats without an instant's compunction. He proved his capacity for evil in machine gunning Dutch, Belgian and French refugee women and children. Let German women starve, then, if the circumstances demand that tragedy. The hungrier they are the more likely they will be to incite their dragooned men to turn against the real author of their suffering—Hitler, the pinchbeck Napoleon, who will never approximate his pattern's stature, for Napoleon, as well as destroying, created, and Hitler can only destroy.

END

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She Asked for a Doctor

(*Continued from page* 19)

it was imaginary. They suggested she should see a psychologist, take more exercise, or immerse herself in good works. That young Scots doctor had been positively rude. The urge to box his ears had proved almost irresistible, but she had managed to keep her dignity. Dr. Peters was a nice man, so far, but it remained to be seen what his attitude would be when he received the specialist's report on her heart. She had not thought it necessary to tell him she had visited two heart specialists already. He would have wanted to know their opinion, and it was quite useless. They had found nothing.

Dr. Reeves had a very big reputation. As she mounted the doorsteps she felt quite hopeful and light-hearted. It was as if an inner voice whispered to her that here, at last, was the end of her pilgrimage.

The porter took her up in the lift, and pressed the bell of the flat for her. The door was opened immediately, and a young woman in a white overall led her into a sitting-room.

"You are Mrs. Prescott-Smith ? I am so very sorry. Dr. Reeves tried to get you on the telephone this morning, but you had already left for the station. He has been called away on an urgent case, and will not be able to get back until late this evening. He is most distressed you should have had this journey for nothing. He asked me to tell you how extremely sorry he is, but that it was quite unavoidable. He could see you late to-night, if you are staying in town, or perhaps you would prefer to make the appointment for another day?"

For a moment Mrs. Prescott-Smith did not reply. Her disappointment was so acute she would have liked to scream.

It was outrageous she should be treated like this. She felt the colour mounting her neck and cheeks, and drew herself together with the full intention of being as unpleasant as possible to the maddeningly calm figure facing her in the white coat. But that sixth sense, which so invariably informed her when a person was not to be bullied, restrained her fury.

She said stiffly, "It is no use pretending that it is not exceedingly inconvenient. I have had a long and tiring journey for nothing, and I am afraid it is quite impossible for me to say when I shall be able to see Dr. Reeves in the future. I am a very busy woman."

"It's too bad," the young woman said sympathetically. "Dr. Reeves is most upset, but unfortunately it couldn't be avoided. Can we give you a cup of tea or anything before you go? There is a telephone here if you would like to use it."

"Thank you, no." She walked quickly to the door, and found herself unable to resist adding over her shoulder, "I think I have wasted quite enough time for one morning."

The girl rang for the lift, and stood looking at her in silence until it arrived.

"Good day," Mrs. Prescott-Smith said coldly, determined to make a proper exit.

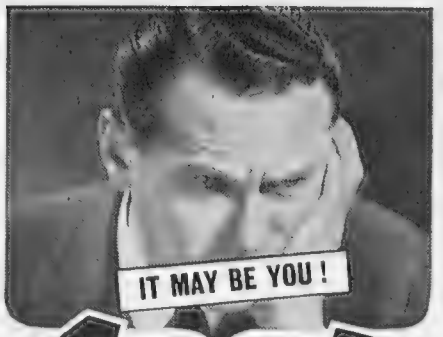
"Good-bye. I am so very sorry."

Mrs. Prescott-Smith snorted to herself as the lift descended. Repressed anger left her feeling quite ill. Fortunately it was not often that she found the necessity to repress it.

As she marched across the hall a small figure darted out in front of her, and disappeared through a door standing ajar on her left. She had a vision of a short white jacket and a dark face under a turban, and the door was shut. Mrs. Prescott-Smith halted in her progress, and turned upon the porter.

"Who was that black man?"

"'E's an Indian," the porter replied. "Artful little beggars, those Indians." He spoke as from a lifelong experience of them which had left him a prey to doubt. "I will say 'e's a good worker though. You can't get away from it, some of those natives make



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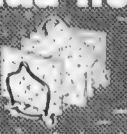

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wonderful servants. That little chap runs the whole flat in there, and cooks for six or seven of 'em when there's company."

"But whose flat is it?" she demanded impatiently.

"'Is master's an Indian doctor. Dr. Ranji Ramacharaki or something. I can't rightly pronounce it. You see, 'e don't live 'ere. 'E only arrived last month, and 'e'll be gone in a week. 'E's over for a medical conference, they say 'e's a big noise in the East. The flat is taken furnished for the length of 'is stay in England, so 'e can see a few patients while 'e's over 'ere. There 'aven't been many, 'e's out most of the day, but that maharajah staying at the Savoy, Bangy-Pore, would that be the name?"

She shook her head.

"Well, 'e come yesterday in a lovely purple Rolls with three or four of 'is suite, and there wasn't 'alf a bowing and a hand-shaking going on. Excuse me, ma'am, the lift's wanted."

Mrs. Prescott-Smith was left standing in the centre of the hall, and her eyes still rested upon the closed door as if by staring she could pierce its thickness and obtain a vision of the life going on behind it.

An Indian doctor, well known in the East; some of these Indians were very clever indeed, she had heard. This man's reputation had spread to Europe, since he was asked to attend a conference. It was really very tempting. What was his particular line, she wondered.

Whatever it was, she had so many little things the matter with her he might well be able to help her in some way, if he were clever.

Her finger on the bell of the flat, she paused. He was sure to be out, and in any case it was unlikely that he would be able to see her without an appointment. She had suffered one set-back that morning, and yet was not that all the more reason for trying to console herself? Her heart was beating fast. I am really far from well, she thought, I should see a doctor. He will be gone in a week and this opportunity may never occur again. It almost looked like Fate. She gave a quick look round, like a child about to raid a store cupboard, and rang the bell.

The door was opened so quickly that for the moment she was disconcerted.

"Is Doctor—er—is your master in? I have no appointment, I just wondered if by any chance——" She cleared her throat and the Indian said swiftly:

"This way, pleess. If you will wait, pleess, I tell my master."

He bowed her into a small sitting-room to the right of the hall, and disappeared abruptly. Mrs. Prescott-Smith stared about her a little nervously. Such a very ordinary room, but then of course the flat was a furnished one. She hardly knew what she had expected, but she was already beginning to regret her decision when the door opened again and the servant announced in a grave voice:

"My master will see you. This way, pleess."

As she followed him along the passage her curiosity swelled. For the second time that day she was to suffer an acute disappointment.

The man who rose to greet her from behind a large desk was dressed in European clothes, and had no trace of the East in his accent or his bearing. Why, except that his complexion was slightly dark, it would have been impossible to guess that he was not an Englishman. At the least she had hoped for a turban, but then, she reflected, Indians wore the same clothes as everybody else these days. But this man was quite non-descript, there was nothing remarkable about him in any way, unless, perhaps, you considered his eyes. They were large and very dark, like pools of some black liquid. As she met the full force of the look he turned on her she had the most curious sensation. She felt as if she were seeing through those wells of darkness into immeasurable distance, as a person may see infinity mirrored in a puddle. She felt dizzy, and a little frightened. She was relieved when he motioned her into an armchair at the side of the desk, and seating himself again (*Continued on page 76*)

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She Asked for a Doctor

looked at the wall opposite, without speaking.

He sat so still that the words she had prepared caught in her throat, and yet she knew that he was waiting for her to begin. He might say something, she thought, ask her some question about herself. She began to be angry at his silence.

"Yes?" he said.

Mrs. Prescott-Smith took a deep breath. "I am very far from well," she said. "I had an appointment with Dr. Reeves, the heart specialist, but as he was unable to see me I thought, well—you see, it is this way, doctor." The sound of her voice gave her confidence. She told him of her journey up, and the disappointment she had suffered on being told that it was in vain. She began to describe her many anxieties, and as the familiar recital of her symptoms unfolded itself she experienced the old exultation, the sense of well-being and relief that always came upon her when she was able to talk about herself at length and without fear of interruption, to an audience that was paid to listen. Forced to a brief pause by lack of breath she was struck disagreeably by a certain unusual quality in the silence which pervaded the room. There was not even a clock ticking, and the distant rumble of traffic only accentuated the stillness which seemed to close them round. Her words fell harshly into that stillness, and she had to struggle against the ridiculous notion that they were engulfed by it, received and gently swallowed, as a high wind disposes of a human voice.

She looked sharply at the doctor. His position had not altered, he was gazing steadily before him. He did not appear to be listening.

For a while she struggled on, but her words became mixed and she forgot what she had intended to say next. Her voice faltered, and died away.

He turned his head and looked at her, and meeting those unaccountable eyes she moved uneasily in her chair, and switched her gaze with an effort to the desk.

"Gladys Prescott-Smith," he said in a soft voice. "Christened Gladys Amanda Cotton."

She had made no mention of her maiden or baptismal names, and her mouth opened in astonishment. He held up his hand for silence.

"Really a great pity," he said thoughtfully. "Such a very great pity, when one considers that it need never have happened at all. There is necessary blindness, and there is wilful blindness. I am afraid that you have deliberately——"

"Really, doctor, I'm afraid that I——"

"Please."

Their eyes met, and after a brief struggle Mrs. Prescott-Smith subsided.

"You were going to say that you do not understand. Obviously that is so, or you would not be here. I do not wish you to talk, I wish you to listen. If you do not want to hear what I have to say then will you please go?"

He smiled at her, and waited. A number of emotions surged in Gladys Prescott-Smith's bosom. She was indignant, and she was more than a little frightened. She did not know what it was she feared, but she knew that she was curious. As she did not move he appeared to take her silence for assent. His next words were so outrageous that even if she had wished to go it was doubtful if she could have risen from her chair.

"You will agree," he said, "that there is something very wrong with a woman's life when those who are closest to her have such excellent cause to wish her dead. Your daughter Mary and your husband William both have a very proper aversion to murder, but each of them has, at times, committed murder in their heart, with you for the corpse. It is unlikely, of course, that your husband will ever put poison into your food, and your daughter Mary is quite incapable of it. But even from the material aspect alone I would not feel too secure. The most gentle of men have been driven before now to desperate actions, and your husband is a

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good but not a strong soul. If you goad him any further it is just possible that he might fall into wrong doing. He says, 'Yes, my dear,' and 'No, my dear,' and 'Do you think so, my dear?' and hurries off to his rock garden to escape among the plants. The meekest of men, one would say. You think that yourself, and despise him for it, as you have despised him for thirty years. And yet, if you could see him at this very moment and know what thoughts and feelings are taking place beneath that quiet exterior——"

He broke off and looked before him as if he were seeing some happening from afar which interested him greatly. Watching him she felt a sudden shiver go through her. She wanted to scream that he was mad, and rush out of the terrible silence of his room into the safety of the streets. But something held her where she was, her breathing heavy and frightened, her eyes fixed on that grave, remote profile as if her life depended on it. She felt the perspiration beginning to gather on her forehead.

When he turned and looked at her she put up a hand as if to ward off something she was unable to bear.

"Yes," he said, "it is about as I thought. It seems that I had better begin at the beginning. Listen carefully, please."

He began to speak in a quiet tone, and at first she could not take in his words for the thumping of her heart. What was that he was saying? Something about a child. He spoke of a house on the sea front at Eastbourne, and the Victorian family living their placid days within its narrow walls, the sound of the sea and the frequent gales, a scarcely heeded accompaniment to their busy, small town existence. He spoke of the dark basement and the cockroaches so hated by Hetty the cook. Poor Hetty. Why Hetty must be dead these thirty years or more. She was a dim memory, but she had been important once in the lives of two little girls who used to tiptoe away from their strict old nurse when her head nodded after lunch, and steal into the kitchen for a jam puff and a little of the spoiling and affection they hungered for. Sarah had needed it the most. Ah! Let him not speak about Sarah. A lifetime might go by without healing that hurt. It was possible to forget a loss for five and forty years, and there, when you were reminded of it, was the pain as bad as ever. A skinny child with a pigtail, her legs encased in black woollen stockings, what was there about Sarah that had stayed with her through the years to torment her now? The death of a young sister so long ago, was surely no great matter to twist the heart of a woman in her fifties.

"Oddly enough," the quiet voice was saying, "Sarah is the only person you ever really loved."

Mrs. Prescott-Smith lifted her head to deny this palpably absurd statement, and instead, burst into tears.

The voice flowed on as if her tears were unseen and unheard. She sobbed noisily, but through her weeping the voice persisted with its tale, and she found it impossible not to listen.

There was nothing hidden from him, she realised. With growing horror she knew that all her life was spread before him and steadily, relentlessly, he was unrolling it, as if it were a cinematograph film, in front of her reluctant eyes.

Scenes and people she had long forgotten crowded in upon her. She saw herself moving in the midst of them, and was dismayed by what she saw. It was not a pretty picture that he revealed. The child, perhaps, was to be pitied. There was little affection in her upbringing, and after Sarah's death, the petty restrictions, and the hard if well-meaning discipline her parents imposed upon her, weighed with their full force on her childish soul. There was no one to turn to. It was then, the remorseless voice informed her, that the bully was born.

"Or rather, should I say, that you chose to give it life. There is always a choice. Eat or be eaten. Kill or be killed. Bully or be bullied. You might have turned the other way, and from a (*Continued on page 78*)

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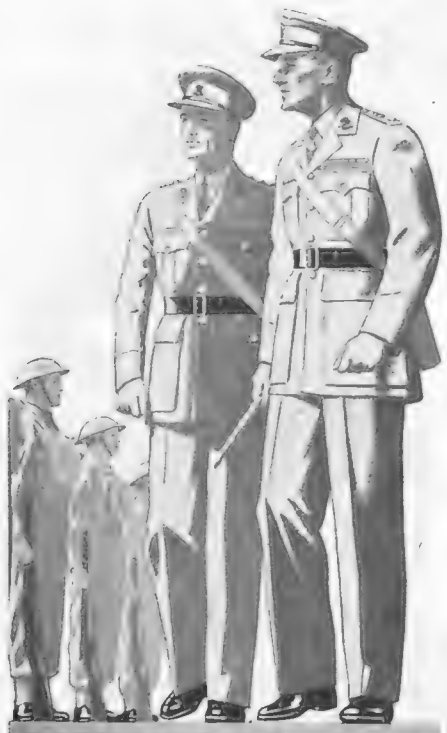

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mismanaged childhood could have sprung the silver fruit of pity, of indignation, of reform. With your energy you could have accomplished much. From the same lesson men learn greatly different things. You learnt to be on top always. Never again, your soul said, will I be at the mercy of others. You allied yourself with the authority that oppressed you, and determined that, in future you would be the aggressor. You have succeeded admirably. You have bullied and pushed and commanded your way through life, and have angered, or made miserable, every human brought in contact with you. You have made your husband's life a penance and your daughter Mary lives her days drearily, under the shadow of your tyranny. She wanted to be a nurse. But even this one wish, the only desire she has ever expressed for a life of her own, you have crushed, and made mock of."

He paused, and in the silence that followed she could hear her own words as if they were ringing through the room. "My dear, don't talk such nonsense. I suppose you see yourself patting pillows and being a ministering angel to the sick. Let me assure you that a nurse's training is exceedingly rigorous, and needs more head than you are ever likely to possess. I pity the poor patients who had to rely on you for their comfort. If they asked for a glass of water you would drop it before you reached them, if you didn't forget what it was you had been sent to fetch. No matron would stand you for a week."

In sudden defiance Mrs. Prescott-Smith lifted her head. "It is true that Mary is a stupid girl," she said hoarsely.

"Mary is what you have made her," the voice replied. "Away from you she will yet recover her maimed faculties, and live to hold up her head proudly. Hospital discipline will seem reasonable and even sweet to her after the petty irritations of her home life, and the matron, whom many fear, will be to her the most understanding woman she has ever met. Mary is a born nurse, and healing, she will be healed."

Could he, then, even see the future? She longed to ask him, but she was too stricken. Motionless as a bird caught in the hand, she waited for his next words.

He began to speak of her marriage, and she hid her face. It was not true that this was her. She wanted to cry out and protest but in each pause he made, her own past words echoed through her head, and every mean action was upon her as he spoke, as if his words gave them second birth. She began to rock herself a little to and fro, and unconsciously a low moaning sound escaped from her lips.

She was hardly aware at first that the tale was over. Without knowing that she spoke aloud she whispered over and over again, "What shall I do? But what shall I do?"

He rose from his chair and strolled to the open window, where he took several deep breaths.

Gradually an extraordinary calm settled upon her. She felt as weak as if she were recovering from a long illness, but emptied of every emotion and fever. She sat quietly, her hands in her lap, and allowed this peace to flow over her, frightened that the least movement might disturb it.

"You had better go home now," he said. "I will send you the account to-morrow. My fee is five guineas."

She stared at him blankly, unable at first

She Asked for a Doctor

to take in his words. When the word fee penetrated her brain she struggled for an instant with an overpowering urge to break into hysterical laughter.

"We must all live," he said placidly, and smiled at her as if something amused him.

She struggled to her feet.

"But you haven't told me—I don't understand—you can't send me away like this."

"What is it you want to know?"

She stammered, and was silent.

"There is nothing wrong with your health," he said patiently. "Your body was alarmed because your soul was frightened. You have made enemies everywhere, and unconsciously the knowledge of their hostility has weighed on you. Well may you fear to reap what you have sown. As you make restitution your fears will grow less. It will be a long journey. Go in peace."

At the door she turned, and with sudden courage said, "At least it was true that my heart hurt me after meals."

"You eat too much," he said.

Mrs. Prescott-Smith fled.

IN after years, when they were discussing it, Mary and her friend Miss Cartwright could never quite arrive at an explanation which satisfied them both of the abrupt and astonishing change which had transformed the character of the woman they had once dreaded and suffered under. It was a fascinating subject, and they explored it exhaustively.

When Mary could snatch some precious off-duty time from hospital they would meet, if possible, at some small tea shop, and with their elbows on the table pursue the old argument over many cups of coffee. Miss Cartwright, who was engaged to be married, and working in London in order to be near her fiancé, was of the opinion that her former employer had undergone some sudden and tender revelation of the heart.

"But who could it have been?" Mary objected. "I don't see mother falling for some dark stranger."

"Love," Miss Cartwright said dreamily, "is a wonderful thing."

"Not at mother's age," Mary replied firmly. "Besides the change is too startling. It must be glandular."

With her new knowledge of the body she was inclined to think her mother's peculiar behaviour due to some organic change, and worried a little about her health.

"She is so docile," Mary said with wrinkled brow, "it almost hurts. I'm getting quite fond of the old girl, as she is now, one can't help it, and it worries me to see her so quiet. It's as if her spirit were broken."

"She seemed to me quite peaceful and happy when I was down there last."

"Yes," Mary said, "I suppose she is. But I do wish she would take more care of her health. It was really extraordinary the way she received my suggestion. She is so meek these days that I made sure she would fall in with my wishes at once. But she carried on like a wild thing. She became quite violent when I pressed it, almost like old times.

"She says she will go anywhere and do anything anybody wants at any time, if it gives them pleasure, but never while there is still breath in her, will she see another doctor."

END

Nerves on Edge (*Continued from page* 30)

for flatulence to strong peppermint essence drops in water. But no nourishment taken under such conditions can do you anything but harm. Keep off food if you've had a row.

Obviously, all this refers to a state of hypersensitiveness. It is accentuated if you have been deprived of sleep. Nor is there any way of making up for sleep except by sleeping, and if you cannot sleep because nights are disturbed, then seize what rest you can during the day. Divide the luncheon hour, for instance, into a half period for food and half for sleep. Learn to snatch a cat nap in an arm-chair. Have soothing milk drinks at night—Allen and Hanbury's, Horlicks, Ovaltine—in case the darkness is undisturbed and you can recapture your rhythm of sleep.

Above all, in trying to attain perfect nerve control, come to some mental attitude about it all. We are all in the same boat in a

storm. Some people rather like thunder and lightning, others are alarmed. Some feel that having taken precautions they must adopt a fatalistic pose: if this detonation bears my number, they say, I'm for it. If not, why worry? Others remain on the alert, apprehensive, barely maintaining a semblance of calm. A storm gets us all in different ways.

The great point is to remain forbearing with one another, courtesy and consideration bring the highest gloss to courage, let us be kind, this will not only make our war armour shine, but it will keep it proof against corrosion by nerve acids.

END

Here Are Jumpers to Suit all Figures

(*Continued from page* 45)

cast on 70 sts. Work as for the back until work measures 12 ins. from the beg., but keeping 4 sts. at the front edge, in k. 1, p. 1, dec. and inc. at armhole edge only, as for the right front.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (Right Side Facing)
Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 54 sts. remain. Continue until plum stripe measures 5 ins. Change to grey wool, work ½ in.

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Cast off 16 sts. at the neck edge, then work 1¼ ins., dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 32 sts. remain.

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Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row until all sts. are cast off.

THE SLEEVES
With grey wool and No. 12 needles cast on 78 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 9 needles and work 5½ ins. in patt., at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 90 sts. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 40 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE COLLAR
With No. 12 needles and grey wool cast on 130 sts., work 1¾ ins. k. 1, p. 1. Cast off very loosely and in rib.

TO MAKE UP
Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams, sew in sleeves, arranging fullness at the top. Sew on collar. Sew on buttons. Work buttonholes.

Beauty Warnings

(*Continued from page* 43)

carry on the good work yourself. The neck can be exercised more vigorously with head-rollings, noddings and bendings—use a good loofah to wash your neck and keep it smooth and white. Hair also can only be exercised with brushing, tugging strands none-too-gently, and scalp massage. Eyes have their own very important exercises, and the rest of the body from the neck down depends for its youthfulness on exercise as much as anything. Walking is not sufficient, tiring housework is not sufficient, you want jerks and a special ten-minute routine: tennis, cycling and other similar active pastimes are good.

CLEANLINESS applied to the face means empty pores and skin thoroughly cleansed with a good cleansing cream and washed with warm water and a facial soap. Eyes should be bathed occasionally with a good herbal eye lotion. Hair should be shampooed with a dandruff removing oil shampoo and treated with a dandruff removing pomade if there is any clogging of the scalp. The beauty of the skin also depends on inner cleanliness. This will help the whites of the eyes, the flushing of the nose (*Continued on page* 80)

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and any other skin defects. Take a specially good saline in the morning and if you suffer with skin defects such as acne and spots, take a special beauty pill that will help considerably to clear up such a condition.

Eat cleansing foods: roughage, greens, fruit and salads even in the winter. And so for the flesh of your body—kept cleansed it will look younger, fairer and firmer. The daily bath is not enough, especially if you have to live in the city—take a turkish bath if possible or at any rate see that one bath a week is a herbal skin-beautifier.

Don't have very hot baths that leave you exhausted and your skin relaxed; if you can take it, spray or sponge yourself all over with cool or cold water after your bath. A good skin perfume or astringent like eau-de-Cologne is firming for the body.

Nourishment means skinfood for the face and neck, hands, elbows and around the eyes. The neck can take a bleaching skinfood; the face needs a skinfood especially adapted to your skin and age, a light one for young and delicate skins, heavier for dry and older skins. If your skin is old and greasy, you can use a good heavy skinfood and a skin tonic to counteract the greasiness. Around the eyes only a very special astringent skinfood should be used, as this will not add to the puffiness and thence to subsequent additional wrinkles as an ordinary skinfood will if applied around the eyes.

Nourishment to the hair means a good tonic and hot oil soakings. Nourishment to the body means foods that give the vitamins and calory contents necessary for health. Oil helps a dry skin and creaking bones (whether applied externally or taken internally). A body well (but not over) nourished, well exercised and cleansed should be youthfully healthy and strongly supple for years to come.

Look to your defences against age in this way and you might well say that all's clear ahead.

How Are You?

(*Continued from page 5*)

body curves of the dancing Ginger Rogers (who curiously, or perhaps not so curiously, does not tap and jump herself into the skinned-monkey wiriness of a Fred Astaire: the gentleman eats considerably more than the lady, but he is much more active, and so burns off the tissues more rapidly).

The family doctor might warn against the Garbo irregularities of diet, alternate full and under feeding. And every hospital nurse would be horrified by such goings-on: regularity in meals being the hospital gospel. But most, perhaps all, modern biologists would side with Garbo, on general principles, and they could cite many particular examples, from Lawrence of Arabia to Oliver Lodge, Hitler and Mussolini, as evidence that irregularity in feeding, at least in the years before middle-age, does no harm, and may indeed strengthen the organism, enabling it to stand up to uncommon strains and fatigues, by forcing its adaptive mechanisms to exert themselves, instead of becoming atrophied, like an unused muscle, by the artificial conditions of modern civilisation.

NEITHER Hitler nor Mussolini got any opportunity to eat regularly, or even well, until they were well over thirty. Lawrence, in the desert war, made a point of feeding like the Arabs, filling up when he could, and going short, to starvation point, when he had to; and after the war he continued to put work before food, and to eat at almost any time. He remained very healthy, and was young for his age when he skidded at sixty miles an hour on his motor cycle, and broke his skull.

Oliver Lodge, who preserved his intellectual and physical vigour well into the eighties, took small care of himself as a young man. When he first came to London from the potteries district of Staffordshire, to study physics, he lodged out of town. The lectures started early, and he studied late, and he often slept in his clothes to save the time spent in dressing. Later, when he was twenty-four, and living in Camden Town on a pound a week, his wage as physics laboratory assistant at University College, he bought his own bread, cheese, and cooked meat, taking it home in a newspaper, and keeping it until it was all gone—no scraps. He usually walked the six miles to work to save the horse-bus fare.

He was well into the forties before he found time and money for golf, and into the fifties when, staying with a mutual friend at St. Andrews, he found that he and the late Earl Balfour shared a common taste for golf and hock. But they agreed that wine must be earned, and they would have a round of golf together before retiring to a handy cowshed, to consume a bottle.

Balfour was brought up very differently, and might not have survived Lodge's early

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Spartan experiences. As it was, Lodge lived longer than Balfour. Both, however, regularly exercised their bodies. Lodge used a punch ball when the weather forbade golf. Neither matched John D. Rockefeller, who in his nineties was playing his nine holes of golf with the solemn regularity of a priest offering daily prayers—he played his last game in his ninety-fifth year, and died four years off his century of life. Most days he had a mild massage; but not when he felt tired. He appeared to take no special care of himself during the thirty years that he spent in active business, accumulating the £30,000,000 which by shrewd investing and the natural growth of business he turned into something like £500,000,000 in his remaining thirty-four years of life; but it was noted by his friends that they could never reach him after ten o'clock, as he was in bed and would not be disturbed, that he rose at six each morning, and that until he moved from Cleveland to New York, he always walked home for lunch and walked back to the office again.

Such quiet, thoughtful, daily care of the complex but tough and resilient machine of the human organism, was something that the ill-balanced Napoleon contemptuously brushed aside. Some superficial commentators hold this a sign of superiority in him: I diagnose it as symptomatic of the essential failure of the whole man, and all his works. It ranks him in the military and empire-building sphere, with Ivar Kreuger in the financial sphere. Look at France, 150 years after Napoleon! Look at her even sixty years after Bonaparte—the France which Louis Napoleon led to Sedan! Against the broad background of man's story, and the history of Europe, Napoleon's demonic energy shrinks to the status of a virulent cancer.

At almost all points the Corsican conquistador, like his Austrian imitator, parallels the violent and vicious cellular eruption and revolution that we call "a cancer." He attacked a weakened and degenerate organism in Europe; otherwise he would have lived and died merely as General Bonaparte. And he rushed on, without check, like a cancer, until he perished.

If he had known enough to discipline himself, and maintain a vigorous life into the seventies, like the Hohenzollern Frederick, who hammered Prussia into a warrior state in his lifetime, or into the nineties, like old Rockefeller, how different would be the European tale, and world history!

But he over-indulged his appetites. After a terrific bout of work, he would devote himself to one of his long list of mistresses, and it was the business of his chef to see that a hot roast chicken, done to a turn, was ready at call, day or night. The chef simply kept chickens turning in rotation on the spit.

And Napoleon over-ate, and bolted his food. One could have predicted Napoleon's downfall on the latter single observation. No man who works hard and persistently can bolt his food without inviting, sooner or later, a serious breakdown of his digestive apparatus, and a permanent diminution of his work powers.

AT time when Napoleon should have been nursing his stomach, he was imposing new strains on that ageing and much-abused organ by overloading it. He succumbed to the pleasures of the table, and developed a protuberant paunch; and if you can imagine yourself going through your day with a pack on your back, you have a slight idea of the extra fatigue strain that falls on a man who has to carry about with him a heavy, convex, and overloaded stomach. In addition, he weakened himself through constantly catching cold. He got overheated, and wouldn't bother to change, rub down, or guard himself by a greatcoat or extra scarf. His valet was always scolding him about this. But Napoleon was a superior man: he never listened to advice.

So the man who began by beating his opponents mainly by being so much more active, lively and enduring than they, ended as a fat, tired, ex-champion, trading on ringcraft, experience and prestige. He was thirty-six when he recorded that he was good for another six years of war, after which "even I shall have to stop." He was over-optimistic. He began to break-up at thirty-seven.

Observers noted a most un-Napoleonic lack of energy about his 1809 campaign. He had been accustomed to draw a handkerchief over his head, and sleep in his great staff coach, as it rolled along the nocturnal roads, drawn by six horses and driven by two coachmen. He would arrive at battle headquarters tired, but able to stay awake all night. He would snatch a few hours sleep, rise at midnight, size up the situation from the reports, and dictate his orders, which his generals got before reveille. All that went as Napoleon neared forty. In the end, at Waterloo, he could not even take advantage of the late arrival of Blücher, the Prussian, who had risen late, having got drunk the night before. He was lethargic: he had lost both speed, and "punch."

But at Waterloo he was five years younger than Nelson at Trafalgar: and Nelson was a highly nervous man, prone to worry, and to exhaust himself by anxieties. But Nelson was wiry and did not over-eat. Nelson also concentrated his sex life on one beloved woman, for whom he greatly cared; he did not dissipate his energies, like an Oriental, among many. And Nelson knew how to rest. He came to the sea battle off Trafalgar Cape in high heart, his vital batteries recharged by six weeks with Emma Hamilton at Merton, after the tiring chase of the French Fleet to the West Indies and back.

MUSSOLINI, a student of Napoleon, has not made the Corsican's basic health mistakes. He has known how to rest and relax. As I write, he is taking a holiday on the Adriatic: he cannot afford to take liberties with his ageing organism, especially as he has been enjoying life in his later years—he has his Madame Waleskas.

But word of his failing vigour was spreading so fast that when he entered the war he thought it politic to give a show for the journalists, whom he has kept at arm's length for years. All the correspondents were invited to his Rome villa. The Duce put on a one-man circus for them. He rode, jumped, played a set of tennis. He looked virile and tireless. But one of the American correspondents who witnessed the show said to me: "I expect the old boy rested up for a fortnight before he let us in. He took a month off to iron out his double chin, and ease his uniform belt back into its martial hole, before he went on show in Munich and Berlin."

Mussolini organises himself to be work-fit mornings and evenings. That is an old dictator trick. Daytime for these men is observation time. The springs and traps are set overnight.

Hitler is a night worker, who owes much to his capacity for combating sleep when necessary. It was a nocturnal tiger spring which brought him safely through the 1934 blood purge. Roehm, fat, self-indulgent, had gone to bed, as usual, in the mountain resort above Munich. The wiry Hitler stayed awake at Godesberg until he got late-night word that the traps were set in Berlin by Goering, and in Munich by Himmler; and then he jumped into his waiting plane, flew through the dark sky to Munich, sprang into the car Himmler had waiting, and grabbed Roehm and his men in their beds.

The man keeps fit by frequent rests, and plenty of fresh air. His vegetarian diet suits him. His repression of the sexual appetite stimulates his mental activity. He avoids detail work, so much so that men who know him have described him as incorrigibly lazy. He keeps no regular hours, but is full of tricks for taking his opponents at a disadvantage by being full of pep when they are fatigued. It is one of his tricks deliberately to manœuvre to tire and wear them down. But it is a simple, obvious trick. The Spanish bull fighters make a regular professional technique of it. The matador never risks facing the bull for the spectacular kill until it has been (*Continued on page* 82)

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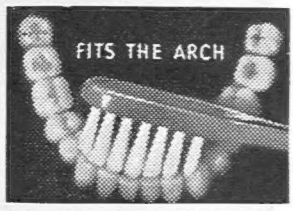

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But the more one studies exceptional men, who impose great work burdens on themselves, and endure, the more one uncovers secrets of work technique, rest and recuperation. President Wilson was a man of the study, library and lecture hall. The hurly-burly of practical politics wearied him. He was not resilient. The Paris peace struggle wore him out. He broke up. It may also be noted that he fell in love, romantically and passionately, late in life: and biologists will tell you that is not calculated to prolong a life. On the other hand, Lloyd George, who worked as few men have ever done before or since during those war and peace years, retained his abounding health, survived a major operation, and is still vigorous, although on the edge of eighty.

But this Welsh lawyer-politician enjoys combat, and early learnt how to organise work, ignore inessentials, and seize every opportunity for rest. He would confer in a train, and snatch half an hour's sleep before the end of the journey. He would relax and doze for ten minutes in a conference pause. He had a special chair made in which he could completely relax, between callers. He thought of sleeping at Chequers, but abandoned the idea when Lord Dawson of Penn considered and weighed the problem, and advised against it. The expert's conclusion was that the sleep hours in fresh instead of London air would not compensate for the fatigue of daily travel between London and Chequers.

Lloyd George breaks his day in two. He sleeps for an hour after lunch. This is probably also the key to Churchill's abounding vigour at sixty-seven. Churchill was introduced to the siesta habit when he was a subaltern out in Cuba to observe the war there. When he can, he undresses and gets into bed after lunch. At the Admiralty during the last war he slept for an hour after lunch, and found it added two hours to his working day. Man is not, in fact, made to work without a rest break from early morning until late at night. The Romans understood that very well, and broke their day in two. They habitually saw the sun come up. Without any of our aids, services, knowledge or techniques, they lived lustily, enjoyed robustly, and their sound men and women lived just as long as our Lloyd Georges, Bernard Shaws, Oliver Lodges and Rockefellers.

Churchill is one of the wise men who have tapered off exercise as the years caught up with them. He played polo well beyond his middle age, mounted on a pony like a small cart horse, and girded with a belt as wide as a woman's corset. Then he took to brick laying; but one of his mate employees observed that he did not like to bend to get his bricks. Now he takes no exercise beyond a walk. But he walks fast and springily. He is noticeably livelier and lighter in weight now than he was when on the outside, protesting and prophesying.

THE health experts, and the fashion makers, will tell you that women in the last twenty years have mysteriously prolonged their youthful attraction lives. They don't develop that middle-aged spread, and they don't start to think of themselves as ageing at thirty, and finished at forty; and even when they are grandmothers at fifty, it does not get them down. They continue to retain a slim silhouette, and an intelligent interest in clothes. A complex of causes, probably with a root cause in the earthquake of the first world war, explains this; but the main cause is undoubtedly more freedom and consequently a greater daily activity. The great enemy of the shapely line and the youthful silhouette—as of health in general—is lethargy, and the self-generated sense of defeatism, life being over for one, so

that one may as well let go, and run to seed.

But food plays a great part. We feed more intelligently, and healthily, and we don't eat so much, or so often. Among the people in general, the war we live through now may even have a beneficial result on the food education side. You build the body with milk, cheese, eggs, meat, fish. You generate energy with bacon, ham, bread, cheese, animal fats, honey, potatoes, rice, sugar. You maintain body resistance by dairy products, fat-rich fish and liver, and by green and root vegetables, tomatoes, fruit, and brown or wholemeal bread. The Food Ministry educates the public in these things, by pamphlets and advertising. It is something that has never been done before on this scale, although one of the elementary duties of government in our artificial, machine civilisation.

Meantime, the enemy upsets all our established routines, and habits of life. In the long run it may help rather than harm our health. Our life, and its patterns, are substantially artificial, forced upon us by big-city civilisation, by the exigencies of giant industrial and transport organisations, which are inflexible, bound to time tables, programmes and routines. An enforced flexibility may be all to the good.

FOR Nature built man's organism especially for adaptation to changing circumstances and conditions in a world which has always threatened him with death and extinction. We are made to adapt ourselves to fatigue, hunger, sleeplessness, violent weather changes, alternating famine and plenty. If Nature had not built into us these elaborate co-ordinated mechanisms, which mobilise themselves and throw defending forces, and reserves, towards threatened points, and into breaches, not merely a wound, but every fit of anger, every spasm of fear, every strong emotion from hate to love, and every bacillian invasion, would destroy us.

A whole network of nerves and glands spring into action to protect the menaced structure, the closed fortress in which you live, which is *you*. The liver pumps out extra glucose, fuel for labouring muscles. The heart accelerates, circulating blood more rapidly through the system. All the minor organs sacrifice substance, sending it to reinforce the main organs, heart, lungs, stomach, brain.

This has happened during millenniums. But suddenly, in the last 150 years, even in the last half-century, a hugely accelerated machine and scientific civilisation has relieved man progressively from the need for most of the great adaptive mechanisms. They have tended to atrophy, as a muscle will when disused. Hence the enormous rise in degenerative disease, in under-par health, and in that inability to enjoy life which has brought into existence the industries that supply synthetic emotions, the films, circuses, thrill-sport arenas, all-in wrestling, hysterical new religious cults, fascist circus politics, and life dramatised as a glorious struggle for the tribe under its folk-monarch god.

This war may be a purifying agent. Scientists anyway will be interested in its biological consequences long after it is over.

"It is a primary datum of observation," remarks Alexis Carrel, the most famous member of the scientist team who analyse the phenomena of life in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and probably the greatest living expert on the human being, "that hardships make for nervous resistance and health. The law of the struggle for life must, above all, be obeyed."

Judged from that standpoint, we are, at this moment and in this hour, every day and in every way improving and strengthening our individual and communal health, for ourselves, and our children, and their children.

END

1.11.40

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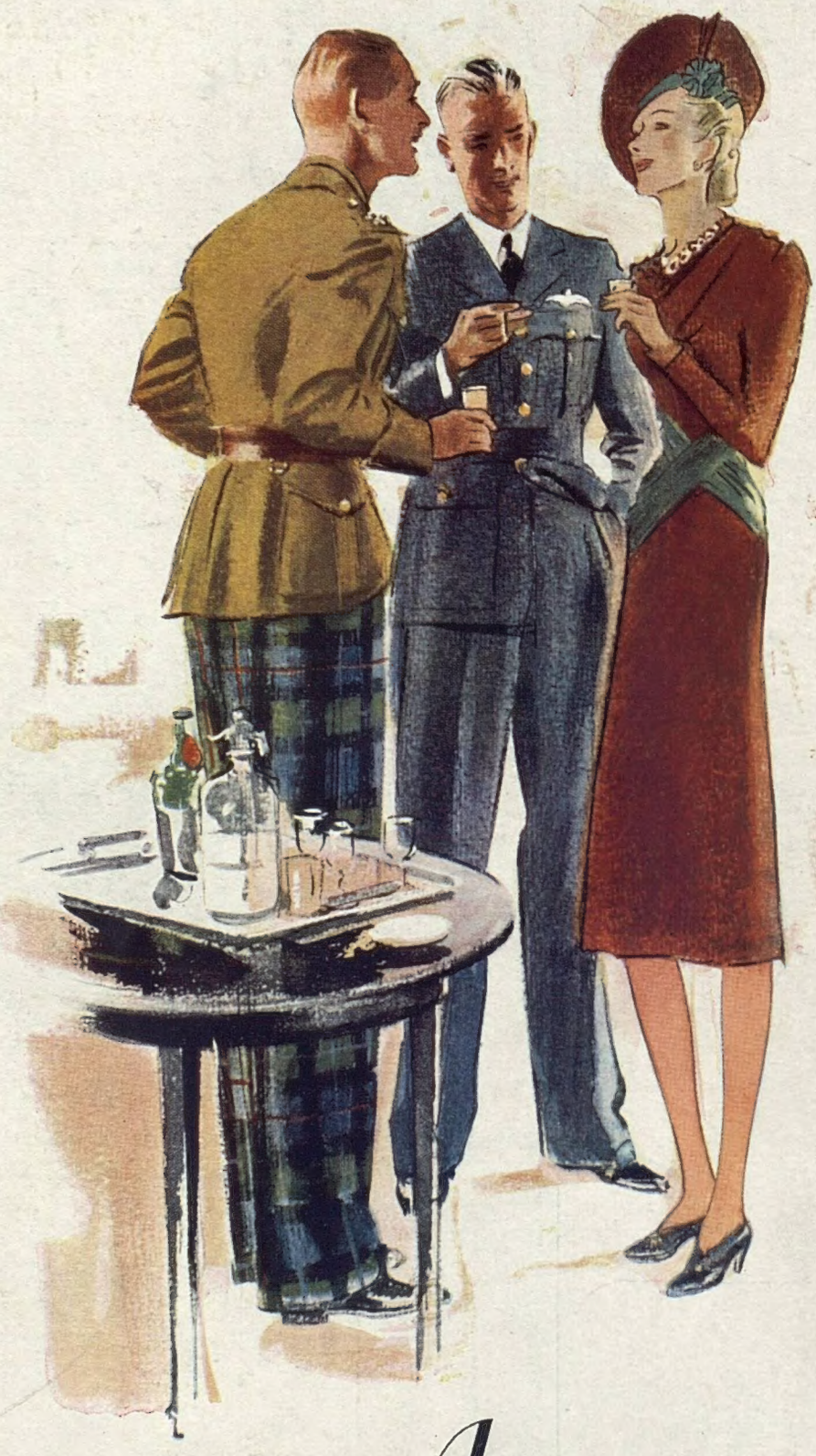

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